The Saturday Evening
POST
September 6, 1958 — 15¢

SEP 2 '58

AKU-AKU
AN EXCITING NEW BOOK
BY THE AUTHOR OF **KON-TIKI**

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

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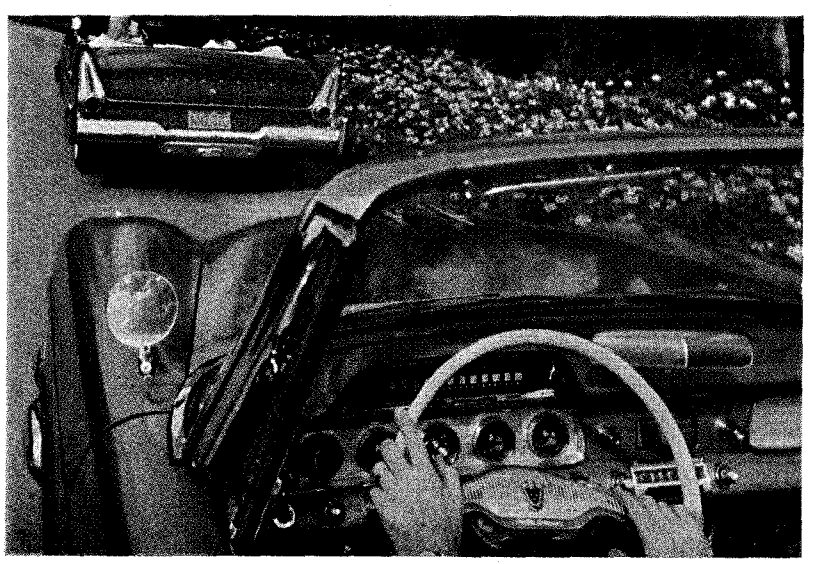
AT MODERN HIGHWAY SPEEDS

New Rayon tire cord is engineered to resist the destructive heat build-up of today's faster highway speeds. And extra protection like that can save your life when your life depends on a tire. There are other good reasons why rayon cord tires are standard equipment on *every* make of American car. For example, they lower noise level inside the car by as much as 33 per cent, reducing the dangers of "highway hypnosis." They give up to 26 per cent longer tread life. And they not only take more retreads, they deliver *more mileage* per retread, as well. For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on rayon cord tires.

Ride on Rayon

WORLD'S LEADING TIRE CORD

American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



Greater blowout protection . . . better steering control . . . no flat-spotting! You get a safer, more comfortable ride under all driving conditions with rayon cord tires.

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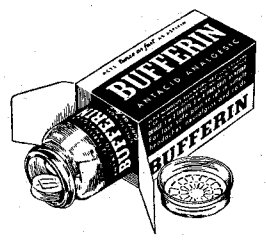
IMPORTANT NEWS! Of the three most used pain remedies...

Only Bufferin® gives you these 3 important pain relief benefits



FAST RELIEF

1 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as straight aspirin** for millions, even *faster* for many! Because Bufferin uses the finest quality aspirin, adds Di-Alminate*—an exclusive combination of two antacids that rush the pain reliever into the blood stream where it *must* go to relieve pain. And . . .

LONG-LASTING RELIEF

2 **Even after an hour,** Bufferin still has *more* salicylate pain reliever in the blood stream than the leading brand of straight aspirin, as well as the other most widely used remedy. This long-lasting action is confirmed by continuing clinical research. And . . .

SAFE RELIEF

3 **Prevents stomach upset.** All aspirin is acid.† It can cause stomach upset. But Bufferin's exclusive Di-Alminate is a combination of antacids which prevent aspirin irritation of the stomach. Unlike many other remedies, Bufferin contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffein.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate

†Aspirin's chemical name is acetylsalicylic acid

For fast, long-lasting, safe relief from headache and other minor aches and pains—get Bufferin!

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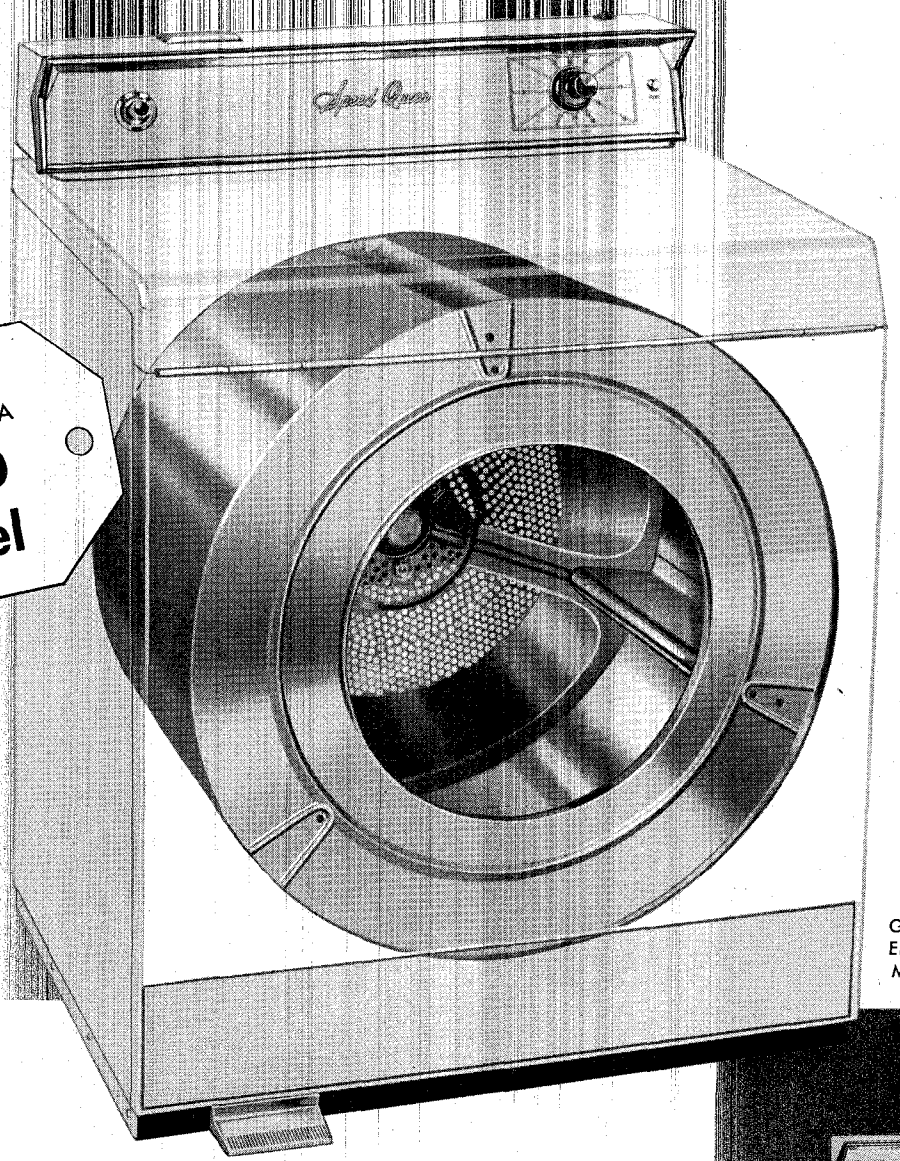
Only the dependable, fast-drying

SPEED QUEEN

protects your clothes

in rust-proof, chip-proof, heat-proof

STAINLESS STEEL



STAINLESS STEEL DRUM IS ALSO AVAILABLE IN A **LOW-PRICED thrift model**

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Most dryers are pretty much alike. Except Speed Queen! Here's a super-quality dryer that stands out like a solid gold watch in a dime store. The revolving drum — the part that does all the work — is made of bright, sparkling mirror-smooth *Stainless Steel.* No rusting, no chipping, no ill effects from heat and moisture. It's so durable, it carries a lifetime guarantee. Available in electric and gas, in both deluxe and thrift models. See them at your Speed Queen dealer, or for literature write to Speed Queen, a Division of McGraw-Edison Co., Ripon, Wisconsin.

SPEED QUEEN ®

famed for dependability

McGRAW EDISON

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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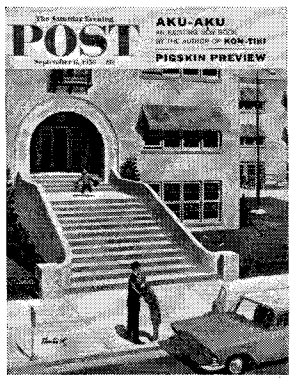

THE COVER

There he goes, all eager and starry-eyed, for his very first day in school; and it's a bit pitiful, for the school and the new world he is entering are so big, and Johnny is so small. Let's excuse mother for cracking up, feeling as she does that suddenly her baby has practically reached early manhood; and let's admire father for being so brave—or does that faraway look mean he is calculating how late he will be at the office? Johnny is carrying his favorite toy (a first-day custom in some schools), and whether he winds up with one toy, several toys or no toy at all depends on child psychology. Artist Thornton Utz vows that when he was very little he liked school so much that he asked his folks if he couldn't also go to night school. In time he got over that aberration.

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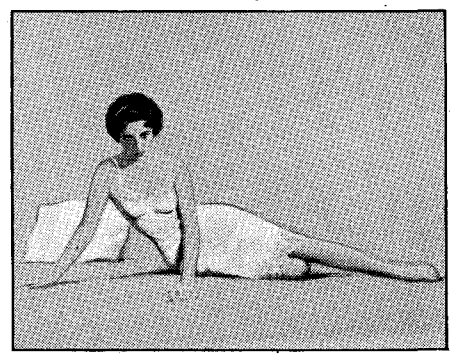
PICTURE
Of The Month

Proverbially, there's nothing more determined than a cat on a hot tin roof. And probably, there's nothing more dramatic on the screen today than M-G-M's "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof", with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman and Burl Ives starring in the famed Tennessee Williams roles.

The roof of Maggie's world is made hot by her husband Brick's burning scorn over an indiscretion of Maggie's with his best friend. But Maggie is determined to hang on, come who may.

Miss Taylor's Maggie the Cat is a revelation. Here is a mature characterization of a girl born with an earthy sense of humor and an unshatterable belief that the world can be less mad . . . with a little love.



Just one pillow on her bed. Just one man on her mind. She's Maggie the Cat.

Brick, for whom she dedicates every atom of her body and soul in the hope of bringing his love for her back to life, is brilliantly, powerfully played by Newman. And Burl Ives is an immense Big Daddy, the towering role he made his own in the original Broadway success.

Jack Carson, Judith Anderson and Madeleine Sherwood (the original Mae) comprise the rest of an unforgettable starring company.

The sensitivity of Richard Brooks' directing, the range of his and James Poe's adaptation of the Tennessee Williams drama, and the richness of Lawrence Weingarten's production combine to achieve in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" a *total* emotional experience within the motion picture theatre.

What the New York Times said of the Pulitzer Prize and New York Critics Award play is as true, perhaps more so, of this Avon production for M-G-M:

"*It is the quintessence of life. It is the basic truth.*"

And it is an event also embracing the truth that today's motion picture can present any honest drama no matter how frank its theme or how intimate its conflicts.

P.S. Everybody's talking about M-G-M's "Gigi," the new musical by the composers of "My Fair Lady".

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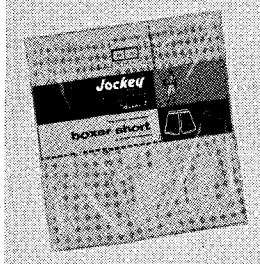
Now "The Perfect Boxers" are 100% Wash 'N' Wear!

No boxer rebellion in this house! Everybody's happy with Dad's Jockey boxers and their quality features: U-shape seat that can't bulk or bind; cushion waistband that holds firmly yet gently; nylon seams for extra strength. And now that these wonderful shorts are *wash 'n' wear*, Mom agrees they're truly "The Perfect Boxers"!



Look for the clean, fresh Jockey package. And be sure to see the Jockey "Boxer-of-the-Month" at better stores everywhere.

Jockey® BRAND underwear made only by Cooper's®

Cooper's, Incorporated · Kenosha, Wisconsin

Letters

Campy's Courage

Dear Sirs:

Though a Southern segregationist, I have enjoyed Roy Campanella's articles I'LL WALK AGAIN [July 26-Aug. 2]. One cannot help but admire the bravery and gallantry with which he met his tragic problem.

MRS. RUNDLE SMITH
Blanks, La.

Dear Sirs:

I hope he *runs* again.

H. A. WOOLLEY
Riverside, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Courage is a chap called Campy.

CORDELL A. DICKEY
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Sirs:

I bet Campy had a talk with his son about the proper way to hold the fingers

Campy, Jr.

when catching a ball—after he saw that picture [above] in the SEP.

O. P. DICKERSON
Rockaway, N.J.

Percy Flowers: Churchman, Moonshiner

Dear Sirs:

As a former Tarheel, I've taken a lot of ribbing over your article about Percy Flowers, KING OF THE MOONSHINERS [by John Kobler, Aug. 2]. . . .

I've heard of Percy Flowers for years. The only time I've ever heard anyone admire him was when they spoke of his backbone: "He wasn't afraid of anything" . . . .

Johnston County jails or fines dozens of liquor-law violators each month, but they are all small-time violators. They are not important enough to have big-shot politicians appear as "character" witnesses. When a man can keep out of jail only through a big number of character witnesses, then we all feel a certain contempt for the court.

WILLIAM H. MC HENRY
Shenandoah, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Not the mighty *Raleigh Times* in nearby Wake County, but the little *Benson Review* (circulation 2000), a weekly newspaper in Percy Flowers' own Johnston County, should have been credited with the editorial which concludes "King of the Moonshiners."

The correct source of the editorial shows (contrary to what you would think from John Kobler's article) not everyone in Johnston County condones Percy Flowers' flouting of the law, nor is intimidated by him and his shotgun-toting hired hands. The *Review*'s dim view of the activities of the liquor baron is shared by many people in his own barony.

RALPH E. DELANO, *Editor*
The Benson Review
Benson, N.C.

● *We regret our miscrediting of reader Delano's courageous editorial.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

It is said that J. Percy Flowers is a "pillar of the White Oaks Baptist Church." I'm sure this means that he is a donating member in good standing with the church. However, I seriously wonder if he is a member of God's church. . . .

May the Lord help him.

MRS. IVY L. INGALLS
Edgerly, La.

The Great Betel-Nut Mystery

Dear Sirs:

I am astonished that the Post would lend the prestige of its name and influence to perpetuating a stale and hoary lie.

I refer to the statement, repeated several times in the Ruark articles on New Guinea [THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, by Robert C. Ruark, Mar. 22-Apr. 5], that chewing betel makes the teeth black. This curious lie has been repeated in travel books for more than a century and has never had the slightest foundation in fact. . . .

The fact is that formerly throughout the Malay world and in New Guinea, black teeth were fashionable. "Dogs have white teeth; would you have teeth like a

dog?" So the teeth were rubbed with a vegetable dye which gave them a polished black surface which had to be renewed about every five months.

Luzon and the Visayas have several million betel chewers, none of whom have black teeth. India and Ceylon have more than a hundred million betel users, none of whom have black teeth.

Nowadays only the most backward tribes of Mindanao, the Sulu Islands, Borneo, etc., and some of the people of New Guinea, still blacken their teeth. . . .

It is now 80 years since I first read about betel making teeth black, and I believed it till I lived among the users of betel.

ALBERT W. HERRE
Santa Cruz, Calif.

● *Two of ichthyologist Herre's learned friends in the Far East have written us to support his claim—yet author Ruark's statement is verified by every pertinent reference work in the Post library. Is reader Herre right? All betel-nut devotees are invited to join the controversy.* *—ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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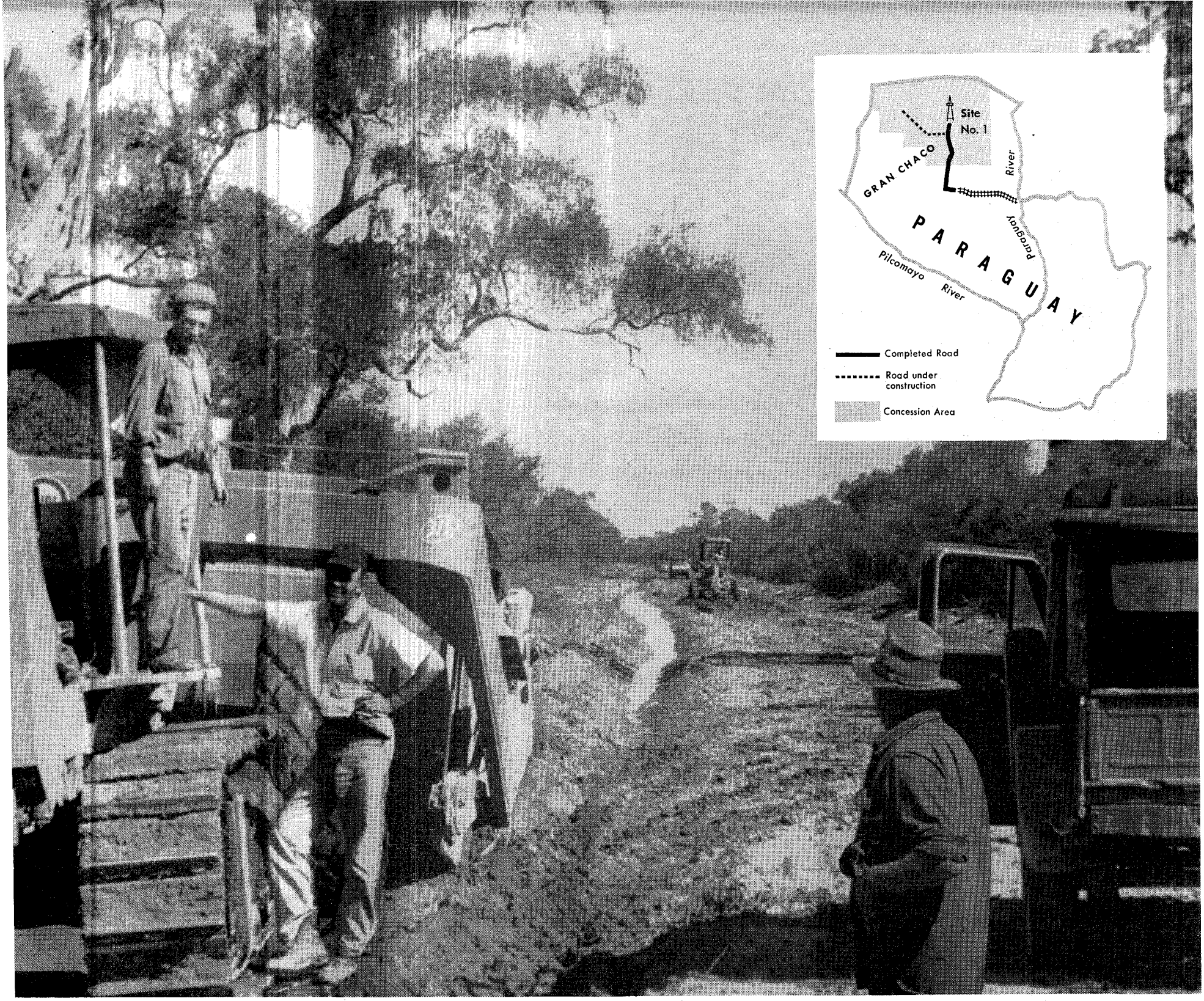


PURE's new road opens the door to Paraguay's vast Chaco territory

Does this Pure Oil road lead to a bright new future for Paraguay?

It very well could . . . if we discover oil or gas

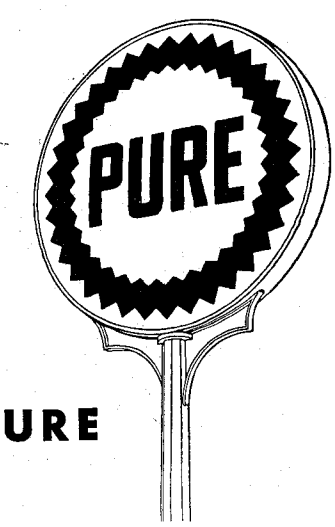
Late last year, Pure Oil and associates were granted a concession to explore for oil in a 23,200 square mile area in northern Paraguay.

If oil or gas are discovered in commercial quantities, Pure Oil and the four other companies associated with us in the exploration concession would benefit. So would the country of Paraguay. A substantial oil discovery would mean new jobs, new industries, new wealth.

Even today there are benefits. To reach the drilling sites, PURE and associates—Paraguay Gulf Oil, Sinclair Paraguayan Oil, Tidewater Oil, and Williams Brothers —are building a road 218 miles long through the heart of the Chaco territory. Virtually unexplored, almost uninhabited, the region is a mass of jungle. The new road may well be used to open up the area for settlement and for development of its natural resources, agriculture, and cattle raising.

To meet our growing needs for petroleum, we have turned to South America to discover new sources of crude oil. It's a policy that makes good business sense —and good neighbors too. It's another way we keep the *sure* in PURE for our customers, dealers, employees and shareholders.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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"GRAND RAPIDS" Carpet Sweeper

next time you buy a box of RINSO BLUE

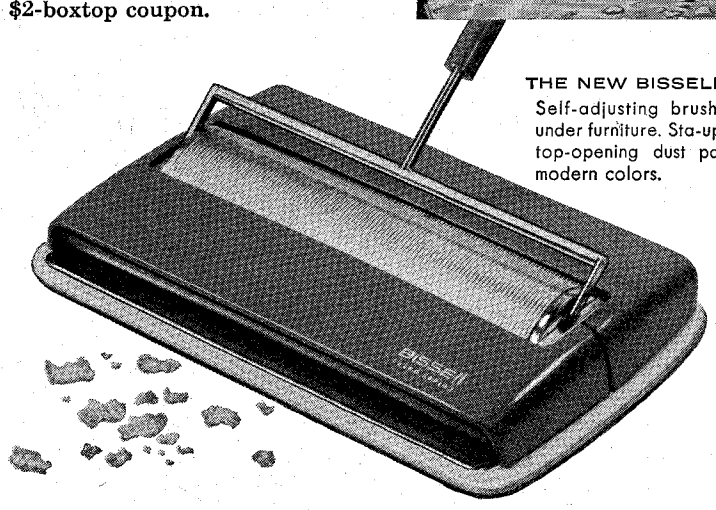
Look for $2.00 boxtop coupon on specially marked packages of RINSO BLUE

—the 2-in-1 detergent that cleans and whitens!

New Bissell Grand Rapids Sweeper "picks up" your living room in 2 minutes!

A Bissell Carpet Sweeper tidies any room fast and easy—even a room lived in by children, a husband, or other pets. Nothing to drag, lug, or plug in. Your Bissell is always ready to sweep. Be modern, do your daily pick-up in two minutes with a Bissell.

YOUR BISSELL DEALER WILL GIVE YOU $2.00 toward the $16.95 purchase price of this Bissell Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper when you hand him Rinso Blue's $2-boxtop coupon.



THE NEW BISSELL GRAND RAPIDS

Self-adjusting brush. Streamlined, gets under furniture. Sta-up handle. Easy-empty, top-opening dust pans. Choice of four modern colors.

BISSELL

for that 2-Minute Pick-up

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

THE NEW AFRICA

Mozambique's Grande Hotel de Beira.

Dear Sirs:

Clarence Randall's report on Africa [I SAW THE NEW AFRICA, Aug. 2] was a hit! I am one of the lucky Americans who have had the great thrill of flying around Africa. In fact, I too was there last November. . . .

The Africans . . . know us. They study our history and geography, watch our movies, drive our cars, play our records and buy our products. They look to us with a mixture of admiration and respect.

Mr. Randall painted a very vivid and authentic picture of this vast and beautiful continent.

GRACE HUNT
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

One of [your] illustrations bears the caption, "The Grande Hotel, the only modern building in Beira, Mozambique, symbolizes the architectural revolution now beginning in this once-dormant city." The building pictured was not the all-white, parabola-fronted Grande Hotel [above], nor anything like it, but instead, one of *many* modern apartment buildings.

MRS. C. J. L. DE VRIES
Chatham, Ontario

● *We goofed twice: 1. On a photographer's mislabeling, 2. On our caption writer's overstatement. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The real Grande Hotel de Beira was opened in 1954 and is more magnificent than any hotel we have stayed at in New York. . . . The two wings each extend more than a block from the central section . . . with some five hundred bedrooms with luxurious private baths and balconies. It looks out on a half-acre championship swimming pool, with the beach and sea beyond. The place was originally built for a gambling palace to catch the ore wealth of the Rhodesias. . . . The Portuguese Government shut down on gambling, and it is now subsidized as a hotel.

MRS. HENRY R. BOWSER
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I very much enjoyed Clarence Randall's vigorous article. . . .

If Mr. Randall had had the time to stray off the routes of the four-engined airliners and the air-conditioned hotels with good food, in order to visit some of the thatched hovels which he said he didn't see, to hear the tom-tom drums in a bush village announce the arrival of a visiting rural health team, to watch 420 women witches publicly renounce their calling by throwing the tools of their trade into a ceremonial bonfire, then he would have seen some of the results already achieved by American investment in Africa.

But, I agree, there is certainly room for a lot more.

RICHARD GREENOUGH
United Nations, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The August 2 issue . . . hit perfectly with the visit of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana. When the Prime Minister was flying out from Washington to Chicago, the article was brought to him on the plane. He read it immediately, liked it, and quoted from it in his speech in Chicago when he replied to the welcome by Mayor Daley.

CLARENCE B. RANDALL
Washington, D.C.

"The End of the Earth"

As a Rhodesian reader I object most strongly to Lawrence Lee's reference to "Rhodesia or some other place at the end of the earth" in HUSBANDS AND STRANGERS, June 28. . . .

For his edification, here are a few of the "end of the earth" ingredients which go to make up our ancient African civilization: The largest tobacco-auction sales floors in the world, the biggest building boom in the history of Africa, parking meters, traffic cops, hamburgers, pin tables, juke boxes, rock 'n' roll, the same monthly battles for [auto] sales as you have over there, a general trade recession due to restricted credit facilities, etc., etc.

ARTHUR JAY
Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia

● *It may console reader Jay to learn that Post author Clarence Randall (see letters above) described Salisbury as "a city with traffic jams like those of Madison Street in Chicago at the rush hour." —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Larry Fried. • 6–Weldon King. • 13, 14, 15–Norwegian Archaeological Expedition to Easter Island and the East Pacific. • 16, 17–Kurt Ard. • 19–Philippe Halsman. 20, 21–Ken Davies. • 22, 23–Dan Weiner. • 24–Mitchell Hooks. • 25–Anonymous. 26–U. S. Army Academy; Duke Univ.; Ohio State Univ.; Southern Methodist Univ.; Michigan State Univ.; U. S. Naval Academy; Univ. of Notre Dame; Univ. of Oklahoma. • 27–Wide World; Univ. of Colorado; Univ. of Wisconsin; Alabama Polytechnical Institute. • 28–Central News Agency; from Hamilton Wright. • 29–From Hamilton Wright; U. S. Air Force; from Hamilton Wright. • 30–Eugene Kammerman; United Press International. • 31–Ken Davies. • 32–Clint Melville; Mervin Little. • 33–Mervin Little. • 39–Ken Riley. • 44–Map by Ray Ballinger. • 75–Map by Zen Yonkovig. • 84–Ed Given; York Gazette and Daily; Anonymous; Sid Avery.

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Just 25 words can win you this fabulous prize!

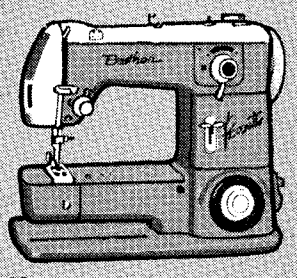
Just *one* of the hundreds of *exciting* prizes in Esterbrook's BIG School Days Contest. It's so *easy* to enter . . . and WIN!

GRAND PRIZE

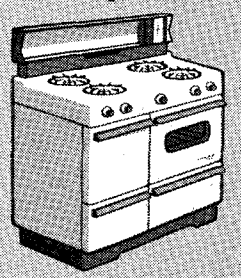
A fabulous Jet Clipper trip to Europe for 4! Just 390 minutes from the U. S. via **PAN AMERICAN,** "The World's Most Experienced Airline" . . . for a 2-week tour of England, Holland, Belgium and France.

Visit the scenes of old world culture, with sight-seeing, hotel, and meal expenses paid!

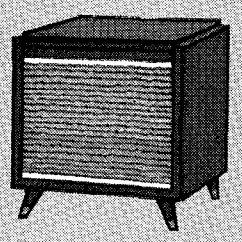
393 other wonderful prizes:



19 BROTHER "Pacesetter" Portable Sewing Machines featuring the exclusive Brother's Wishing Dial . . . "See it, dial it, sew it—wishing makes it sew!"



17 CALORIC Gas Ranges—Latest 1959 model with exciting new features. America's easiest range to keep clean! You'll love Caloric's "Years ahead" styling.



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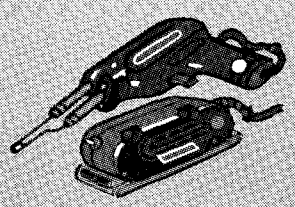

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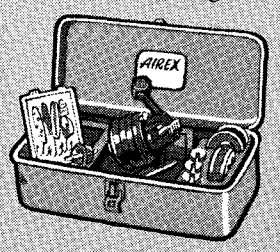

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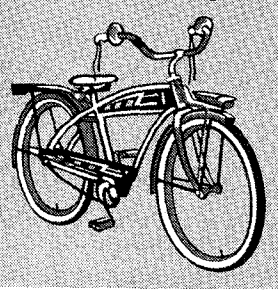

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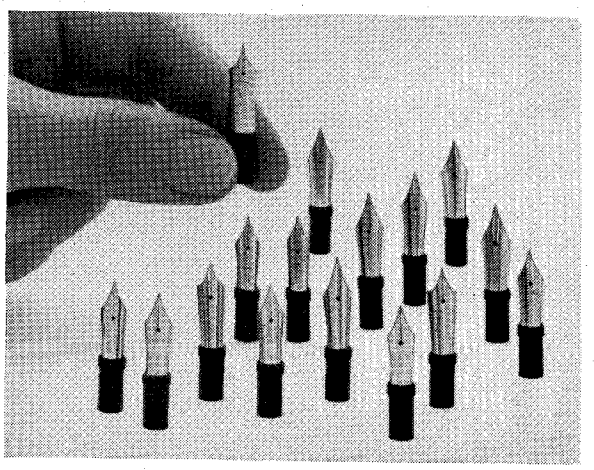

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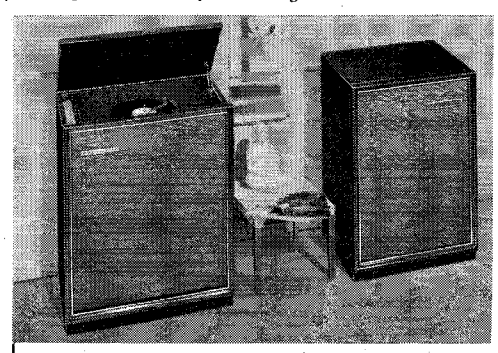

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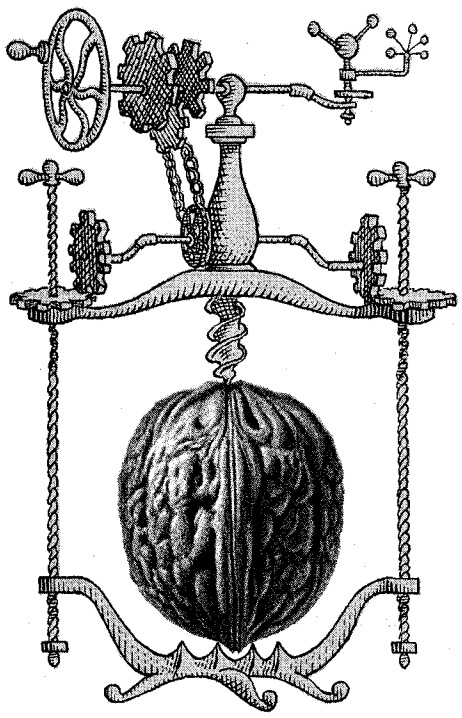

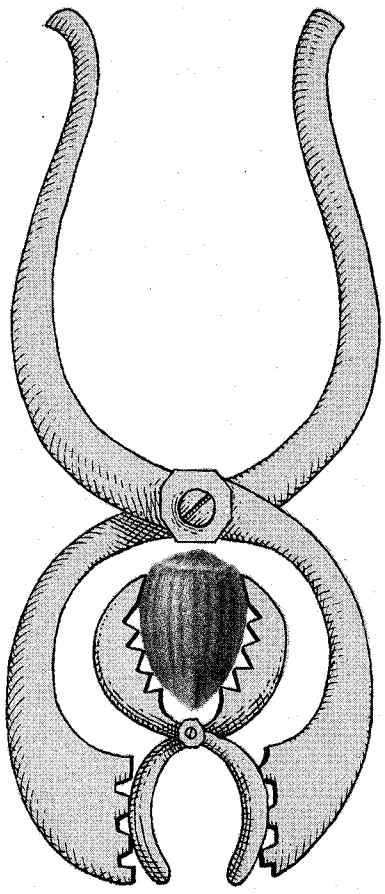

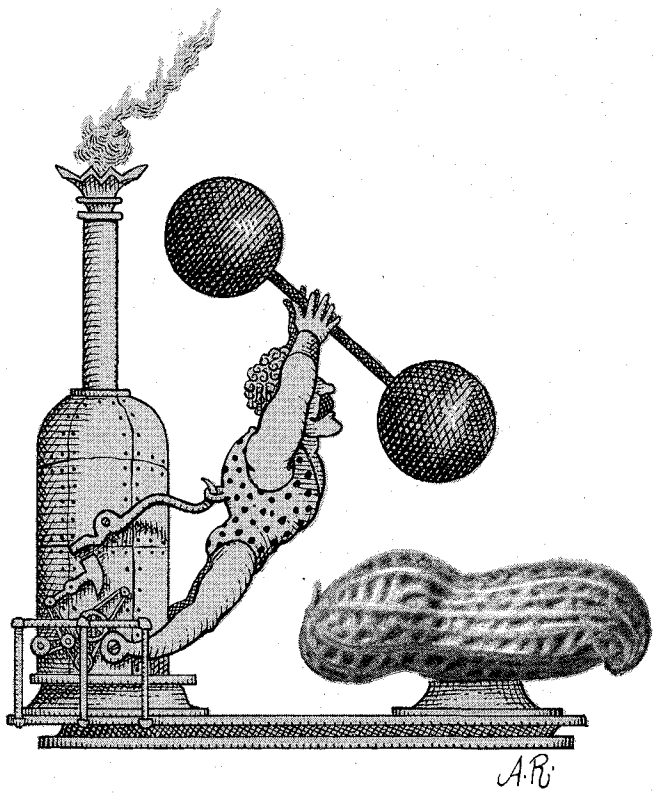

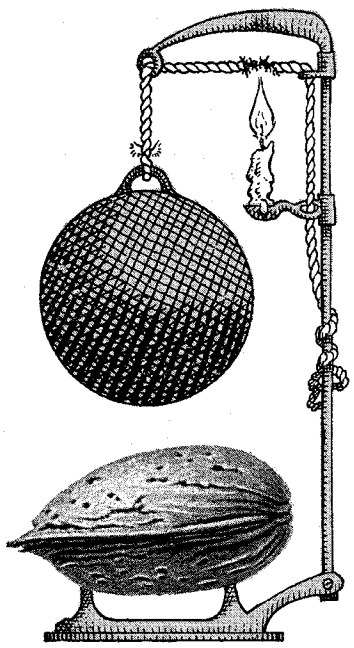

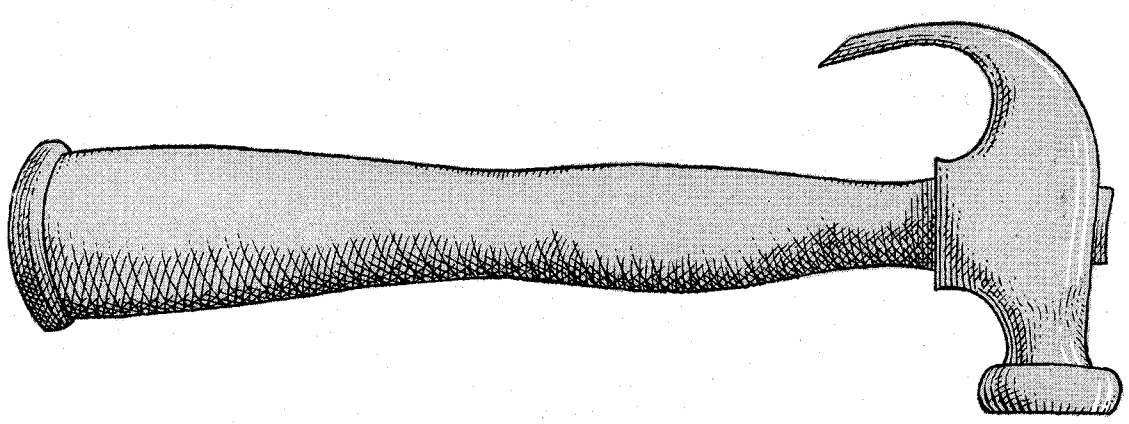

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Editorials

Hoosiers Want No Part of Federal Handouts

When our state governors met in Miami, Florida, last May they passed some resolutions calling for more state responsibility for such programs as disaster relief, slum clearance and education. But they hedged in their high-sounding resolutions with so many exceptions and modifications that Gov. Harold W. Handley, of Indiana, got his dander up. "Many chief executives would rather continue holding the tin cup in Washington than face up to the issue," he said. Back home in Indiana, he renewed his anti-tin-cup campaign, urging that states and local communities should at least exercise "scrupulous selectivity" in accepting or approving Federal grants.

If this was election-year politics, it must have been good politics, as far as Hoosier Republicans were concerned. They nominated Mr. Handley for the Senate on the first ballot at their state convention in June on a platform that promised continued efforts to get away from Federal grants and Federal control. This was no new position for the Indiana governor; in 1951, as a state senator, he was among leaders in defiance of a Washington decree that Federal welfare funds would be denied Indiana unless the state repealed its law to make public the names of welfare recipients and the amounts they were getting. Indiana won, and in the following year welfare applications and payments went down substantially.

Governor Handley has pointed out that in Indiana the people are sending more than nine times as many dollars to Washington as they ever get back. He sees the growth of power along the Potomac as not only exhausting local tax resources but building on itself to create a supercentralized government. One of its weapons, he believes, is present-day inflation, which inevitably follows excessive Federal debt and spending of the sort that goes into too many grants-in-aid.

Reaching for a workable formula as to what a state or local community should ask from the nation's taxpayers, Governor Handley goes by the general rule that you shouldn't ask someone else to do anything you can do just as well or better on your own. He goes along, more or less with fingers crossed, on Federal aid for interstate highway construction. Hoosiers are paying huge sums in Federal taxes for it now, he says, "and with the new program of interstate superhighways already begun it will be impossible to unscramble the egg." On the other hand, Indiana has been building its own new schools, locally planned, locally financed and locally controlled—"without Federal help and at a far greater rate than was recommended by the White House Conference on Education."

Governor Handley is not forever asking Washington for more and more. He is asking for less. Nor has he invented new Federal-aid projects to catch a few local votes. He is continually criticizing politicians who do. All of which seems worthy of thoughtful attention by public officials and voters of other states. Something like this undoubtedly was what President Eisenhower had in mind when, at the Williamsburg Conference of Governors a year ago, he said our national government could never have siphoned away state authority "without the neglect, acquiescence or unthinking co-operation of the states themselves."

The Explosion of the World's Population Poses a Grave Threat

One of the more sobering pictures of the future has been painted by students of population statistics. A recent bulletin put out by the Population Reference Bureau says that the number of people on the globe increased from 2,519,000,000 in 1951 to 2,691,000,000 in 1955. That figures out to around 118,000 new people every day. Such a horde of new mouths to feed is something to think about.

This startling multiplication of humankind is relatively recent. Until the rise of modern science and medicine, high birth rates were balanced off by high death rates. This grim ratio has been altered in many places by the adoption of simple hygienic measures. The result has been, in places like Mexico, Ceylon, India and Costa Rica, sudden population "explosions." Unfortunately, these striking human increases have not been matched by equal increases in food supplies.

Bleak forecasts are based on assumptions similar to those of Thomas Malthus in 1798. Malthus concluded that the human race always multiplied faster than the food supply, with the result that malnutrition and famine were in store for most of the people on the globe.

The Malthusian theories seem to be borne out in such countries as China, India and Egypt, where millions chronically hover on the desperate edge of famine. The Red Chinese regime, which used to boast of its vast population, now looks favorably on birth control.

On the other hand, some countries—including Britain, France, Ireland, Scandinavia and Belgium—have stable populations which defy Malthus' laws. Huge countries like the United States, Canada and Brazil, could accommodate more people than they now have.

A weak spot in the arguments of the Malthusians is the notoriously tricky nature of population forecasts. Japan, for instance, confounded the experts when it reduced its birth rate from 34.3 babies per year per 1000 people in 1947 to 18.5 in 1956. Italy, too, has reached a nearly stable rate of reproduction. Even Puerto Rico, often pointed to as an example of overpopulation, has seen its birth rate decline from 42.2 in 1947 to 34.0 in 1956. It is still dropping.

Nevertheless, while it may be true that science has great things in store for the future, it is equally true that the pressure of population on available food supplies poses a grave problem in the coming decade.

We Can't Condone Tyranny Because Tyrants are "People"

A few weeks ago three American college girls, traveling in Europe, defied their passport instructions and went into East Germany and out again. One of the girls reported that the East German police "thought we were the funniest things they ever saw. We didn't talk politics, and so the police were not East Germans to us, but just people."

Of course the East German Communist police were "just people," just as Gallant Man is just a horse. But even as the unfortunate animal pulling a junk dealer's cart is also just a horse, so there are people and people. In fact, only a few days after the three tolerant college girls pedaled out of East Germany, a helicopter containing nine American soldiers lost its way in a thunderstorm and was grounded in that area and all nine passengers were promptly arrested. This time the East German police saw nothing amusing about their visitors.

This brings us back to this "just people" cliché which one is certain to hear more and more as appeasement gains momentum. Frequently we hear some fatuous "man of good will" declare, "To me they were not Communists or anti-Communists. They were just people." Whereupon the pontificator looks about with the self-satisfied smile of one who has uttered a great thought.

Our diplomats know that the top leaders of the international Communist conspiracy, who are also "just people," are intent on conquering and enslaving all the people of the earth whom they haven't brought to heel already. "Just people" includes Red dictators and anti-Red dictators, benevolent despots and millions of ordinary people behind the Iron Curtain who would be our friends if they had the chance. Nevertheless, it is rather risky and pretty silly to gallivant through Europe on bicycles in the demonstrably false belief that all people are equally harmless, merely because they are people.

The triumph of the modern, progressively educated young man or woman is the broadened outlook and the reserved judgment, except, of course, when it comes to passing judgment on "reactionaries" and other non-broad-minded people. The open mind and the reserved judgment are admirable attitudes, unless they degenerate into a state of suspended moral animation which vetoes decision on anything, so that the tyrant and his victim, the saint and the sinner, become one and the same—"just people."

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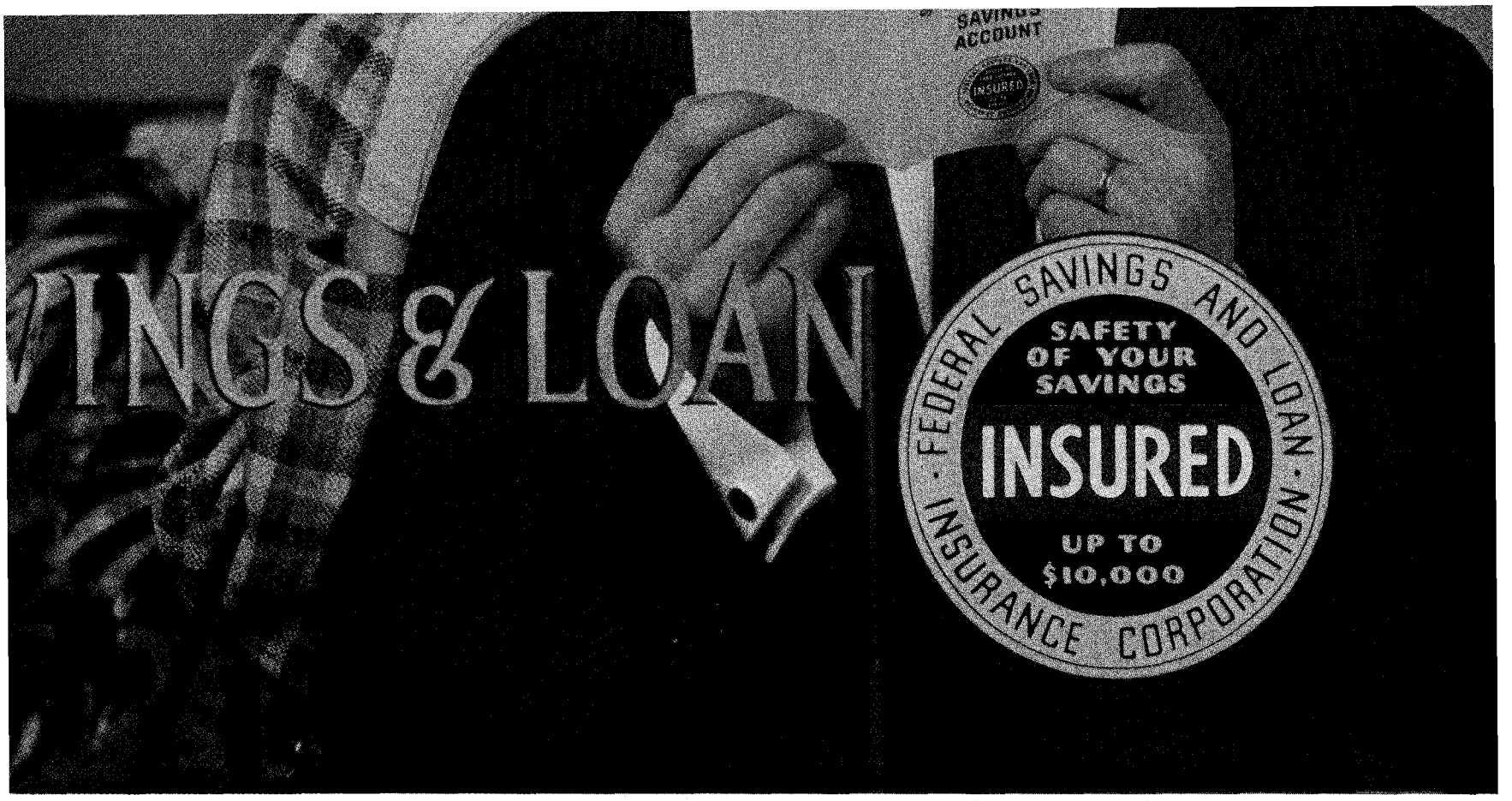

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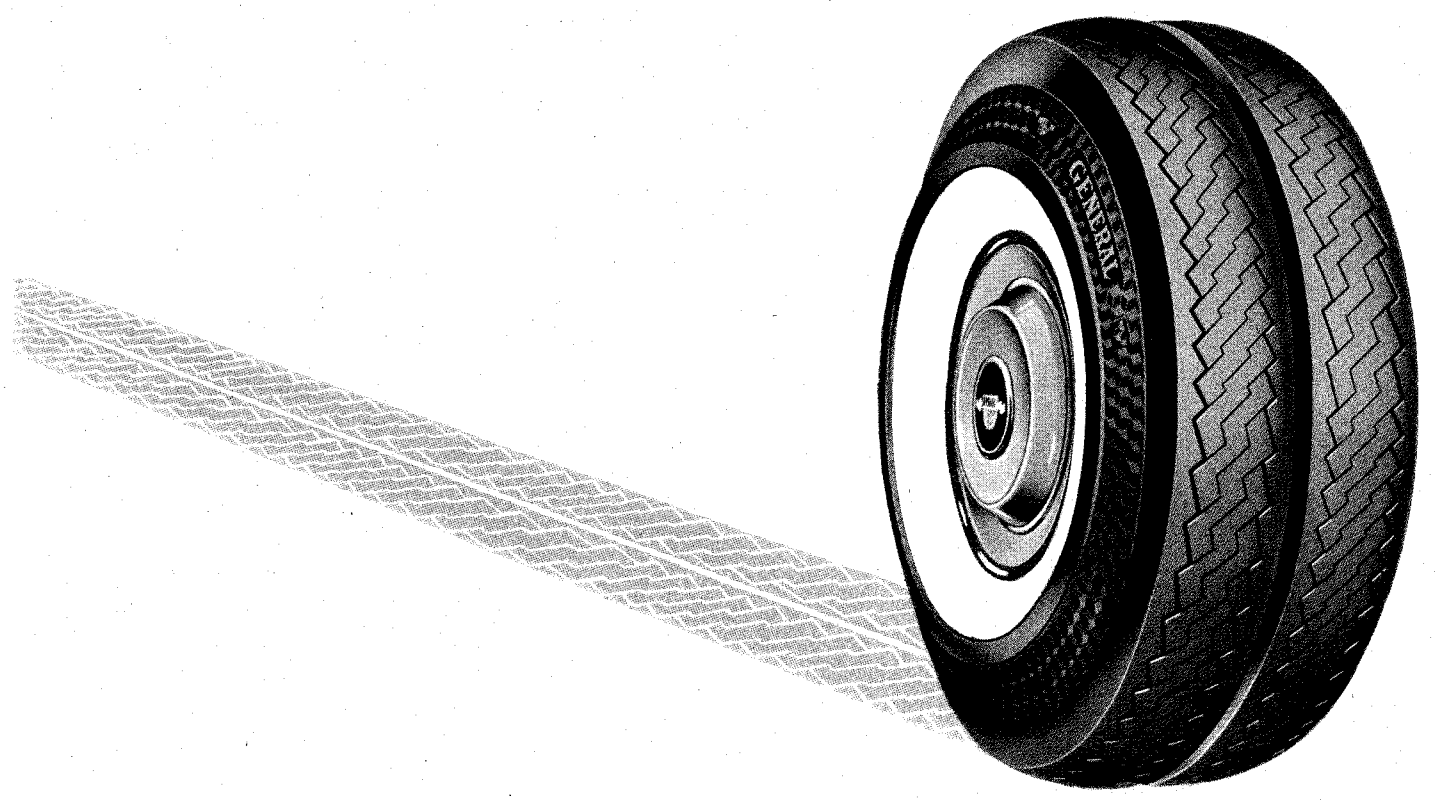

NYGEN CORD WITH 2 TREADS makes this the most remarkable tire ever built. The only tire that dares to pay for road service if you have a puncture!

The Dual 90 seals as it rolls. And you can withdraw the puncturing object without losing a single pound of air.

This is priceless protection in traffic and at night. And a wonderful convenience anytime. Enjoy the complete protection of puncture-free driving.

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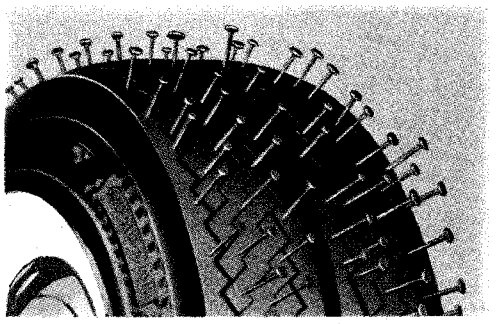

301 NAILS were driven into this General Dual 90 without the loss of a single pound of air!

GENERAL DUAL 90

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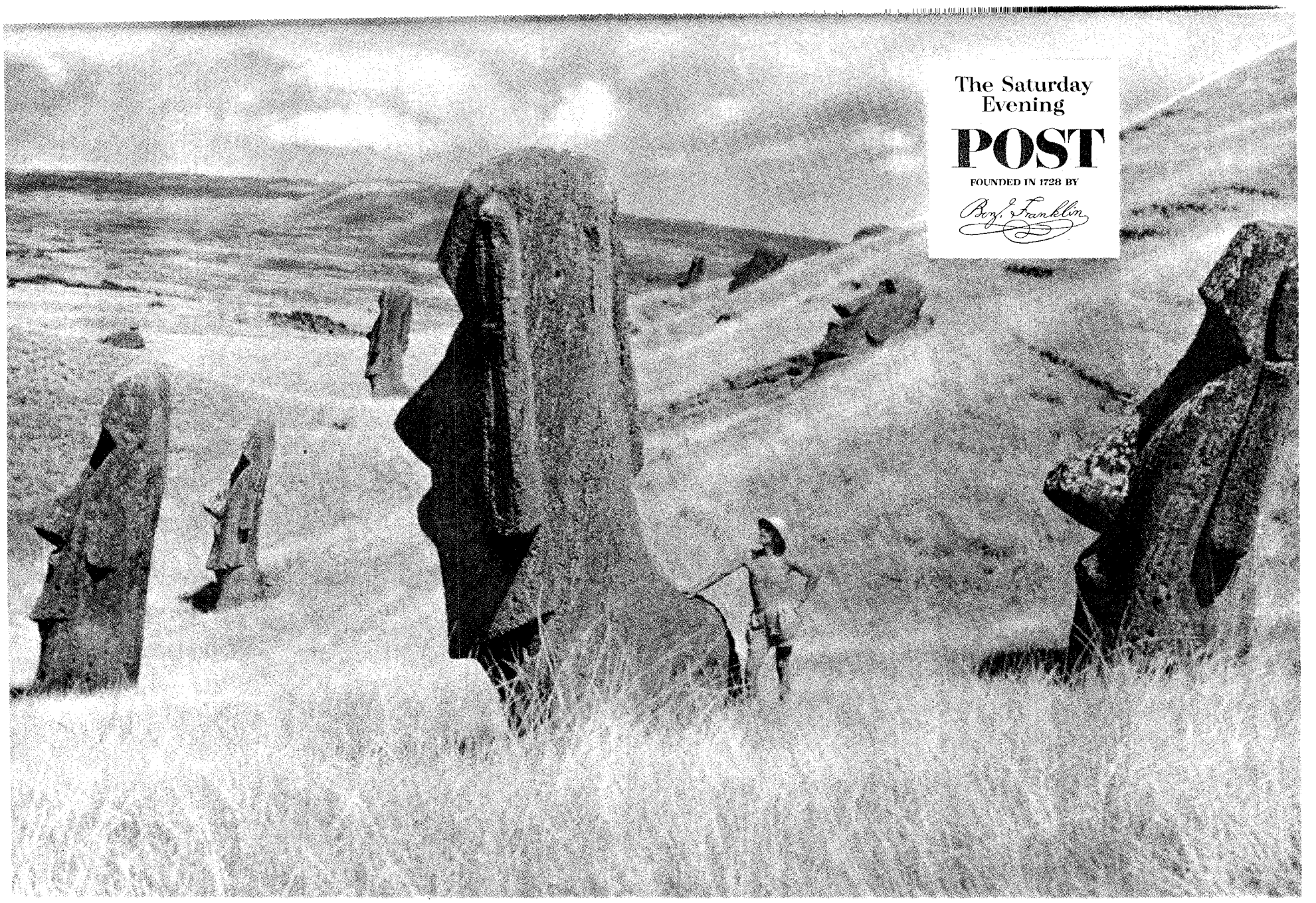

Hundreds of these huge stone faces, some weighing over 50 tons, dot Easter Island. Heyerdahl's mission was to find out how the ancient sculptors made and moved the stones.

Aku-Aku:

The Secret of Easter Island

By THOR HEYERDAHL

PART ONE

THE CAVES OF FEAR

Beginning an amazing new adventure by the famous author of Kon-Tiki, in which he reveals the answer to a mystery that has puzzled the world for centuries.

I had no *aku-aku*. Nor did I know what an *aku-aku* was, so I could hardly have used one if I had had it.

Every sensible person on Easter Island has an *aku-aku*—a guardian spirit friendly to him and his family. I, too, got one there; but at the moment I was in Norway, organizing a voyage to the island, so I did not possess one. Perhaps that was why arranging the journey was so difficult.

Easter Island is the loneliest inhabited place in the world. Its people have to travel farther than any other native tribes on earth to see that other lands really exist.

This remote island was discovered by man long before Columbus' voyage to the New World. While Europeans still believed that the

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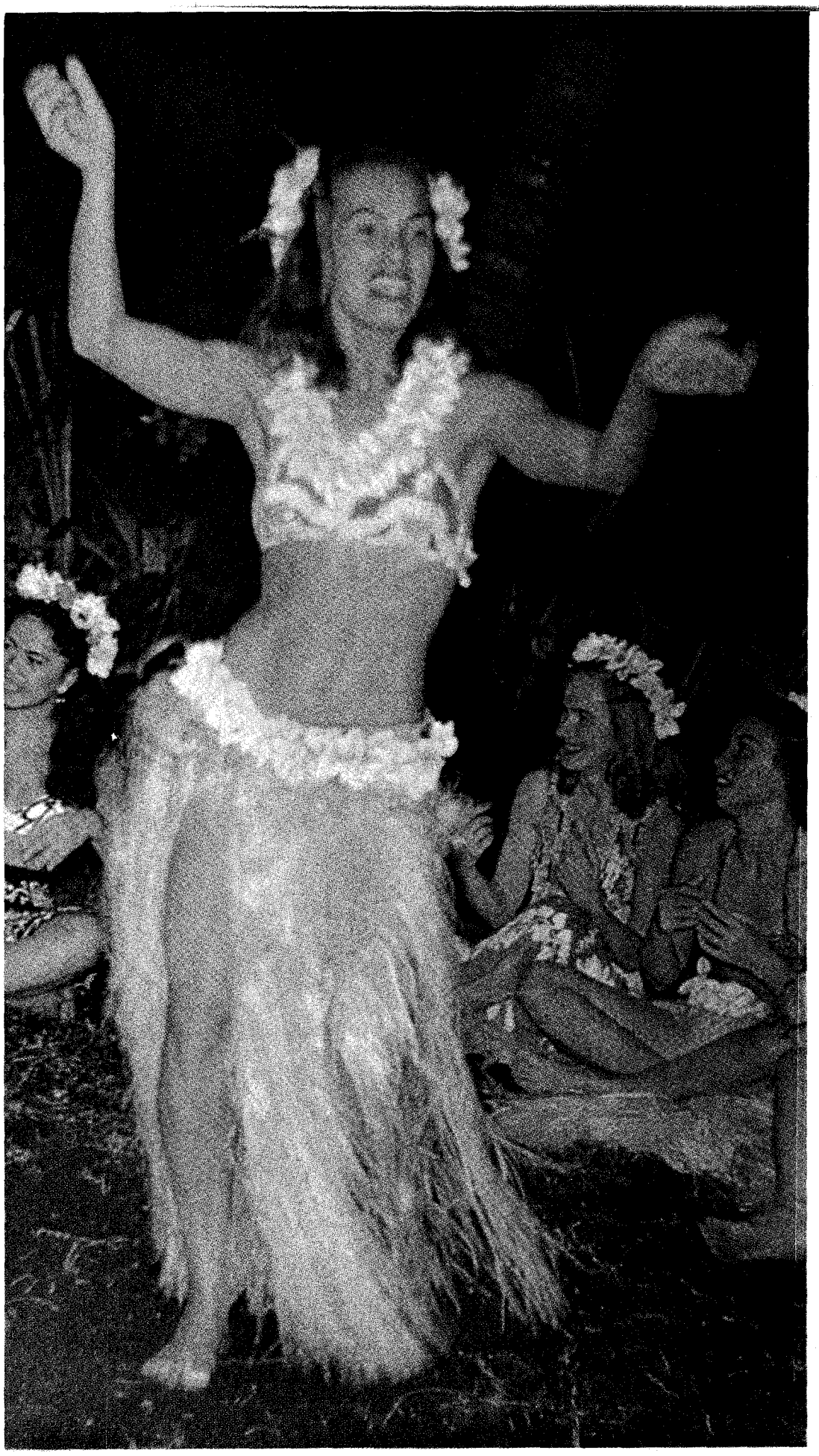
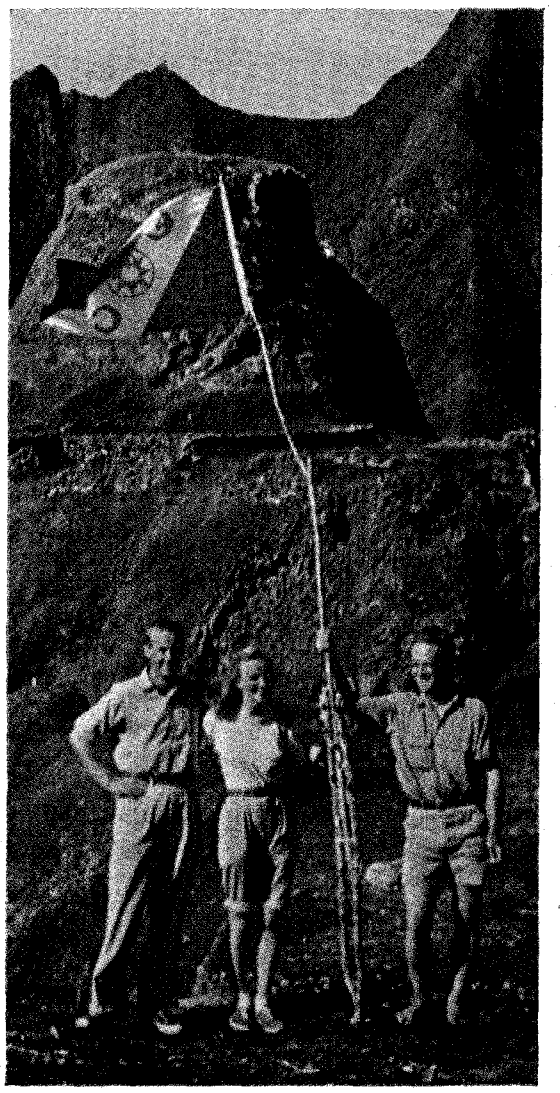
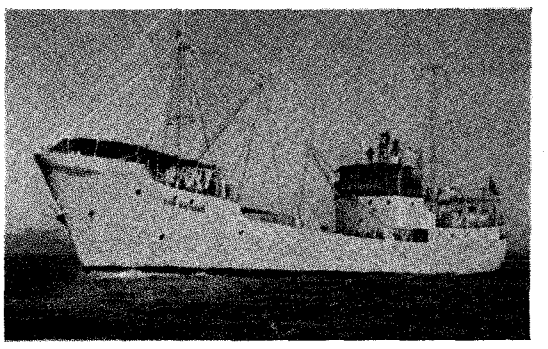




The explorers also visited Rapa Iti and planted their flag on the largest building ever found in Polynesia. Heyerdahl is at left, with his wife and Dr. Bill Mulloy.



The Greenland trawler Heyerdahl used for the Aku-Aku voyage bore no resemblance to his Kon-Tiki raft.

The expedition called at Tahiti for supplies, and "no one regretted it," says the author. Here, with Tahitians, is blond Yvonne Heyerdahl, in red sarong.

world ended at Gibraltar, other navigators had already sailed unknown seas off the west coast of South America and found the dot that we now call Easter Island. They came ashore, whetted their stone adzes and set about one of the most remarkable engineering projects of ancient times—the making of gigantic stone figures in man's likeness.

How did they manage this, before the mechanical age? No one knew. But there stood the figures, towering into the sky. Then one day the mysterious sculptors disappeared into the mists of antiquity.

What had happened on Easter Island?

I bent over my desk and scanned the large-scale chart of the Pacific spread out before me. I was beginning to know this ocean now. There in the wild valleys of the Marquesas group, just south of the equator, I had heard for the first time old Tei Tetua's stories of the man-god, Tiki. And there, on the coral reef in the Tuamotu group, we had landed with the Kon-Tiki raft after voyaging from South America.

On the chart, Easter Island lay far south of the line taken by the Kon-Tiki raft. I had always wondered how prehistoric men had got themselves to that desolate spot. Now, for a change, I was wondering how I should get there myself.

Easter Island belongs to Chile, which is as far from Easter Island as Spain is from Canada. A warship goes there just once a year with provisions for the inhabitants; the island has no other link with the world outside. The warship offered no solution of my travel problems. I must get a vessel of my own.

About voyages to remote seas I have always consulted my friends Thomas and Wilhelm, of the Fred Olsen Line. One day, while my plans were still vague, we were sitting in the cozy old shipping office down by the wharves at

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HE SEEKS THE UNKNOWN

With the publication of Kon-Tiki in 1950, explorer Thor Heyerdahl joined the ranks of history's great adventurers. His account of crossing the Pacific on an unpowered wooden raft with five companions has sold over a million and a half copies.

Now he has made another voyage which is in many ways more remarkable than the first. Next week, Rand McNally & Company will publish Aku-Aku, Heyerdahl's own story of that voyage. This week the Post begins publication of four exciting articles excerpted from the book. The Editors.

Oslo, Norway. Thomas had a world map, a fat globe. I turned it round till it was nearly all blue, and pointed to Easter Island.

"I'd like to go there," I said. "But how?"

"The best thing for you," said Wilhelm, "would be a diesel-propelled boat about a hundred and fifty feet long, with a speed of twelve knots and space for about fifty tons of water and one hundred and thirty tons of oil."

He rang me up a few days later. A canning factory at Stavanger had a suitable trawler on the Greenland fishing grounds. I could hire her for a year if I took her from September.

I looked at the calendar. It was toward the end of April, and September was only four months away. The offer was "bare boat"—that is, I was to take over the vessel empty, without crew or equipment. My own navigating experience had never got beyond the balsa-raft stage.

"Our office can help you with all nautical problems," Thomas said.

So we suddenly found ourselves sitting at the big green conference table with the marine superintendent, the signing-on authority, the provisioning authority, the insurance authority and all the other experts higher and lower.

I had a lot of planning to do. I was taking to the South Seas five archaeologists, a doctor, a photographer, a crew of thirteen, my wife, my little daughter Anette, and Thor, Junior; spare parts, special equipment and a year's meals for everyone.

A typical day found me phoning an Oslo wholesaler. "I want three tons of dental plaster," I said.

"Has somebody got toothache?" a voice answered dryly.

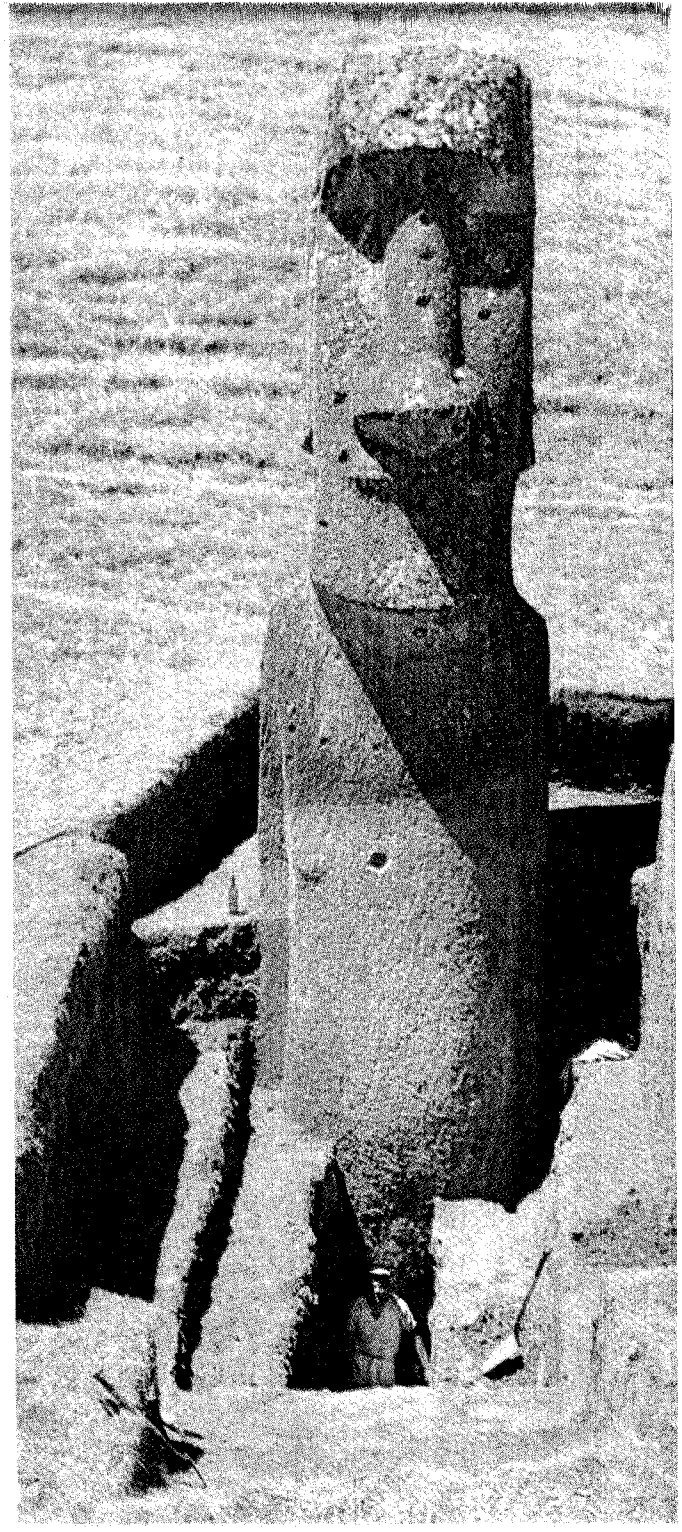
A call from Stavanger interrupted before I could explain that it was for the purpose of making a cast of an Easter Island statue, not a denture.

"Hello," said the new voice. "There's a message from Olsen, your engineer. The crankshaft is worn out. Shall we regrind it or get a new one?"

My wife Yvonne rushed in, buried under parcels.

"I've been through the steward's list," she said. "Why have you ordered 200 pounds of mixed fishhooks? We're taking two tons of frozen beef, aren't we?"

"The hooks are not to fish with," I explained. "They're to pay (Continued on Page 40)



The man in the center is dwarfed by a stone giant. Excavation of the "mystery men" revealed massive bodies—the tallest, 69 feet high—that had been hidden by centuries of shifting dirt and sand.

Easter Islanders made this replica of an ancient reed boat for the author, who found it almost unsinkable.

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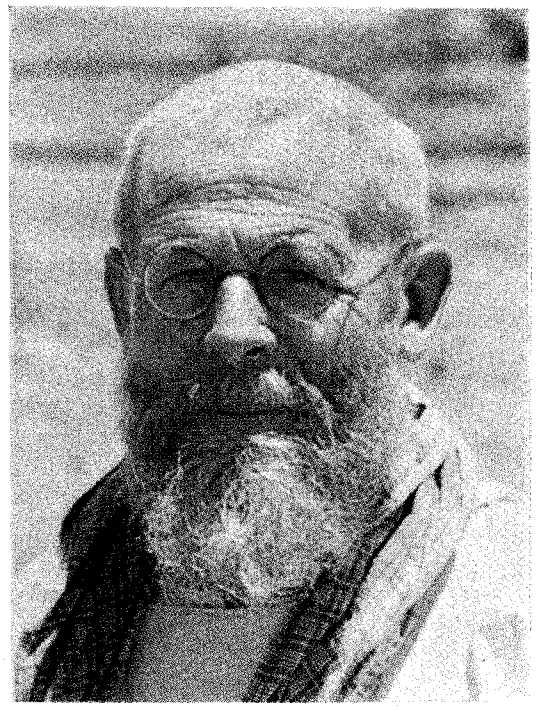
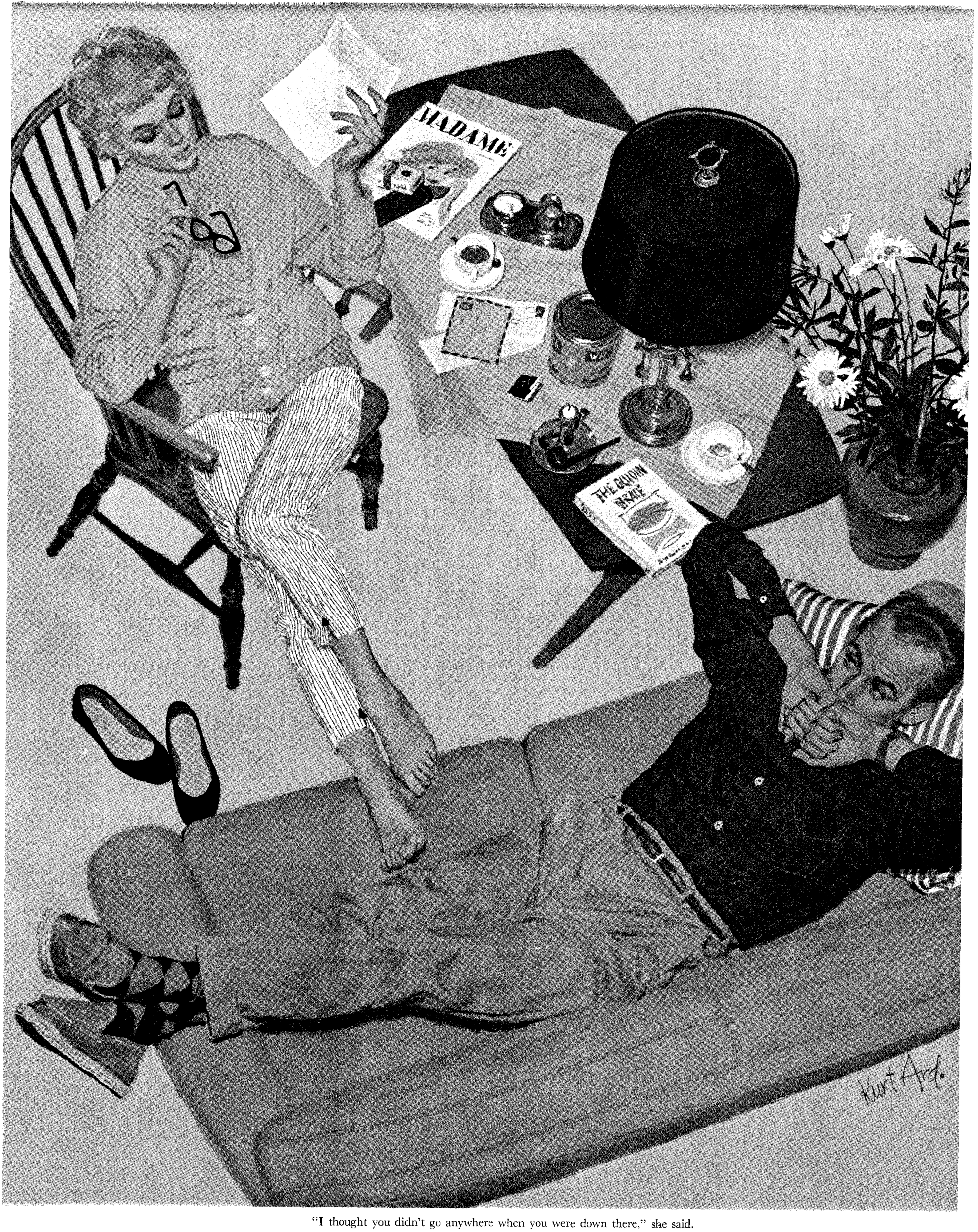


Father Sebastian Englert: "Uncrowned king" of Easter Island, and its missionary for over 20 years.



"I thought you didn't go anywhere when you were down there," she said.

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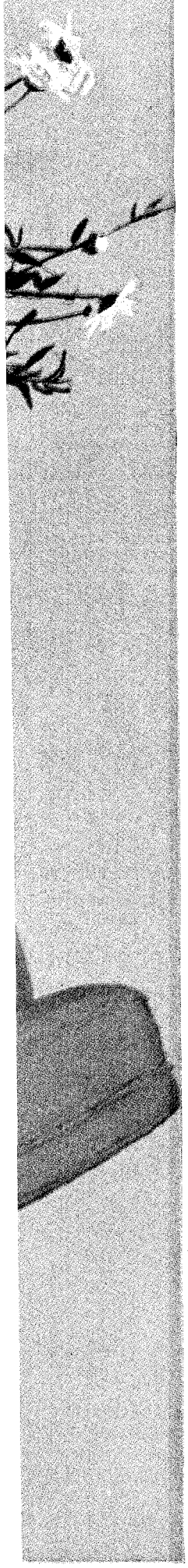

HUSBANDS BETTER TELL

When her man's been away on a business trip, there are things a wife has a right to know.

By STEVE McNEIL

There was no real reason for Harvey Sorenson's guilt complex. It hadn't been his fault that his boss sent him to Los Angeles in the dead of winter for two weeks' work with David Crandall, who ran the Southern California branch.

It was almost impossible to explain to his dear wife, Susan, and his daughter, Jessica, that the two weeks had been spent working, and that he had not been languishing around various swimming pools with beautiful blondes, having three-hour martini luncheons at Scandia, and spending the weekends at Palm Springs.

He did not think it was necessary to mention that one weekend, however, was spent in San Diego with David and his wife, Betty. They had had a very superior time in perfect weather, and Harvey was well aware that, precisely that weekend, Surf Pines was being battered by the major storm of the winter, with winds up to seventy-five miles an hour in gusts.

Neither did he think it was necessary to mention that the other weekend was spent at Apple Valley, where the temperature was in the high seventies. That weekend, Harvey had read in the newspaper, the storm was continuing on the Oregon coast. He read that newspaper while seated out on a patio in his shirt sleeves after a round of golf in beautiful weather.

Now, back at Surf Pines, he was uncomfortably aware that the weather had been worse than the wire services had reported. For most of the two weeks there had been a rip-roaring, thundering, roof-tearing sou'wester. Mute evidence was that several square feet of shingles were missing from the roof of their garage, their television antenna drooped like a tired clothesline, and a glass windbreak on the north side of their patio was minus the glass.

He had been listening to a somewhat impassioned recital of the storm's severity for over an hour.

Finally he said, "Susan, I am not responsible for the weather."

"I read in the paper that they were having seventy-five-degree weather in Los Angeles," Susan said accusingly.

"I can't help that," Harvey said.

"I'll bet you saw gobs of movie stars," Jessica said.

Harvey peered at his eighteen-year-old daughter. She was, Harvey conceded, above average, as teen-age daughters go. She did yearn with considerable fervor to be "glamorous," a somewhat nebulous state of being, and each week she changed her plans for the future.

On the credit side, she did not become hysterical over Elvis Presley or Pat Boone, she managed to keep her room from looking as if vandals had been given carte blanche, she could sew a straight seam, did not think that Shakespeare was a "square," and was one of the few living eighteen-year-olds who had read War and Peace. But she did accord motion-picture stars somewhat the same degree of reverence that was given Dwight Eisenhower by the Republican national chairman.

"I did not," he said now, "see gobs of movie stars."

"We saw sea gulls," Susan said, "and pieces of houses going by."

"I'm surprised you didn't see any stars," Jessica said.

"I said I didn't see gobs of them," Harvey said.

"Did you play any golf?" Susan asked.

Harvey conveniently forgot Apple Valley. "I went to a driving range one day. And that reminds me. I saw Ann Miller there."

"Oh, no!" Jessica said. "What was she doing?"

"Hitting golf balls," Harvey said, "and talking to Red Skelton."

"You saw Red Skelton!" Jessica shrieked. "What was he doing?"

"Same thing. Hitting golf balls. They were at the tees next to mine."

"Oh, dad!" Jessica groaned. "What did you do?"

"Well, I didn't drop dead. I didn't even stagger."

"You might have talked to her."

"Matter of fact, I did."

"It figures," Susan said.

"What did she say?" Jessica asked.

"She said, 'Nice shot,' and I said, 'Thanks.'"

"And that's all?" Jessica groaned.

"That's enough," Susan said.

"That's all," Harvey said. "Oh, David and I stopped by a Beverly Hills hotel for a drink, and Rock Hudson was there."

"My, you did get around, didn't you?" Susan said.

"What was he doing?" Jessica asked.

"Sitting with another man, drinking coffee and talking."

"What was he saying?" Jessica asked.

"How do I know?"

"You might have listened," Jessica said.

"It isn't polite." Harvey looked at his wife. "Well, outside of the storm, what happened around here?"

"Oh, we had a ball," Susan said. "While you were at that Beverly Hills hotel with Rock Hudson, and at a driving range with Ann Miller and Red Skelton, I ——"

"I was not," Harvey said stiffly, "at a driving range with Ann Miller. I just happened to ——"

"Anyway, I had the girls over for a hen party one night; and an afternoon of bridge."

(Continued on Page 61)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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The Curse of Conformity

By WALTER GROPIUS

The problem of architecture in the assembly-line age

From cradle to grave, this problem of running order through chaos, direction through space, discipline through freedom, unity through multiplicity, has always been, and must always be the task of education, as it is the moral of religious philosophy, science, art, politics, and economy.

THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS

Though American technique is the envy of the world, the "American Way of Life" does not command unqualified respect abroad. We have proved to all the peoples of the earth that it is possible for an energetic nation to raise its material and civic standards to undreamed-of heights. The example has been zealously studied. Other nations are eager to adopt our magic formula. Yet they are reluctant to accept the idea that the American brand of technology provides the ultimate blueprint for the good life. Indeed, we ourselves are beginning to suspect that economic abundance and civic freedom may not be enough.

Wherein have we failed?

In this attempt to analyze some of our shortcomings and to suggest remedies, I draw from my experience as an educator and practicing architect both in this country and abroad. I have had considerable opportunity to observe the impact of American culture on older countries, especially those which have recently emerged from a feudal or colonial past into the pattern of a modern industrial society. Everywhere the introduction of mechanization has produced such confusion that the problems of the conversion have been more evident than the benefits.

I have become more and more convinced that we have failed to give leadership in the right direction. We have not exported, along with our technical and scientific skills, principles of wise application—mainly because we have not formulated such principles at home. For example, our biggest man-made objects—our cities—have steadily grown more chaotic and ugly, despite brilliant individual contributions to planning and design. For all the heroic *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)*

About the Author

Forty years ago in his native Germany, Dr. Walter Gropius, a successful practicing architect, founded the "Bauhaus" School of Design. Embodying the ideas of artists and designers as well as those of architects, and relating them to the needs of industry and housing, the Bauhaus has exerted enormous influence the world over. For a period of fifteen years—from 1937 to 1952—Doctor Gropius headed the Department of Architecture, Graduate School of Design, at Harvard University. Now Professor Emeritus he continues to promulgate his ideas as an active architect and planner. As the senior member of "The Architects, Collaborative," in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he designs, with his team, public and private buildings, housing and planning schemes in this country and abroad. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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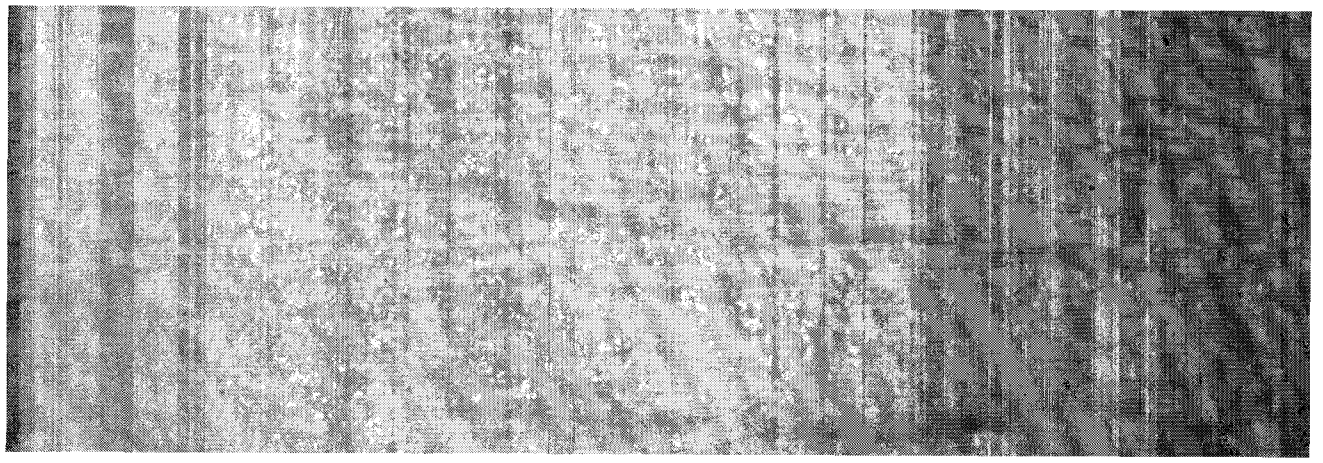

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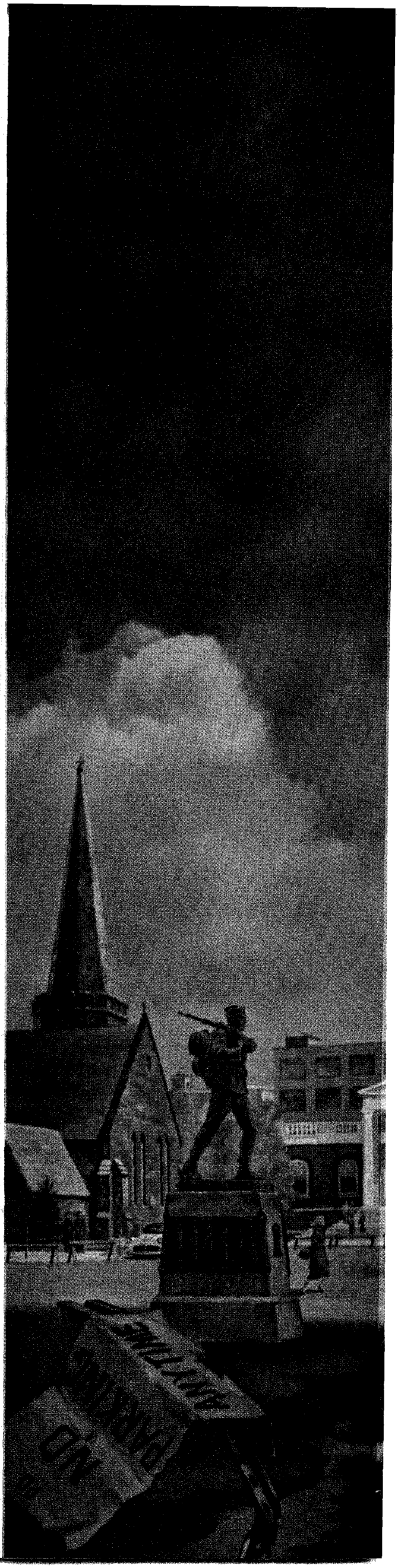
The Displaced Missile

The Government wouldn't claim the mysterious rocket even though it threatened to obliterate the town.

By JACOB HAY



"All contact lost," said the bulkhead loudspeaker in the Firing Control Center, its tone detached. "Over and out." There was a silence fraught, as they say, with finality.

"Well," said one of the stricken group standing before the Final Firing Command console, "back to the old drawing board, eh? Looks like Aggie's gone down at sea, poor girl." There was a murmur of assent. At least, Aggie had left the ground, which was, after all, no more than Jupiter C had done. Slowly, gloomily, the stricken group reached for their hats. Aggie was missing, presumed lost, somewhere in the broad Atlantic.

In this presumption the group was in grievous error. At precisely 3:52 A.M., Eastern Standard Time, Sgt. Jere Emspacher, of the Dexter, Pennsylvania, City Police, became the first man in history to see at close range the Agamemnon Mark XI Intercontinental Ballistic Missile perform an emergency landing.

"All of a sudden," Sergeant Emspacher later told the Dexter Dispatch, "there was this real bright light, oncet, and then come this wonderful big noise, like it was one of them jet planes; still, only much louder; so I looked up, and that's when I run."

It is as well that Sergeant Emspacher ran when he did, finding refuge in the concrete staircase leading to the Crystal Lunch, in the basement of the Bauer Building on the southwest corner of Continental Square, Dexter's hub. As he cringed there, a titanic cylinder settled slowly down from the heavens upon a roaring, white-hot pillar of fire to sink its huge tail fins gently into the boiling, bubbling pool of asphalt which had, until seconds before, been the surface of the square. Abruptly, the great gush of flame which spread thunderously out around it like the train of some monstrous ball gown died, to be replaced by a tremendous cloud of thick gray smoke. Then slowly, very slowly, as one of the giant fins found a softer subsurface than its fellows, the cylinder inclined its towering bulk six degrees in the general direction of Harrisburg. And stopped, its polished white shell gleaming eerily in the pale glow of the smoke-shrouded street lights, its nose cone ten stories up in the air and roughly on a level with the top floor of the Hotel Phineas Dexter, the tallest building in town. Aggie, her poor brain a hash of electronic hysteria, had arrived. In this wise began the ordeal of Dexter, Pennsylvania.

It was purest chance which made Mike Brewer, city editor of the Dexter Dispatch, the second man on the scene. He'd been wandering, lonely as a cloud and wretched as a wet hen, ever since Miss Betsy Watkins had told him firmly, just before she kissed him good night, that she would positively refuse to marry him if he persisted in his mad plan to assail New York, rather than stay on in Dexter and take over her father's newspaper. His first reaction to Aggie was, in consequence, to wonder if he was not unhinged by love. He took a second long, long look and reason returned. Then he headed for the Dispatch city room as fast as his rangy legs could run.

At which moment Dexter's air-raid-warning system went into action. Sergeant Emspacher had seen his duty and done it. And all hell broke loose.

It reflects no discredit upon the municipal administration of Dexter to state that thereafter chaos reigned. It is your rare third-class city which is prepared to cope with a ten-story missile set squarely in its center. Within minutes, roughly one half of Dexter's population was attempting to reach the square to see what went on, while (Continued on Page 71)

Illustrated by Ken Davies

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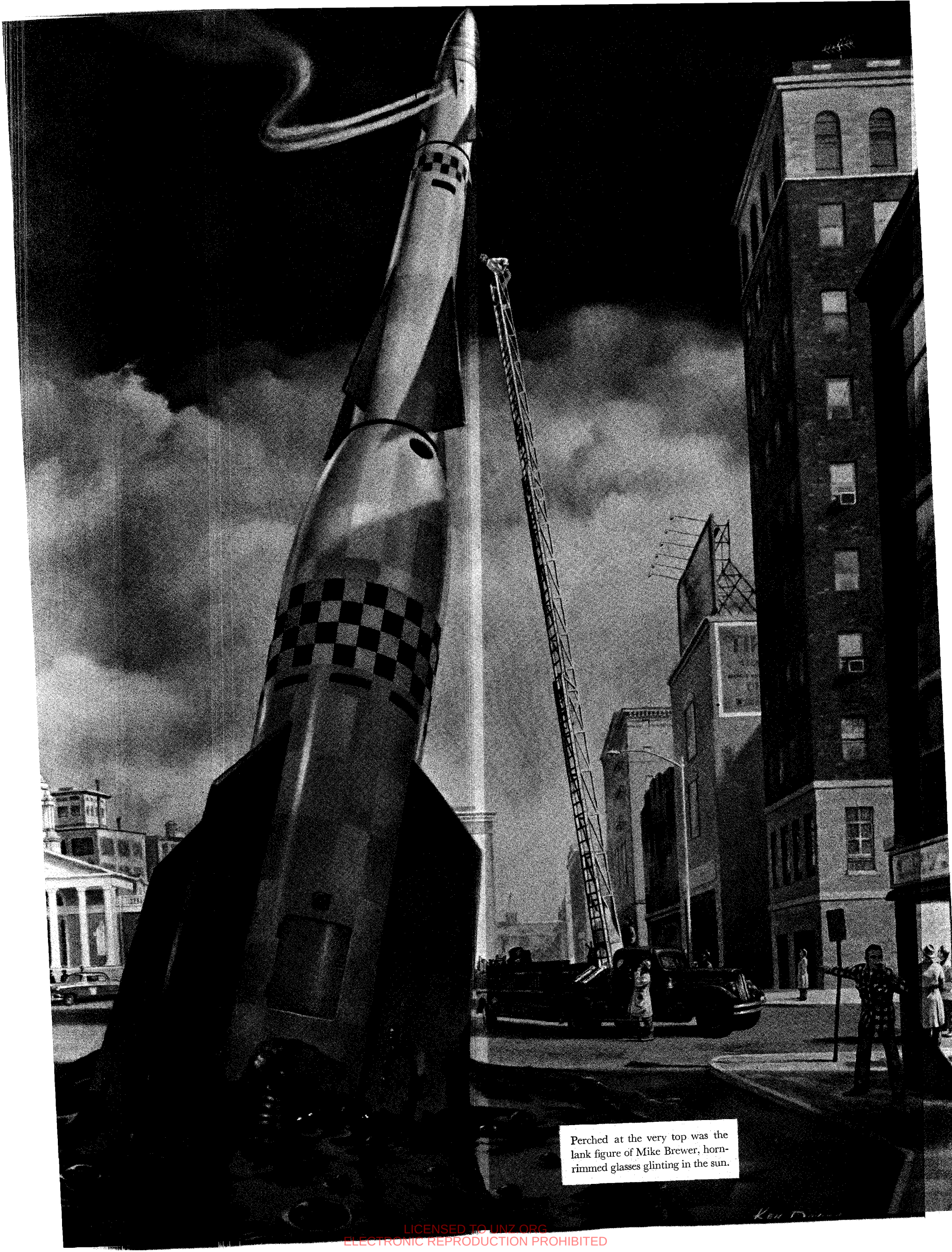

Perched at the very top was the lank figure of Mike Brewer, horn-rimmed glasses glinting in the sun.

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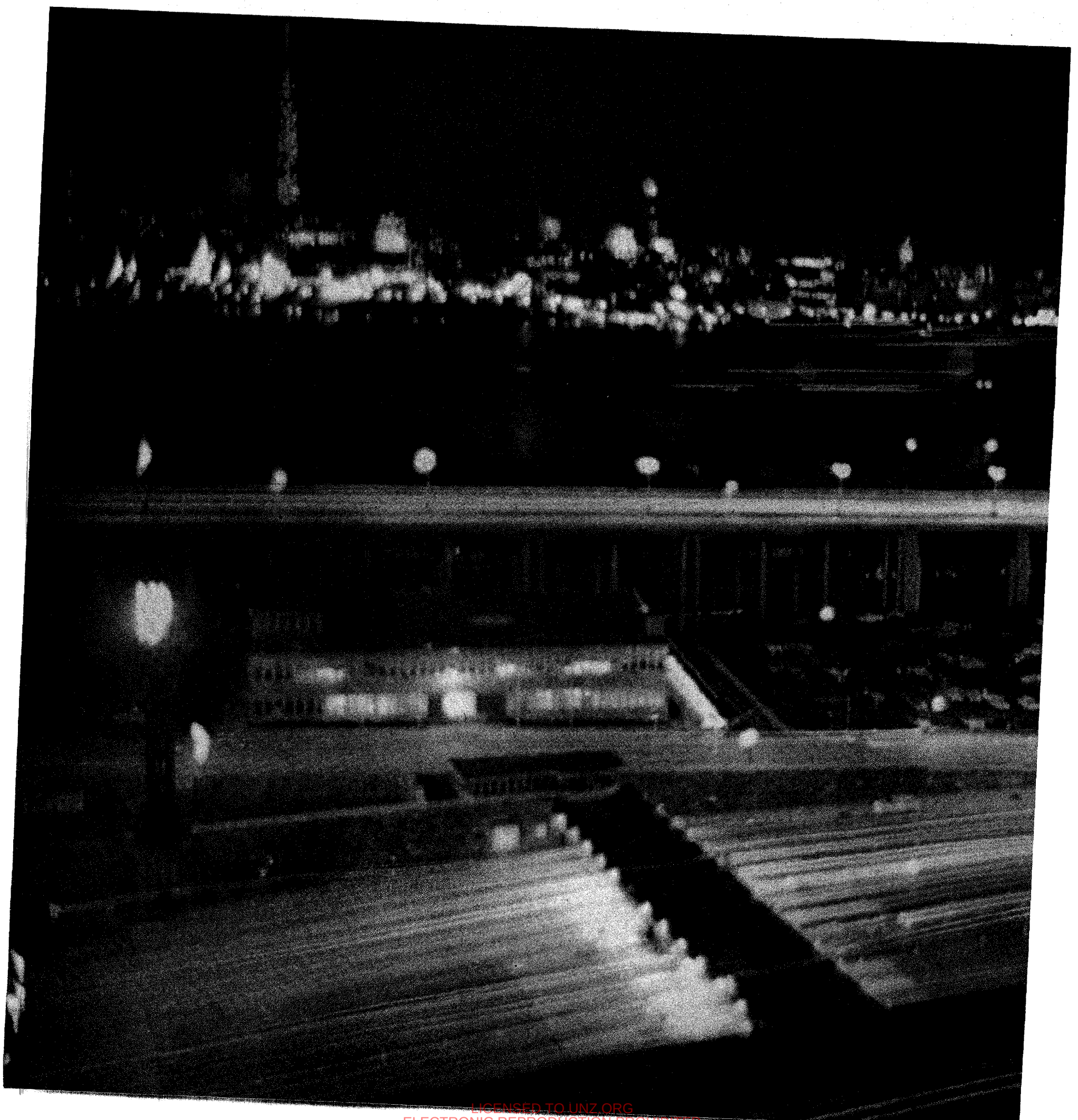
The Face of AMERICA

HELIX



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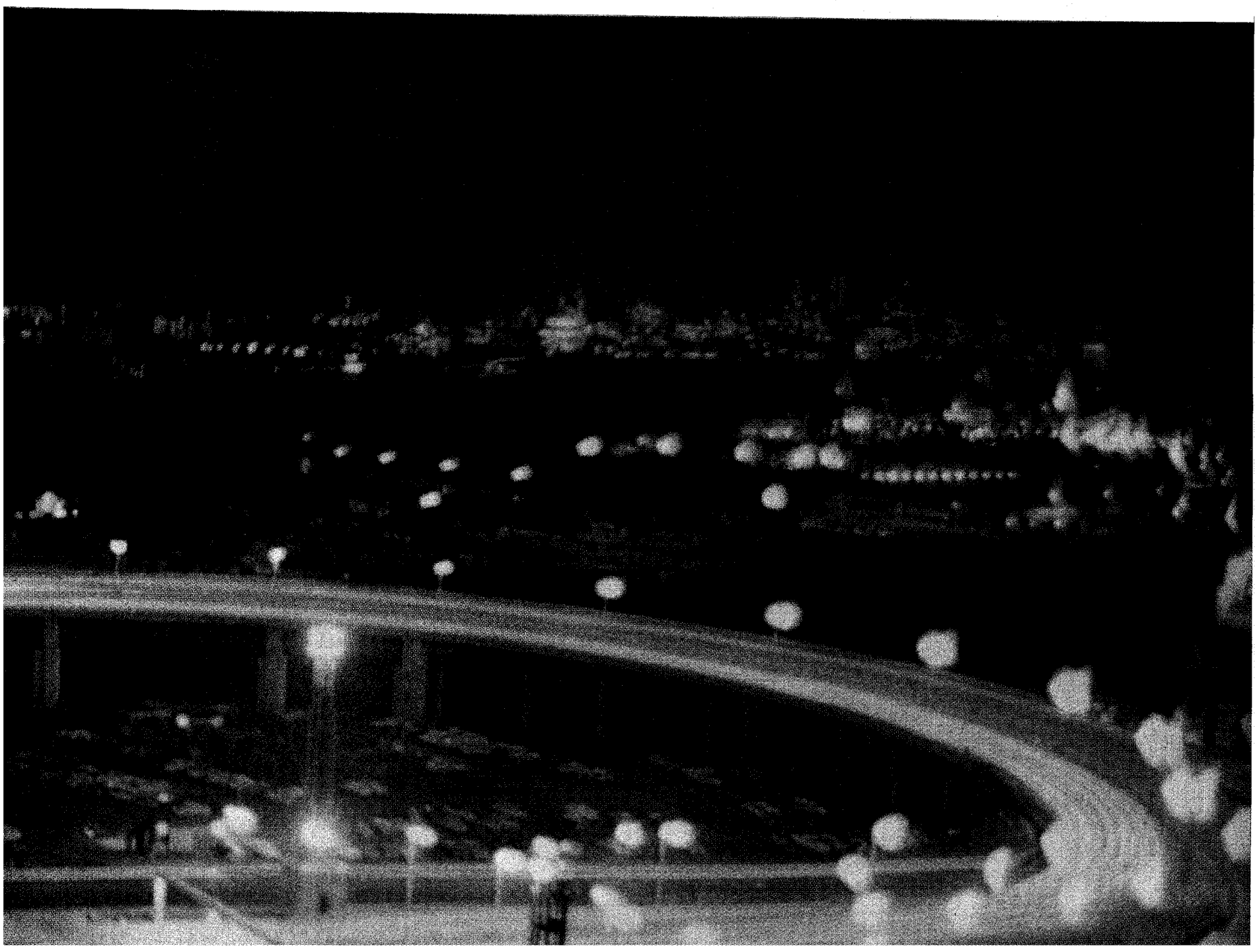
That great curving ramp, called a helix by the engineers who built it, leads down into three of the world's most expensive holes in the ground: The triple-tube Lincoln Tunnel from New Jersey to New York City. Eighteen traffic lanes pass under the toll booths on the plaza at lower left, and they merge into six as they enter the tunnel. Beyond the Hudson River, the lights of the metropolis glamorize the night. The tallest building (upper left) is the Empire State.

Each day, nearly 40,000 automobiles go underground here at Weehawken, N.J., and emerge after a five-minute trip, on the west side of Manhattan, between 38th and 39th Streets. And an equal number escape the jammed streets of the crowded island and sweep back up the helix. The impatient drivers take little note of the design which their headlights emphasize, but they are part of an accidental pattern of beauty. And even these weary travelers must find subconscious satisfaction in traversing this mighty spiral, upward and outward from deep beneath the river.

Photograph by Dan Weiner



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SWITCHBLADE

Could this hick-town police chief handle a hoodlum with big-city ideas?

By VERNE ATHANAS

Chief Ernie Clevenger had the face of a tough and amiable cherub. A disreputable stump of cigar was rammed into the corner of a mouth half grumpy and half amused. His visored cap lay top down on his desk. The top three buttons of his blouse were undone, and his capacious swivel chair groaned comfortably as he swung slightly to and fro.

In the outer room, the short-wave squawkbox distorted almost all expression from Car 3's call. ". . . little trouble here. Use a ten-twenty-two if available."

"Ten-twenty-two"—"Officer needs assistance," was what it meant.

Ernie Clevenger's feet hit the floor solidly. His left hand scooped up his cap, his right plucked the cigar from his mouth. "On my way," he said to the cop seated at the outside desk.

He pulled up to Car 3 within five minutes, which was one good thing about a small town to police—it was never very far from one place to another.

Officer Lloyd Munson had a prisoner handcuffed to one of the patrol car's door handles. Munson was pulling his sleeve down. His left hand was dripping red. Rather shamefacedly he swung to face the lights of the chief's car, squinting a little as Ernie came up.

Almost apologetically, he said, "Hollered for help before I got a good look at how bad I was nicked. Had to bust his arm in the fracas."

"Oh, happy day," said Ernie Clevenger resignedly. "How bad did he get you? And with what?"

"Switchblade. Just poked me. I'll put a handkerchief around it to hold it for now."

"O.K.," said Ernie.

He went over to the prisoner. Tall—six feet or better. Wide through the shoulders, narrow through the hips. Shoes shining like Size 10 rhinestones, jeans and a hip-length coat. Be a big man one day. A weird hairdo and eyes very carefully watchful, very carefully fearless. Shock and hurt showed around a mouth not yet firmed with purpose.

The chief touched the cuffs. "You goin' to behave now?" he said. (Continued on Page 48)

Officer Lloyd Munson had a prisoner handcuffed to one of the patrol car's door handles. Munson's left hand was dripping red.

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"Mother could impart a magical aura to the most lackluster situations," Ellison recalls. This photograph of her was taken in 1912 when the author was four years old.

My Mother Never Gave Up

By JEROME ELLISON

A son's poignant recollections of a lady whose buoyant courage reflected the optimism that once was the spirit of America.

My mother always liked to say she saved my father from the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. He left that city in 1905 just to get married, and so would surely have perished, she said, except for her. The jest has a fine, dangerous ring in my memory. When I was a boy the flame and chill of the great quake were still felt in people's conversations. It was a fitting curtain raiser for a momentous, perilous era—the century that began when my parents, now dead, were young.

History is always more real, it seems to me, when told by people who remember. Mother's recent passing has reminded me that there aren't so many people around any more who remember 1900 clearly. Perhaps it's time for a backward look.

Certainly no generation has lived through greater changes in method than the turn-of-the-century people. They went from gaslight to television, from pencil and pad to digital computer, from surrey to satellite. But we live by our hearts as well as by our gadgets, and our dearest heritage is memory. It links the generations together and telescopes history. In human memories placed end to end, our times are only three people away from Washington, fifteen from Charlemagne, thirty from Jesus. It's far too soon to guess what items of memory we may leave, or their value. But I can think of several important things that were left to us by the 1900 crowd.

Foremost was a certain irrepressible optimism that was always on the verge of breaking over into outright gaiety. In this respect mother was a true child of her time. Even in the invalidism of her final illness, she declared she was going to have her wheel chair motorized and go for a spin on the lake road. "What's the speed limit out there?" she demanded of my wife and daughters and myself on one of our last visits. We said we didn't think they'd make trouble if she kept it under eighty, and she chuckled with glee.

Next I'd list an intangible the French call *savoir-vivre*, a knowing how to live with grace. Mother had a "ladylike" quality that impressed people. Easy gentility was, in fact, widely honored and sought after in the early part of the century. I am certain the attribute is as much self-earned as "born" to one.

Mother, as a case in point, was born in 1881 in a Midwest factory town, Moline, to a ne'er-do-well Swedish immigrant shoemaker and the daughter of a local storekeeper. There were seven children. The home was broken by divorce when mother was in her teens. Her alcoholic father wandered off. As a teen-ager my mother took two of the younger children to Chicago, farmed them out to relatives, got a job and began making her way.

Mother could impart a magical aura to the most lackluster situations. It was not really that she lied, but rather that she emphasized the gay parts of whatever story she might have in hand. Her sire, for instance, was in her version no common souse, but a noted dandy, making shoes for the town's great man—John Deere, the plowmaker—and on close terms with all the best people.

"Dad was something to see, dressed to go out," she said one time, "with his gloves and stick and hat cocked at an angle, and mustache waxed and curled."

When father was happy in that home of the 1880's, everybody was, or so it seemed. "Sometimes he'd take us to the park at Rock Island Arsenal to watch the soldiers drill. Oh, they were so grand, with their blue uniforms and shining brass buttons and flashing swords and flags, and the band playing!"

One time many years later a train schedule allowed me a stopover at Rock Island and I had a look at the (Continued on Page 80)

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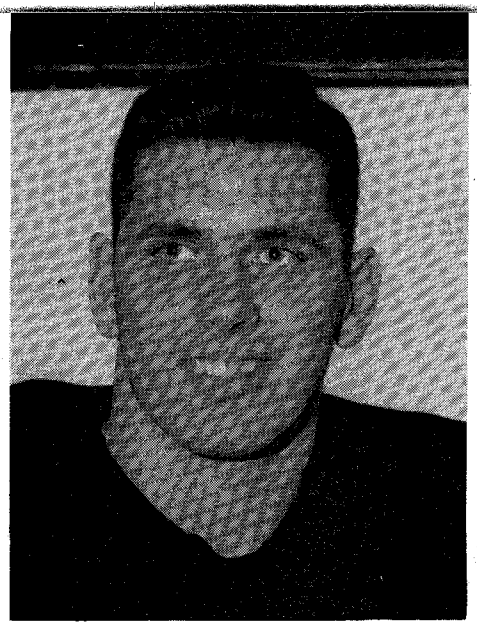
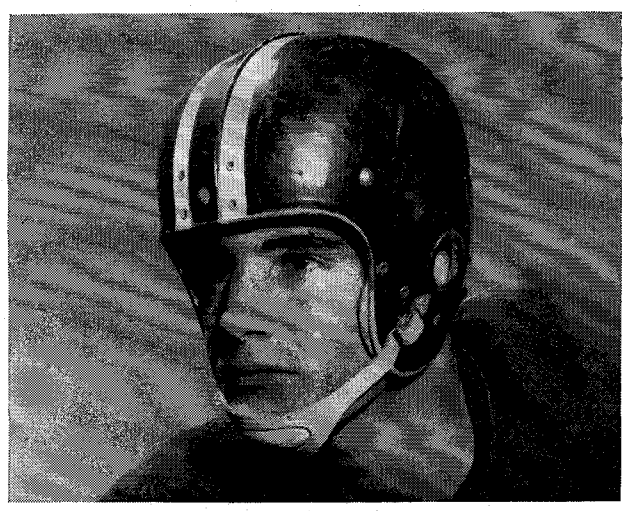
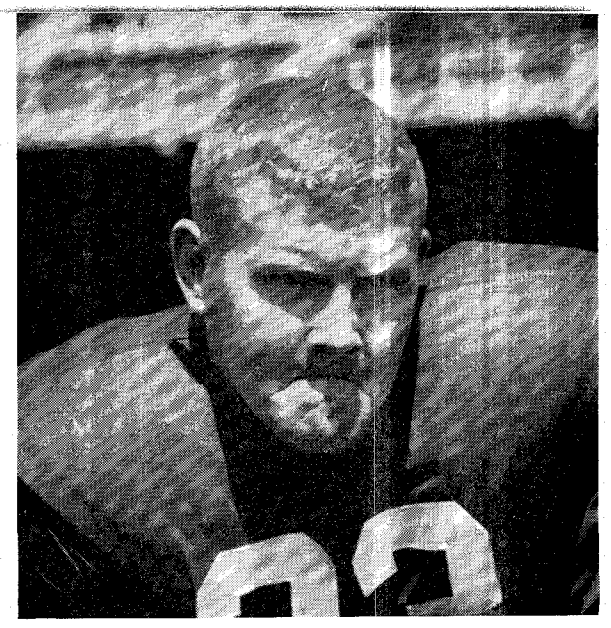


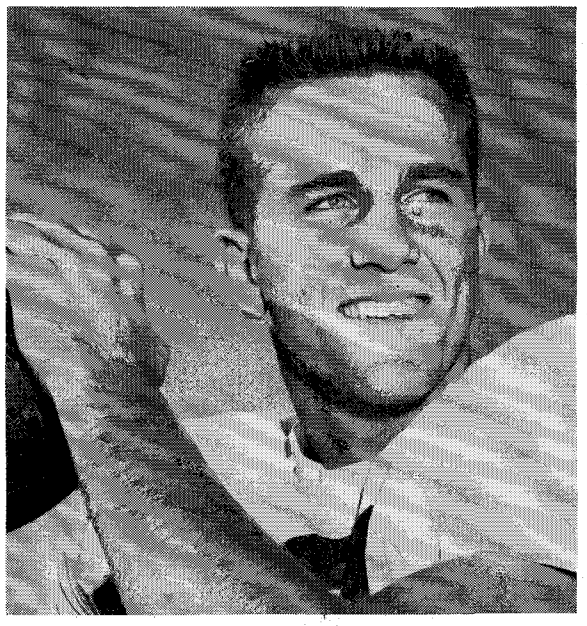
Bob Anderson, Army's All-American halfback.



Wray Carlton is Duke's quintuple-threat halfback.



Bob White, hard-driving fullback of Ohio State.

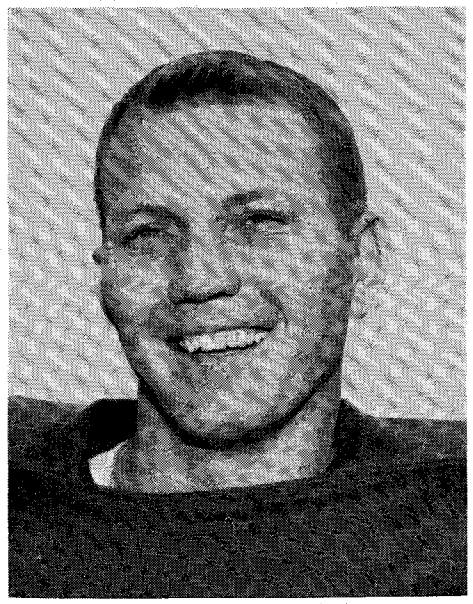


Don Meredith is S.M.U.'s passing ace.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW

By FRED RUSSELL

For the 19th year, the Post takes the wraps off the coming football season, and presents an expert's prediction about the teams and the players.



Sam Williams, Michigan State's all-round end.

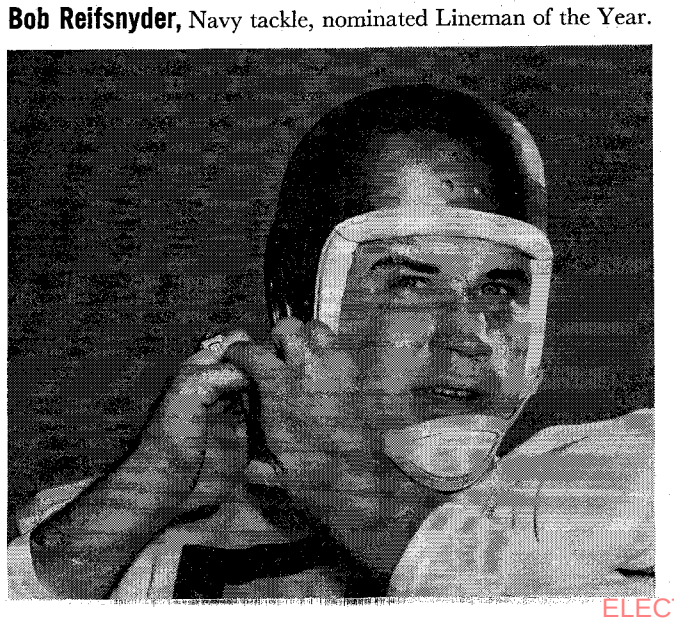
This is the year college football bids boldly for something new in spectator appeal. The first change in scoring values since 1912 gives an extra dimension to the old point after touchdown. A successful run or pass will be worth two points, with the conventional place kick counting only one. This creates a fresh source of excitement—and also exposes the coaches to intensified pressure. The 1958 season should be a feast for second-guessers.

"One thing sure," says Bud Wilkinson, of Oklahoma, "a coach won't be able to tell in advance what plan he'll use. It'll have to be spot judgment after each touchdown. It should bring great strategic and dramatic interest to what has been the most routine play in football."

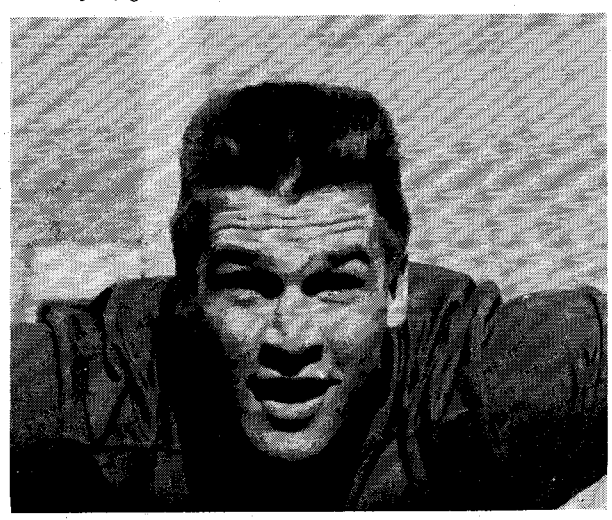
The team that scores first will influence the pattern of options. I think the placement kick for one point will be preferred early in a game. Statistics indicate that an extra-point kicker is successful 70 to 80 per cent of the time. In contrast, a run or pass from the three-yard line scores only about 30 per cent of the time.

It is harder to predict the preferences of the spectators. Will rooters want their team to go for a tie by attempting the safer place kick when the opposing team has a one-point lead? Will they forgive and forget if the coach gambles for victory on a run or pass, and fails?

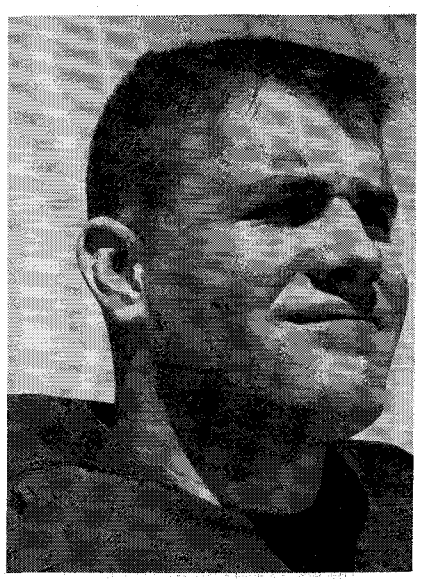
Bob Reifsnyder, Navy tackle, nominated Lineman of the Year.



Al Ecuyer, guard, heads Notre Dame's returning regulars.



Bob Harrison, Oklahoma's crack center



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In one of the big plays of 1957, Notre Dame's Dick Lynch (No. 25) breaks loose to score the touchdown that shattered Oklahoma's record 47-game winning streak.

"I may leave the choice to the people up in the stands," wisecracked Art Guepe, Vanderbilt coach. "We could install an applause meter, signal each option to them and use the one that gets the most applause."

The revolutionary change was enacted by the National Collegiate Athletic Association rules committee in a complete surprise to everybody else. The idea evolved within the committee, whose eleven members include six active coaches. After the initial shock, the rank and file of coaches have become less critical. With "ball-control" offenses predominating, 1957 scoring was the lowest in ten years. Many (Continued on Page 55)

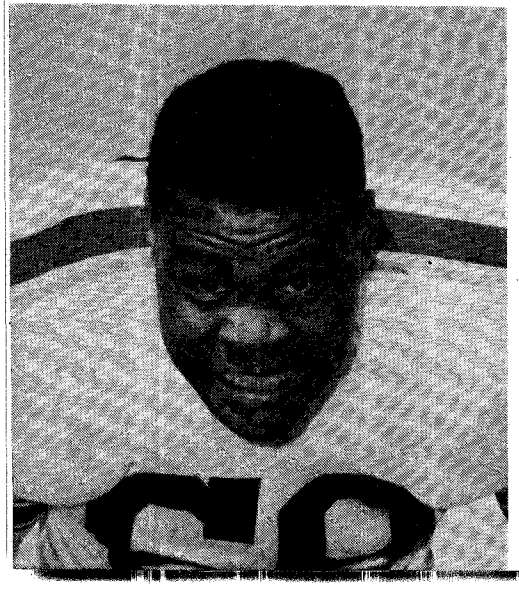
PIGSKIN PREVIEW'S
1958 ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

E—WILLIAMS, Michigan State
T—REIFSNYDER, Navy
G—ECUYER, Notre Dame
C—HARRISON, Oklahoma
G—WOOTEN, Colorado
T—LANPHEAR, Wisconsin
E—WILSON, Auburn
B—MEREDITH, S. M. U.
B—ANDERSON, Army
B—CARLTON, Duke
B—WHITE, Ohio State

PIGSKIN PREVIEW'S
TOP TWENTY TEAMS OF 1958

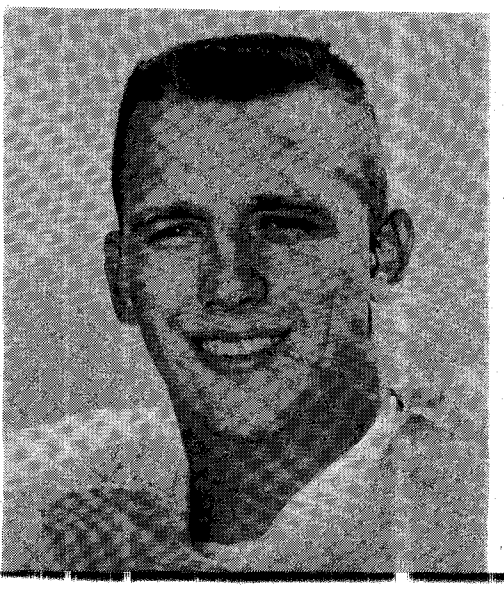
1. OKLAHOMA	11. WISCONSIN
2. NOTRE DAME	12. TEXAS
3. OHIO STATE	13. N. CAROLINA
4. MISSISSIPPI	14. IOWA
5. MICHIGAN STATE	15. MISSISSIPPI STATE
6. NAVY	16. MIAMI
7. CLEMSON	17. U. C. L. A.
8. T. C. U.	18. ARIZONA STATE
9. AUBURN	19. TENNESSEE
10. ARMY	20. S. M. U.

John Wooten, hefty left guard for Colorado.



Dan Lanphear plays a devastating tackle for Wisconsin.

Jerry Wilson, Auburn's stellar end.



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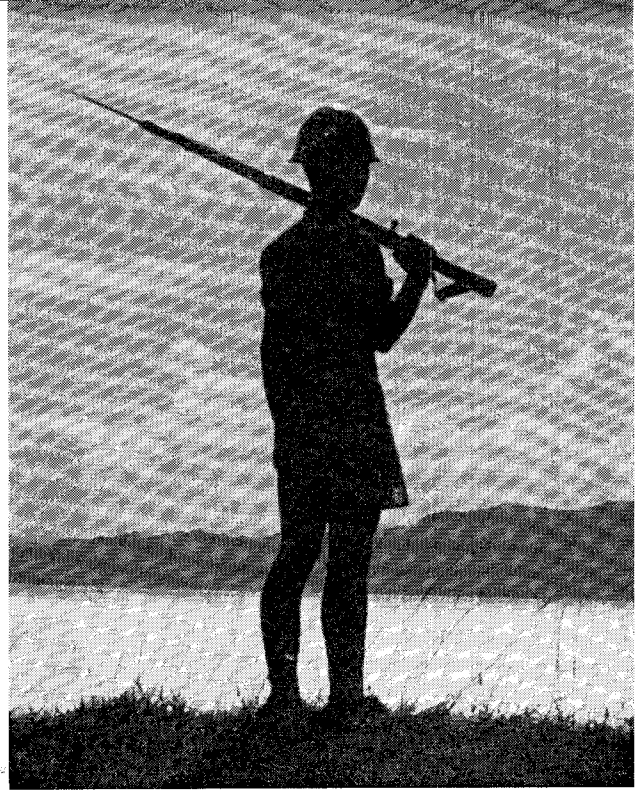

A Nationalist soldier on Quemoy can see his homeland across "no man's water." Sometimes homesick men commit suicide.

HOW TOUGH are CHIANG'S CHINESE?

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

The Generalissimo reviews his frogmen. Despite his age (seventy-one), Chiang is still confident that he can return victoriously to China.

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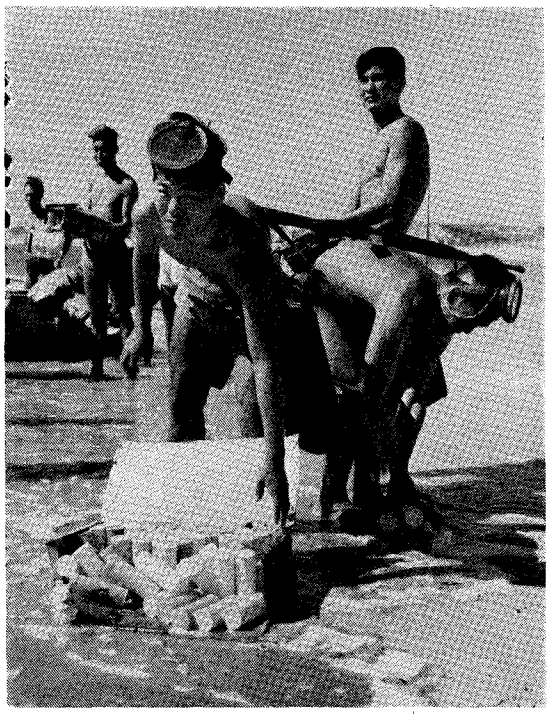

Nationalists launch plastic propaganda containers which the tide will carry to the Communist shore.

American airmen on Formosa prepare a "Matador" guided missile in a practice maneuver. A billion dollars' worth of U.S. aid has gone into training and equipping Formosa.

A Post editor reports from the beleaguered island outposts where battle-tense Nationalist troops still live in the expectation of someday invading the Communist mainland.

FORMOSA (Taiwan).

At Wenchow, a port city on the Red China coast, the local housewives discovered not long ago that there was something funny about the fish the public market sold. Whenever they took one home to cook for supper, they found inside it a small colored portrait of Chiang Kai-shek. On the back of the picture was a message. It urged the citizens of Wenchow to be of good heart. Soon the Generalissimo would return at the head of his armies to liberate them from their Communist oppressors.

Word of these messages soon got about the town, causing a great uproar among the local Reds. Mass meetings were held, accusations flew, and for three months the fish market was closed down while the fishmongers and fishermen alike were questioned rigorously.

Soon the mystery was solved. As all Wenchow knew, the finest fishing grounds in the East China Sea were the rough and often stormy waters around the small rocky islands of the Matsu group, where a dogged garrison of Nationalist troops defiantly flew Chiang's flag within cannon range of Red China's guns on the mainland. On foggy days, when the Reds ashore could not see what was going on, Nationalist gunboats had been sneaking out to the fishing grounds, rounding up the Wenchow junks and bringing them into Matsu harbor. There the fishermen had been taken ashore and plied with questions, and with kaoliang, a potent firewater made of millet. Then, laden with gifts of rice, cloth, soap, matches and tin wash pans, they had been sent home, unaware that while they were being wined and dined ashore, Chiang's agents had been busy stuffing leaflets in their fish.

Stuffing fish with propaganda is only one of many ways by which 2,000,000 Nationalist Chinese on Formosa, an island up till this writing protected from Red retaliation by the planes and guns of the United States 7th Fleet, seek to harass and bedevil the Communists on the mainland. Revolts and rebellions in the Middle East, and the crisis resulting from them, now of course hold the world's attention. But for nearly ten years, with every offensive weapon they could command, the Nationalist Chinese have carried on their own small, gnawing war against the Reds who drove them into exile in 1949.

From here—we call it Formosa, the Chinese call it Taiwan—Chinese Air Force planes fly over the mainland on photographic missions, mapping future targets. Jet fighters, made in the U.S.A., challenge the Russian-built Red MIG's in their own skies—though of course the Communists enjoy air superiority, as they demonstrated when they stepped up their activity last month. Old American destroyers and patrol boats, turned over to the Nationalist Navy, cruise freely in Red China's waters, fighting small, unpublicized engagements with Red warcraft and sealing off from the outside world all the Communist ports between Shanghai and Canton.

On Matsu, which dominates the mouth of the Min River, closing the port of Foochow, and on Quemoy to the south, which bottles up Amoy, the Nationalists have built two tiny Gibraltars, so close to the mainland that children may be seen playing in the school yards on the Red shore. (Continued on Page 58)

A Chinese WAC and "cowboy" companions stage an Oriental hoedown for soldiers. Chiang's government provides entertainment to bolster the morale of men who have awaited war since 1949.

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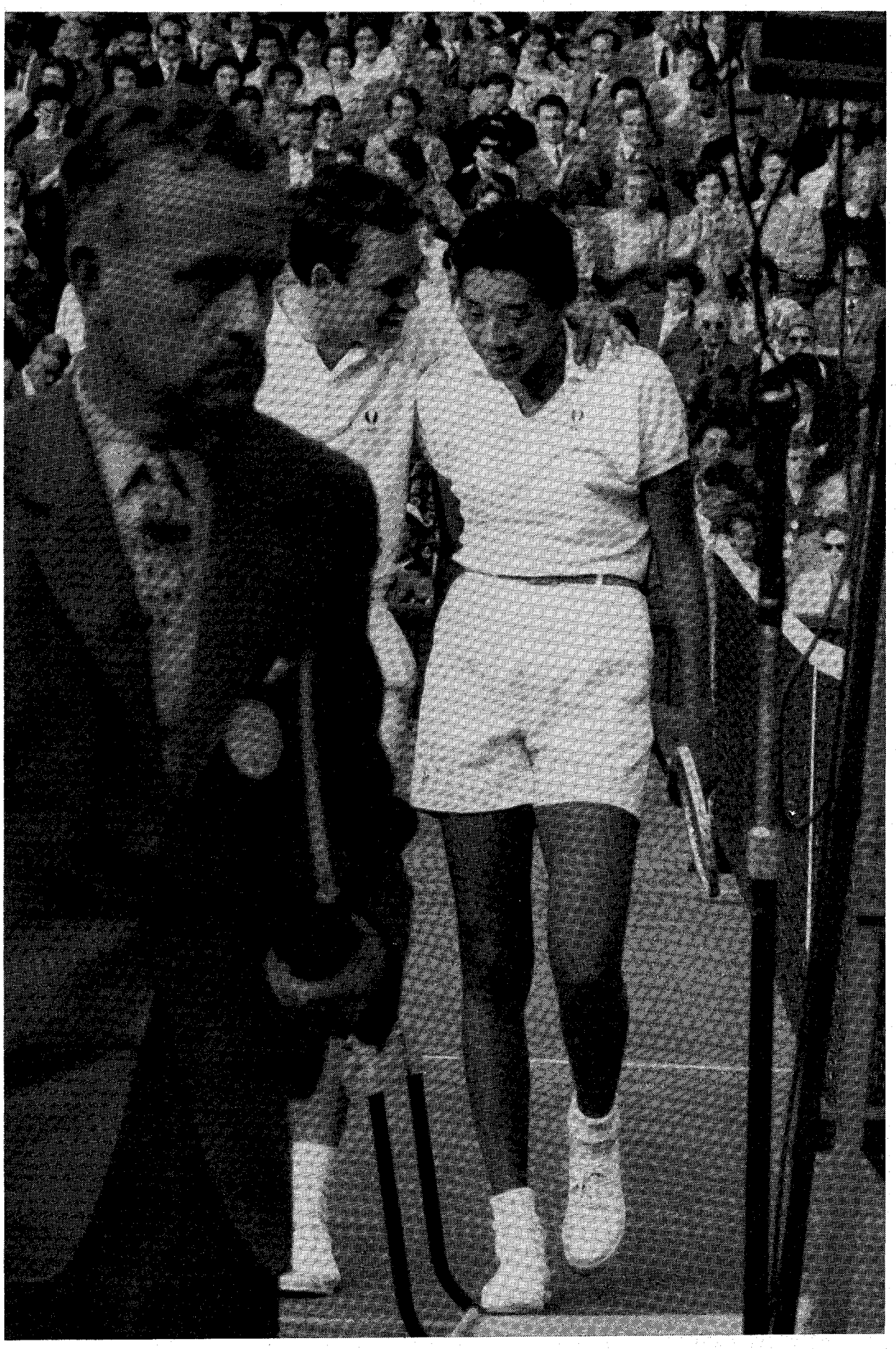
What It's Like to be the Champ

By ALTHEA GIBSON

Althea describes her Wimbledon triumphs and her meeting with Queen Elizabeth II. She also tells why she won't use her tennis for "a crusade in racial equality."



Althea with her Danish partner, Kurt Nielsen, after winning a round of doubles at Wimbledon this year.

In 1957, I was an established internationalist, so the United States Lawn Tennis Association paid my way to Wimbledon. My tennis coach, Sydney Llewellyn, drove me to Idlewild airport. Buddy Walker, my old play-street supervisor, and Edna Mae Robinson came with us. She slipped twenty dollars into my hand and told me it was for extra spending money.

I was traveling light, with just two bags and my three tennis rackets. The flight to England was beautiful. The air was smooth and the food irresistible, and I felt as though I were going away on a wonderful vacation.

Angela Buxton met me at the airport; she had invited me to stay in her flat in Paddington. Angela earns her living working for a sporting-goods store and writing for a number of British sports magazines. She gave me a door key, saw me started with my unpacking, then hurried off to work.

I had to leave that afternoon myself for Surbiton, for the first of the pre-Wimbledon warm-up tournaments—Surbiton, Manchester, Beckenham and the Queen's Club. I won every singles tournament I played in, but I passed up the Queen's Club because I didn't want to risk going into Wimbledon tired out.

The day I played my first match at Wimbledon a lot of people (Continued on Page 76)

At right is Christine Truman, 17-year-old British tennis prodigy, who upset Althea last June to help Britain win its first Wightman Cup in 28 years.

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As General Schwartz, Nazi commander of the town, he was ruthless, merciless, utterly heartless.

As a shopkeeper years later, Herr Schwartz was filled with love for his fellow man.

Act of Vengeance

By ROBERT H. ALBRIGHT

Was he the same? Or had this onetime demon actually changed into a pathetic old man?

In Northern Greece, on a sunburned, wind-beaten hillside near the city of Thrakia, is a German graveyard. It has not been there for long, especially as lengths of time are judged in a country as ancient as Greece, and yet it has become a familiar, if not a very pleasant, landmark. As one of the few Americans permanently residing in Thrakia, I can myself remember the years before the Nazi invasion, when that same hillside was a field golden with wheat, cultivated by peasants in the nearby village who owned the land. Greece is, on the whole, a barren country, and consequently the yearly sight of that one fertile, waving hillside of grain was particularly attractive to me. On pleasant days I used to take walks to the place, and I still do. Now the German cemetery squats there, covering the whole field; it is enclosed by a long, imposing rectangle of flat gray stones, built with such squareness and severity that one might easily mistake the whole structure for a hilltop fort.

I remember distinctly the sense of peace which used to come to me when, in the days before the war, I strolled across that hillside, past the amber wheat sighing in the wind. Today that feeling still visits me, but now it is mingled with new impressions aroused by the somber gray pile which crouches there unbeautifully. I always stop at this place to look out over the Aegean, a flat, blue, beautiful sea which sits quietly in its old age, and across which, on a clear day, one can see Mount Olympus, a ghostly bluish cone thrusting itself gracefully, eternally into the sky.

The Nazi commander who built the cemetery was named Schwartz, and it was with a queer mixture of shock and indifference that, one day not many weeks ago, I discovered he had returned to Thrakia. I encountered him on the street, but would never have known him, for he now wore glasses and had grown a mustache, whether as a disguise or for other reasons I am not sure. He recognized me immediately,

(Continued on Page 68)

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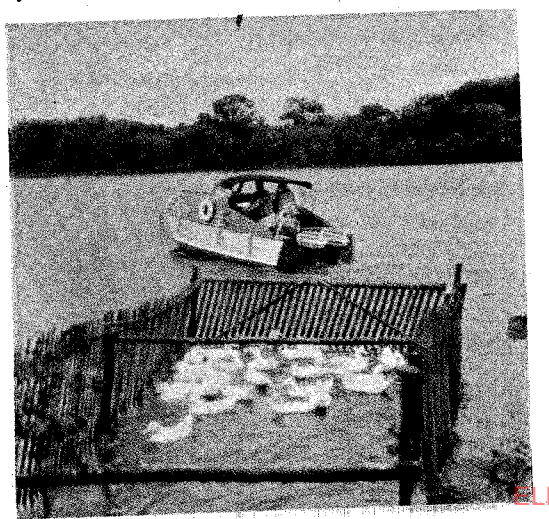
At Peterborough, Ontario, the author's boat enters one of the world's highest hydraulic lift locks. Like a huge chemist's scale, the lock raises and lowers vessels in "pans" of water.

Wonderful Waterway

For American fresh-water sailors who want a convenient change of scenery, Canada's historic Trent Canal system offers a different kind of vacation voyage.

By BILL WOLF

The 21-foot cruiser "Miss Peterborough," powered by twin 30-horsepower outboards, passes a duck pen.



After an effort that might have launched an ocean liner, the components of a late-summer inland cruise were assembled by the public wharf at Trenton in Southeastern Ontario—two women, two young children, two men, a stack of luggage and a cabin cruiser. We were going to sail some 240 miles through the Trent-Severn system, a short cut between Lakes Ontario and Huron.

This is the most thoroughly subdued waterway in North America. The route is up the Trent River to Height of Land at Balsam Lake, then down the Severn River to Georgian Bay on Lake Huron. The entire system is controlled by dams, carefully maintained channels, canals that circumvent bad spots, standard locks, giant hydraulic lift locks and marine railways.

"Smooth sailing for your two youngsters on their first cruise," said Capt. D. O. Browne who brought the boat down the short distance from Peterborough to Trenton. He was the captain because he wore a yachting cap, knew all about the innards of outboard motors and was going to pilot the craft.

Smooth sailing for the children, perhaps, but how would it be for the adults who had to

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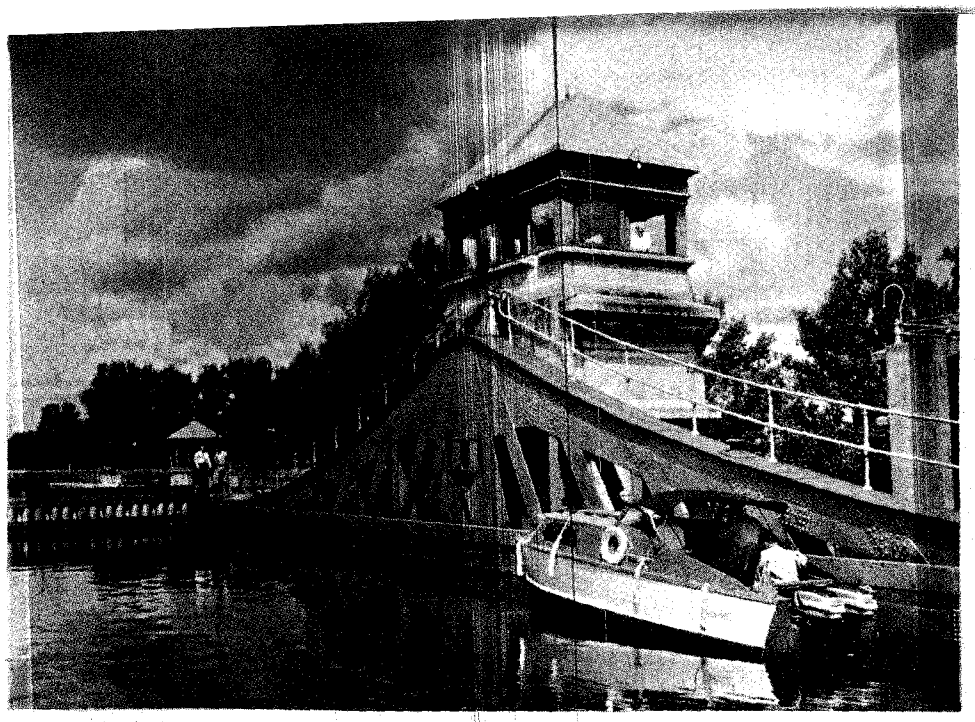
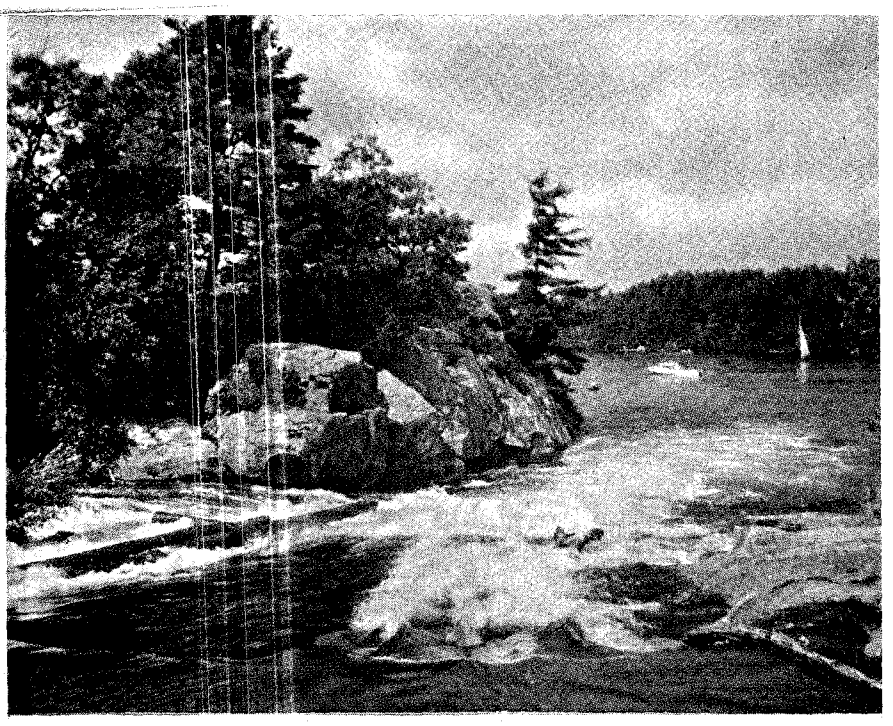
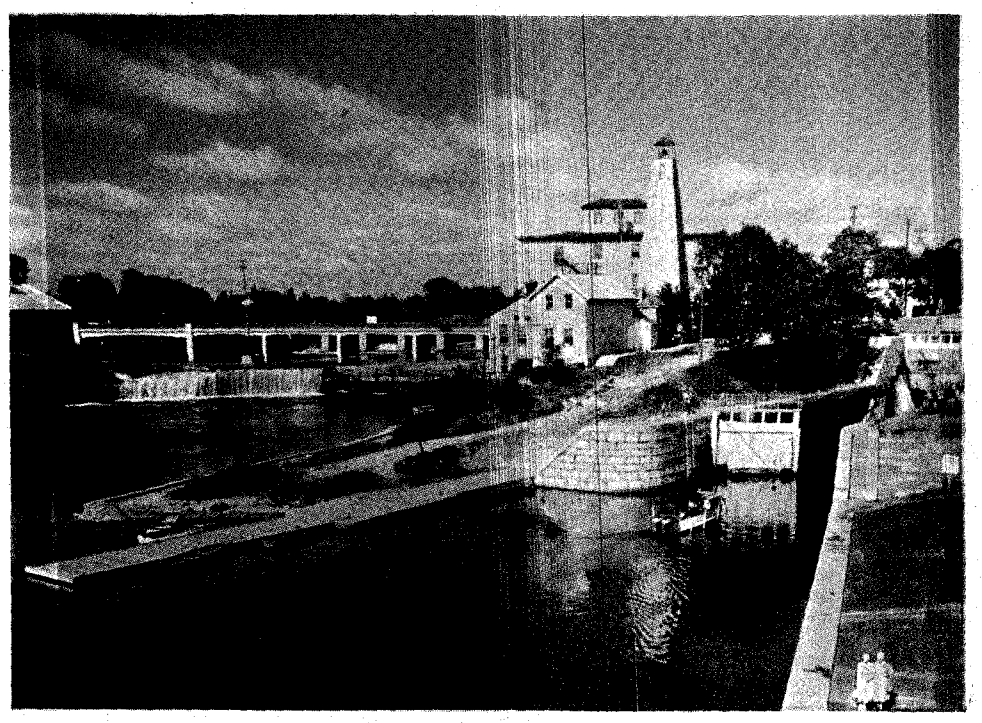


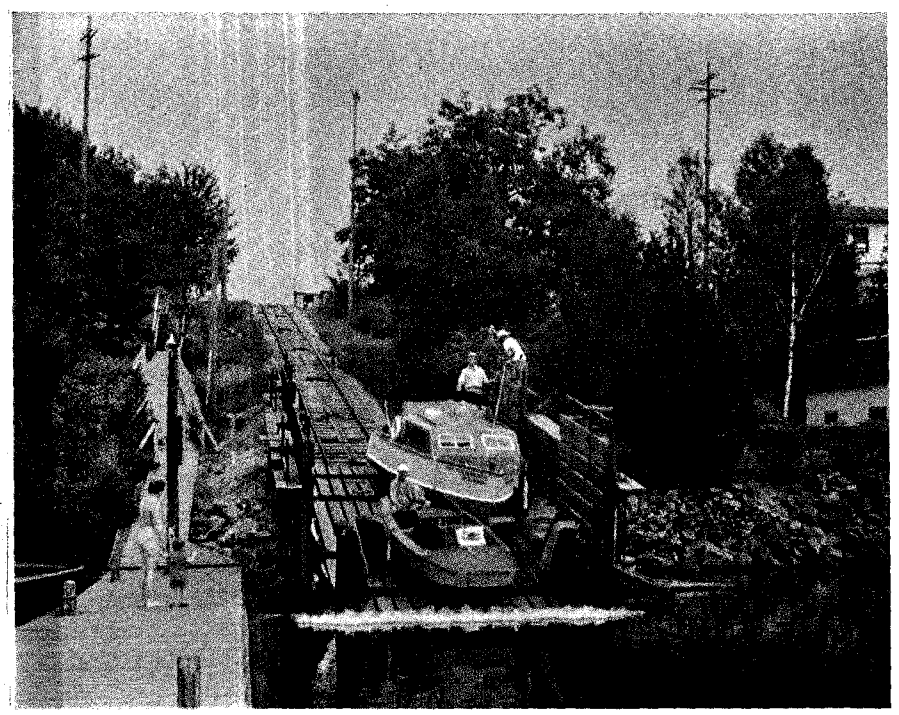
Seven minutes later, and 65 feet higher than in the big photograph at left, the "Miss Peterborough" waits on the upper level of the lock. She can't get under way until the lock gate opens.



Of the 240 miles of the cruise, 207 are through man-improved natural waterways such as the churning rapids at Burleigh Falls shown above.



Among the 43 varied locks in the Trent-Severn Canal system is this "flight lock" at Fenelon Falls, which carries boats through two locks in steps instead of through one high lock.



This marine railway at Big Chute transports craft past a dammed area and overcomes for the traveler a difference of 58 feet in the water levels.

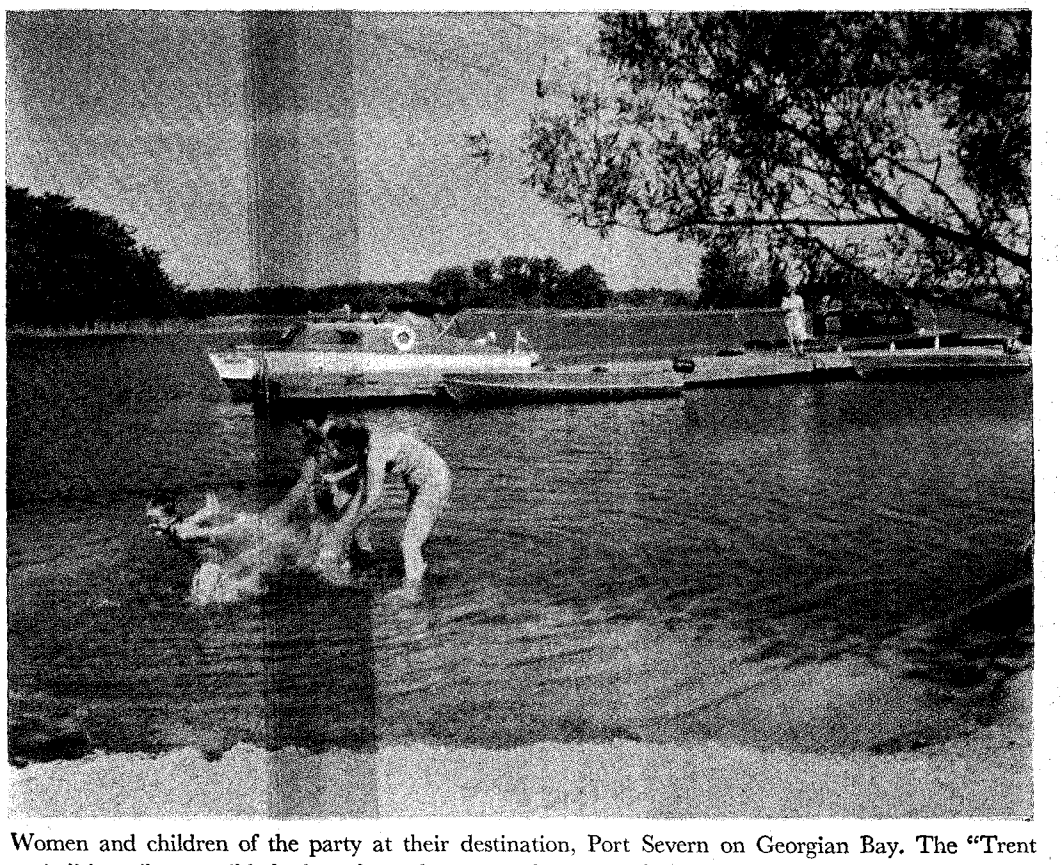
watch them? There were only four adults—my wife Peggy, our guest Kathleen Rowley, the captain and me—against Meg, who was going on five, and Sara Ann, not yet three. Could we hold our own?

"Everything is ready as far as I could go," Brownie said. "The fuel tanks are filled. I have charts for the entire system, although the channel is so well marked that charts are scarcely needed. There are small safety vests for the children, and tents, sleeping robes and camp cooking gear."

The twenty-one-foot Peterborough "cruiserette" came from the famed Peterborough canoe and boat firm. The cabin was completely screened; it had a head, and there was a small stove on which a hot lunch could be cooked. The boat was powered by twin thirty-horsepower outboard motors.

"Fresh milk will be delivered in the morning," Brownie continued. "I'd suggest that you buy a galvanized tub so we can put a big chunk of ice in it, since our cooler's too small to carry all the milk the children will need."

We took off around noon, having planned our daily runs so we could eat and sleep ashore each night. (Continued on Page 75)



Women and children of the party at their destination, Port Severn on Georgian Bay. The "Trent cruise" is easily accessible by boat from almost anywhere east of the Mississippi, via inland waterways.

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"Dump Billy at Georgie's, Carol at Betty Lou's, Dottie at . . ."

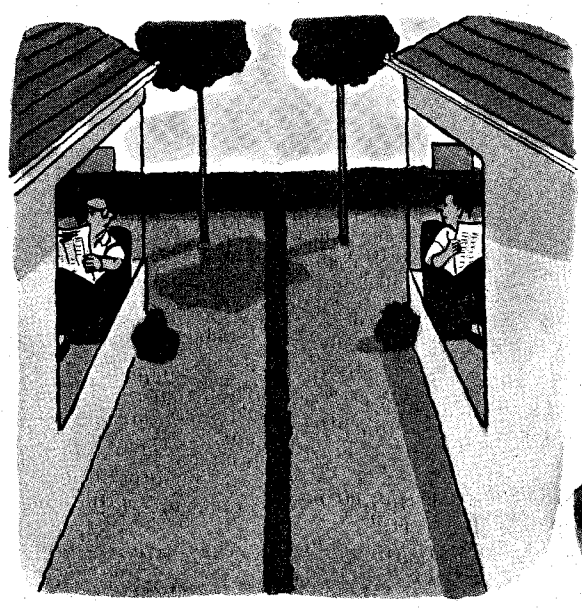
". . . converting mine to nontaxable bonds. Still holding onto my utilities, of course. And A.T.&T. But I feel . . ."

THE SUBURBS

By Ted Key

"Gets him to the station."

"About the dogs-running-loose situation . . ."



"Now be civil. Trash men don't grow on tr

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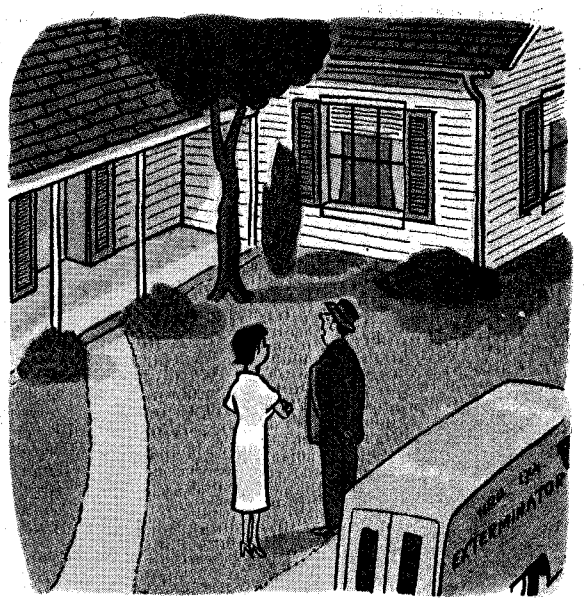
"The show's out, pop."

"I'll be quite frank with you, ma'am. You've got a *very* sick tree."

"The Van Rensselaers are here!"

"Been simpler to buy a new house."

"I said *hold it!*"



"Lady, I've seen termites invade a home like this, and in a matter of days . . ."

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Post Scripts

Ballade of the Dependable Escort

At parties, I almost always meet
  Attractive fellows who give me the eye:
Say, one of the Spiritual Elite,
  With spirits low as his brow is high.
And off in a corner he tells me why.
  Yes, in half an hour he has quite unstrung me
With tales of his Freudian wish to die.
  So I'll go home with the guy what brung me.

Or chance it I'm toppled off my feet
  By a man of distinction, suave and shy,
Who whispers presently, most discreet,
  That he's bound by a matrimonial tie
To a lady who doesn't even try
  To understand him. Oh, this one's sung me
His threnody till my eyes were dry.
  So I'll go home with the guy what brung me.

Or now and again Fate gives me a treat
  And offers a downright sweetie-pie,
Who doubles my pulse's normal beat
  As I beam at this maiden's dream and sigh,
"At last! An ointment without a fly!"
  But look at the rest of the deal Fate's flung me:
His plighted blonde stands watchfully by.
  So I'll go home with the guy what brung me.

L'Envoi
Prince, it were pointless to deny
  That your lack of glamour has often stung me.
But better men are in short supply,
  So I'll go home with the guy what brung me!

PENNY PENNINGTON

Seeds of Friendship

To cultivate a garden
  Takes too much time and labor;
I'd rather live next door to one,
  And cultivate my neighbor.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

"Hello, there!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"As a matter of fact, I overslept myself!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

What's Poppin'?

I don't think people have the fun today they had years ago. Take popcorn parties. Remember them? We used to grow our own popcorn. Then, toward October when the first few corns popped right on the ear, we knew the stuff was ready.

We used to gather in the corn, dry it and husk it and we were all set for a real wingding whammy-diddle! All the neighbors would start coming in about sundown, fresh from milking. They'd bring violins, guitars, harmoniums, dingles and a few hog callers. While Maw was getting the poppers ready and the butter melted we'd have a real hoedown. Fun? You try dancing with prize hogs running all around the ballroom and you got a time, brother. Amen!

Liz Watkins (she later married twins; I don't know how it come out, but the law was pretty peeved at the time), she used to come to every party and do an Indian corn dance, a real fertility hop that was a jim-dandy. Dog mah cats if it weren't. Nothing wrong with it, understand. Just real goings-on like.

Fess Dukaday, he could make his fiddle sound like two people arguing. What fun when he made out like it was he and the Widder Boskin beefing about getting hitched. Pup my kittens, if that wasn't a willy-dilly!

Then I'd like as not recite:

Never strike your mother with a crowbar;
  She is just about your dearest friend.
Never strike your loved one with a crowbar;
  It's expensive and very like to bend. . . .

Guess you all know the rest, brothers. Yeh! Laugh! Even the cows in the next room chuckled, fox my hounds if they didn't!

Then Maw'd announce the corn was ready and we'd all gather round the hot stove, our tongues hanging down to our boot tops until the stuff started popping, swimming in butter and just as nourishing as rye grass.

Eat? Man, we'd eat until sunrise. Nothing but popcorn and butter. Eat until it came out of our ears, as Paw used to say. He was a card before they caught him.

Next day we were all sick as dogs.

Don't have fun like that any more.

ROBERT FONTAINE

Cooling-Off (Period!)

Magenta glows the moon, Marie,
  A burning ball, a fever blister;
But watching it with you must be
  Some other suitor, sister . . .

For languid, limp the leafage mopes,
  Spent spouses fan on sultry porches.
In summer dog days only dopes
  Would carry torches!

Before a new swain drop your glove.
  This panting heart has slipped its tether!
The shower bath shall be my love
  This weather!

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

If I Told the Truth

"I'm phoning from the Clipmore Dress Shop, dear, and I have a lovely sack dress that I picked out. However, if you don't want me to buy it, just say so."

"I don't want you to buy it."

"Mr. Tuttle, tell the truth now. Don't you think my daughter and I look like sisters?"

"You look like her grandmother."

"Just because I'm your employer, don't think that you have to drive two miles out of your way to take me home. I can walk."

"That's just what I was thinking."

"Junior is only fourteen, Mr. Tuttle, but he did throw that ball through your window, so I'm going to leave his punishment up to you."

"First, we'll get some tar and feathers, and then we'll . . ."

"We drove to this restaurant in your car, Woody, so I think I should take care of the check."

"Swell. I'll be outside warming up the motor."

"Milly and I and the kids are planning to spend all day Sunday visiting you. O.K.?"

"No."

WOODARD TUTTLE

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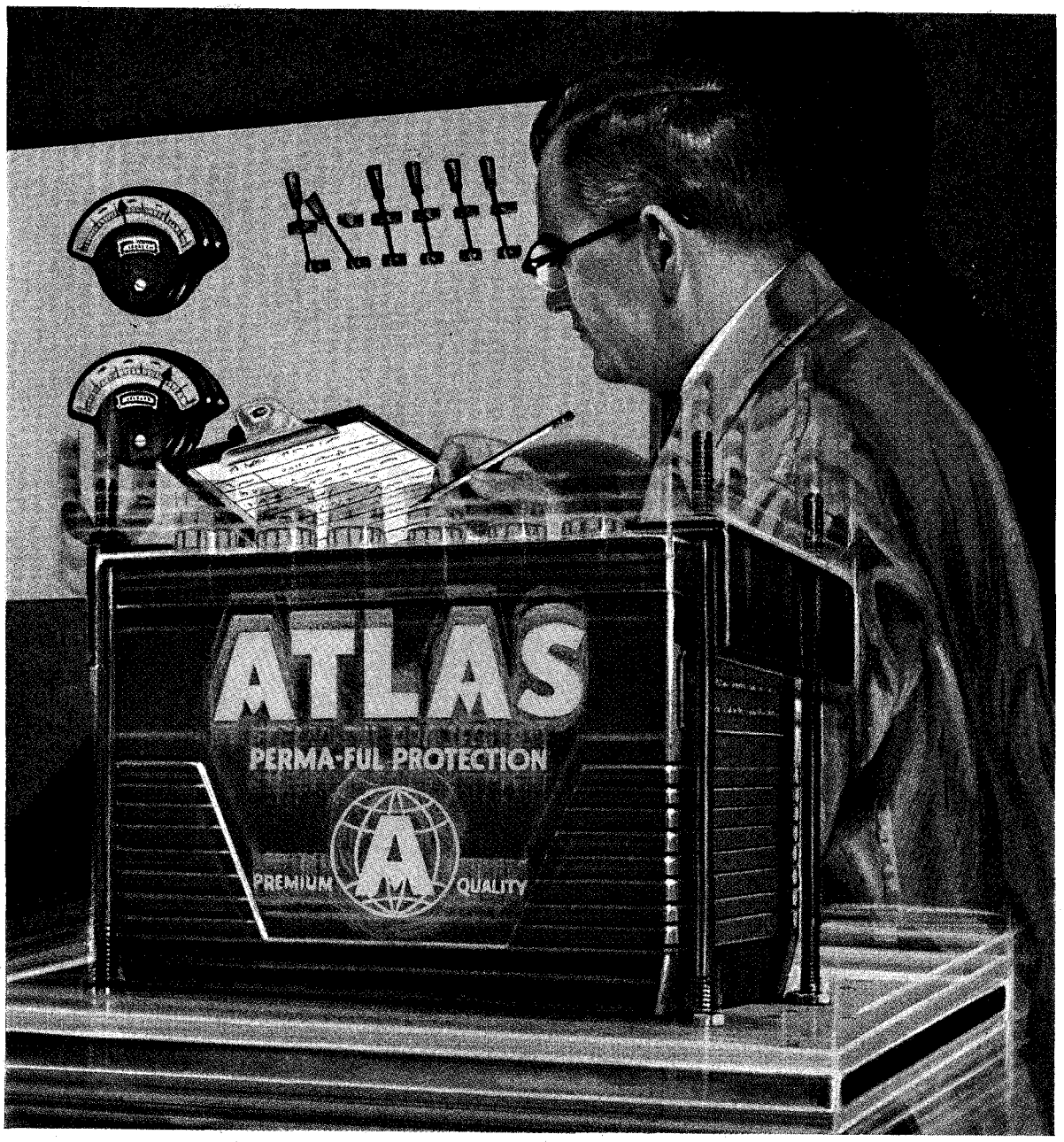
HE'S GIVING IT THE ROUGHEST "RIDE" OUTSIDE OF A RODEO!



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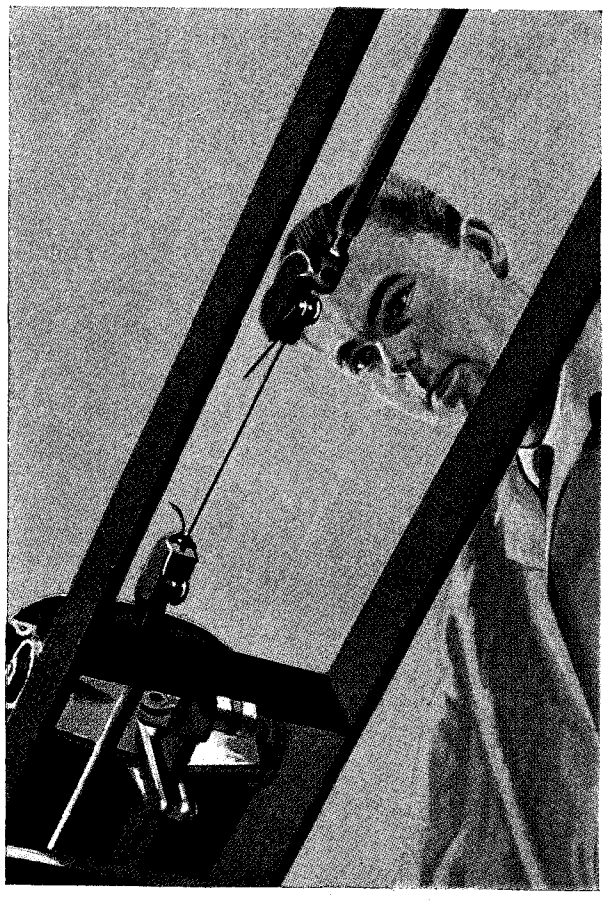

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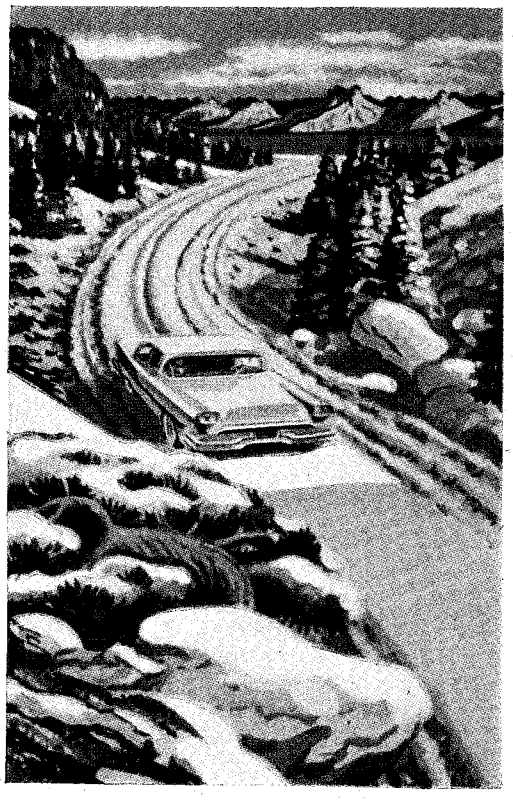

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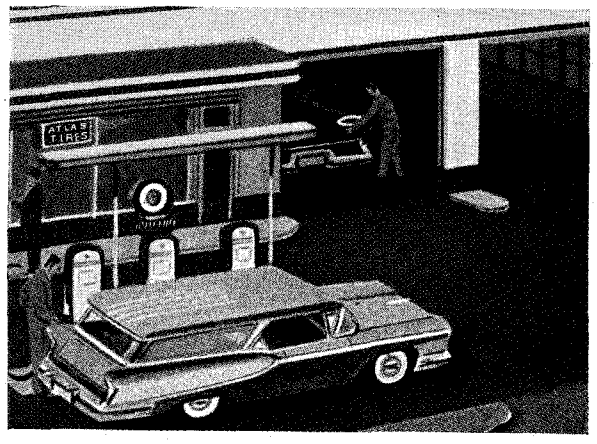

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A Day in Monte Carlo

Would Mark himself die in the snare laid for the killer?

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Mark Travers' hunt for Timgad, the Algerian rebel leader responsible for the murder of Mark's closest friend, had resulted in the deaths of two more people. Corinne Javal was killed because she promised to give Mark information concerning Timgad. Through Corinne's friend, Raffaeli, Mark found Colonel Baudon, who disclosed evidence that underwater scientist Guy Constant was Timgad himself. And just before his sudden death in a Monte Carlo casino, the old colonel managed to give Mark a final lead—to proof that Louis Anet, Guy's assistant, was a member of Timgad's band.

Guy's sister, Fleur Constant, loved Mark, but had almost hated him for suspecting her brother. With the discovery of Anet's guilt, however, even Fleur began to share Mark's suspicion. After a bitter fight, Mark overpowered Anet and turned him over to French Sûreté Inspector Perrier. At first the inspector's harsh interrogation of Anet produced only blank stares. Then, as Mark and Fleur listened tensely, Perrier asked the sullen captive, "Tell us what you know about Monsieur Constant."

CONCLUSION

Anet's eyes opened suddenly and he stared at the inspector as if he were trying to read the other's mind. His lips parted, closed again; then, still looking at his interrogator, he shook his head. "No," he said. "I don't think Monsieur Constant had anything to do with it."

No silence is the same as any other. Each has its particular quality, its own life. The silence that fell over the bare little room of the police station with its swivel chair in front of the worn writing desk, its fly-speckled walls on which hung the photographs of Their Highnesses, symbols of another world, was filled with very different elements. Anet's was surprise. It was quite apparent that he had never intended to utter the words he had just spoken, that he was trying to grasp what had made him say them. He was still staring at the inspector as though he could not believe what power in the other man had broken him down.

Fleur had swung around from the barred window and was facing the room, her eyes wide with astonishment at this unexpected revelation. Only when her glance finally met his, did Mark realize that, in spite of her efforts to convince him of her brother's innocence, since all evidence seemed to point more and more to him, she had come to accept the possibility of his guilt. Mark's was that of tremendous relief, at least during these first few minutes, when all he could think of was that now Fleur's pride and love for her family would not have to be hurt. That of Perrier showed no surprise. He was nodding to himself, almost as though he had expected this answer.

He was the first to speak, his face alive with eagerness. "Not Constant," he said. "Then who?"

Anet did not answer, and Perrier began to whistle softly, the same little tune Mark had heard him whistle so often. "For the last time, Louis, if your life is worth anything to you, talk, and I may be able to save you. If you tell us the truth, if you turn state witness, you may have a chance. I promise to do my best for you, if you tell us on whose orders you acted."

Anet lifted his head, looked at Mark and from Mark to (Continued on Page 64)

The bullet hit Mark's left leg and he pitched forward, face down.

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Aku-Aku: The Secret of Easter Island

(Continued from Page 15)

native diggers with. We're taking 1000 yards of colored cloth too."

September came. A Greenland trawler in shining white paint, with the bearded face of the sun-god Kon-Tiki painted in brick red on her funnel, was suddenly lying at Pier C in front of the Oslo city hall.

Now there was heat in the funnel, and the ship lay full-loaded right down to her blue-painted water line. The crew was running about, battening down hatches, while a gigantic mate checked off items on a long list. Everything had been delivered. There was even a Christmas tree, packed away in the refrigerator. Orders rang out from captain to first officer, and there was a fierce blast of exhaust from the funnel. The ship began to move.

I was left waving in the turmoil on the pier. I had to fly to the United States to meet three archaeologists who had agreed to join the expedition. And after that I had to pay a courtesy visit to Chile before I joined our ship when she came through the Panama Canal. The Norwegian Foreign Office had obtained permission from the Chilean Government for the expedition to dig on Easter Island.

The engine had stopped. A faint rushing noise was heard, as of waves breaking against a cliff. There, in the darkness, lay Easter Island. We had dropped anchor just before sunset, in time to catch a glimpse of steep cliffs along the coast, and statues standing up the slope of an extinct volcano.

Not a soul was to be seen on shore, only a deserted, petrified world with stone heads gazing at us from a distant ridge. It was as though we had anchored a space ship off the shore of an extinct world. The fiery-red sun descended and drew the night down over us.

We ought really to have cruised around the island and announced our arrival to the governor, who lived with the whole population in a little village on the other side. But it would have been no pleasure to the native inhabitants if we had arrived just at dusk, at a place where a call from any ship is a great event. Better to ride out the night here under the lee of the cliffs. Then we could arrive at the village of Hangaroa early next morning with all flags flying.

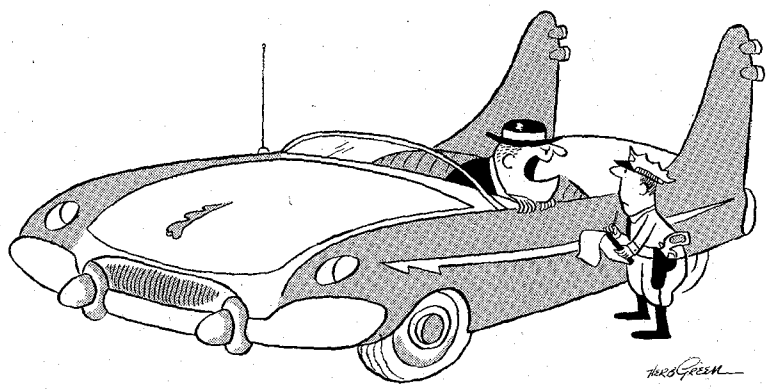
The door of our cabin opened, and a strip of light fell across the boat deck as Yvonne stole out. In the cabin little Anette lay sleeping with a doll under one arm.

"We ought to have a celebration, even if we haven't arrived officially," Yvonne said.

I told her that the captain was going to assemble all hands on the boat deck in a few minutes. Yvonne stared into the darkness. We caught a scent of grass mingled with the salt sea breeze.

The men began to arrive. Newly shaved and smartened up, they sat on chairs and forms which had been placed on the upper deck. There was Dr. William Mulloy. He came swinging along, broad and thickset, and flung a cigarette stub into the sea as he sat down. Close behind him came tall, thin Dr. Carlyle Smith. Both were archaeologists, at Wyoming and Kansas universities respectively. Then there was our old friend, Edwin Ferdon, another archaeologist, from the Museum of New Mexico.

Capt. Arne Hartmark came down from the bridge, a little man who moved like a bouncing ball. Behind him stood the gigantic mate, Sanne, a jovial fellow. And there was Second Officer Larsen, sitting beside the stout chief engineer, Olsen. The doctor, Dr. Emil Gjessing, came up the ladder, followed by the expedition's photographer, Erling Schjerven, who lighted (Continued on Page 42)



The Perfect Squelch

The big man in the big new automobile fairly snapped with annoyance at the highway patrolman: "You stopped the wrong man this time. Save yourself the trouble of writing a ticket. I had lunch with the commissioner of highways. I golf with your patrol chief. The governor's secretary is my neighbor. So get on your bike and be on your way."

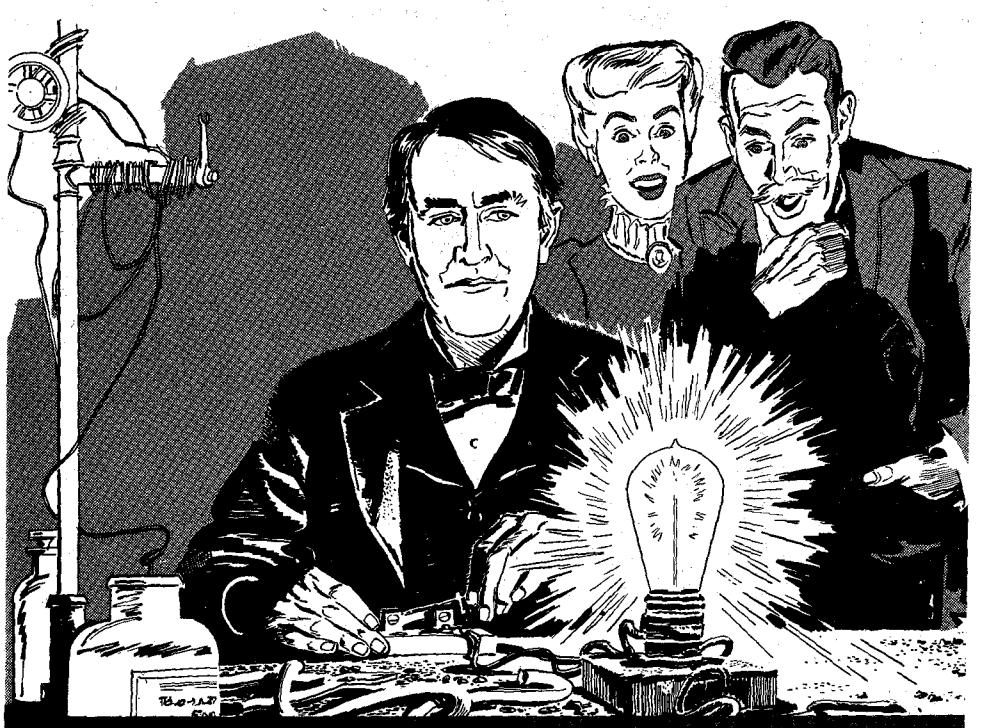
"Here is your ticket, sir," the patrolman replied. "You are charged with speeding, going through a red light and reckless driving."

"Is that all?" the big man asked sarcastically.

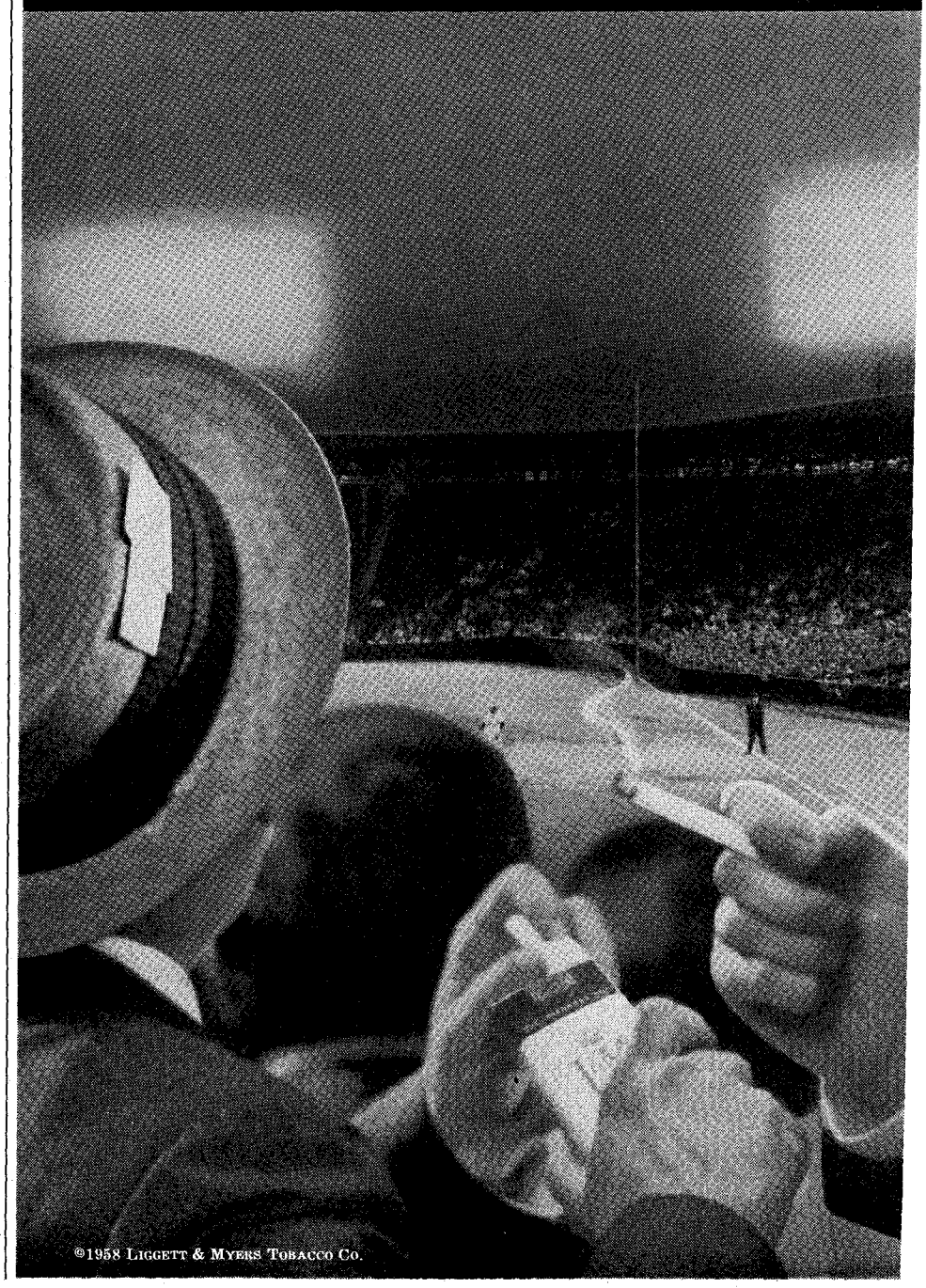
"Yes, sir," the patrolman replied. "But only because there is no such charge as 'Driving under the influence of influence,'"

Winston Johnson

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T



"Couldn't be done, couldn't be done." They said the electric light was just a dream, but in 1879 Thomas A. Edison perfected the first practical incandescent lamp! Night baseball is one of the countless ways his invention has brightened modern living in America.



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More taste! L&M gives you *more* of the clean rich taste of the Southland's finest cigarette tobaccos... best tasting smoke you'll ever find.

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(*Continued from Page 40*) a small cigar on such special occasions.

Thor, Junior, had found room for his lanky boyish figure up in a ship's boat, with the cook and the steward. Then came the boatswain, the electrician, the deck boy and the galley boy, with Arne Skjölsvold and Gonzalo. Arne was an archaeologist and head of the new state museum at Elverum, Norway. Gonzalo Figueroa was an athletic aristocrat, a student of archaeology at the University of Chile, and the official representative of Chile on the expedition. He had joined us at Panama. Counting all hands, we totaled twenty-four, the adults forming a most versatile party of specialists. Now that all were assembled, it was natural to tell them something about other people's experiences on Easter Island.

"No one really knows the name of the island," I told them. "The natives call it Rapa Nui, but research workers do not think that was its original name. In most ancient legends the island was *Te Pito o te Henua*, or 'Navel of the World.' It is now 'Easter Island,' because it was on Easter Day, 1722, that the Dutchman Roggeveen and his companions anchored here, the first Europeans to land on the island. They were received by tall, well-built people who, so far as can be judged, were fair-skinned Polynesians such as we know in Tahiti and Hawaii. But some were as white as Europeans, and many had beards.

"On shore the Dutchmen saw gigantic stone figures thirty feet high, with great cylinders on the top of their heads like crowns. The Dutchmen wondered how such tall statues had been erected by seemingly primitive stone-age people.

"In 1770, nearly fifty years later, the Spaniards came with two ships. They suspected the inhabitants of having secret underground hiding places. The whole country was open and treeless, yet no children were to be seen. At the end of the last century, Europeans found that there was excellent grazing for sheep on Easter Island, and it was annexed by Chile. Now there are a governor, a priest, a schoolmaster and a doctor on the island.

"We've come to dig," I concluded. "If the answers to the riddle of Easter Island exist today, they must be down in the earth."

Strangely, there had been only two archaeological expeditions to this island. The first was a private British expedition headed by Katherine Routledge. She came to Easter Island in 1914 in her own sailing yacht, but had no time for systematic excavation. Twenty years later a Franco-Belgian expedition was landed by a warship. No excavation was done this time either.

"Tomorrow," I said, "you're going to meet people who are quite civilized. According to their legends, their forefathers came from the east in big ships by steering toward the sunset for sixty days."

"Perhaps there are some vahines (native women) who can teach us the hula," muttered one of the engineers, and there was a burst of laughter.

We suddenly heard a strange voice from beyond the deck rail. A flashlight pointed down toward the black water lighted the faces of a gang of piratical types, standing in a little boat.

I called out, "*Ia-o-rana!*"

"*Ia-o-rana!*" they replied in chorus. So they were Polynesians.

We flung the ladder down. The first man who scrambled on board wore a ragged undershirt and a rolled-up pair of torn trousers. Behind him came a big, pock-marked fellow in an old green army overcoat, with a bundle of carved sticks over his shoulder. He was followed by the goggle-eyed head of a wooden figure with a goatee beard, which was maneuvered up the ladder by another native. Once on deck, the ragged fellows shook hands with everyone and produced sacks full of bizarre wooden carvings.

There was one weird figure which appeared in many of the carvings. It had an aquiline nose, a goatee beard, long hanging ear lobes and a devilish grin. There were a few other curious wooden figures, notably one of a human being with wings and a bird's head. All the carvings were faultlessly executed and highly polished.

I had just studied Doctor Mostny's collection of modern popular art from Easter Island in the national museum in Chile, and when the natives began to produce their wooden figures I recognized the different types. They were all copies of carvings which the earliest Europeans found on Easter Island, which now exist only in museums. The originals, now immensely valuable, are no longer on the market.

The wood carvers wanted to barter their goods for clothes and shoes. In a few seconds business was in full swing all over the deck. The photographer nudged me.

"There's a chap holding something under his shirt. He says it goes back to his great-great-grandfather."

I accompanied him to a thin man with a small mustache.

"*Buenos días, Señor,*" he said, drawing from his shirt a flat stone with a bird-man cut on one side. It was obviously new. Before he could mention his great-great-grandfather again, I said enthusiastically, "No, did you really do that yourself?"

He blushed and looked at his masterpiece. After all, it would be a pity to give anyone else the credit for it.

"Yes," he said proudly.

Another boat had come alongside, bringing a white man, a young naval officer who presented himself as the governor's assistant. He proposed that we should move next morning nearer the inhabited area; then they would try to help us ashore over the rocks. Before leaving us, the naval officer suggested that we keep one of the natives on board as a local guide.

"They steal like magpies," he added; "it might be best for you to keep the mayor."

The mayor was fetched—none other than the man with the stone.

"This is the mayor of Easter Island," the naval officer said, clapping the man on the shoulder, "and he's the best wood carver on the island as well."

"*Si, Señor,*" said the mayor, blushing. "I've been mayor for twenty-eight years. They elect me again every time."

I was awakened early next morning by the rattling of the anchor chains. The sun was already up, and I could see the unchangeable statues standing far away on the slope.

"*Buenos días, Señor.*"

There stood the mayor again, raising his hat. One of our hats, for he had come aboard bareheaded.

"*Buenos días,* Mayor. There's not much life to be seen ashore."

"No," he said. "We live on the other side—this is only for the navy's sheep. Look there—"and he pointed to a round-backed down on which I saw a multitude of sheep, moving like a gray carpet. Our ship was gliding beside a high, perpendicular cliff with foaming breakers at its foot. Only at one place did the cliffs part, revealing a broad sunlit beach.

"That is Anakena." The mayor inclined his head reverently. "Here the kings lived in old times. It was on this beach that our first ancestor, Hotu Matua, landed."

I called to the captain and pointed, and he agreed that this would be an excellent camping ground. The bay closed again, and the savage lava coast continued right around the island till the interior ran in a gentle slope toward the sea. Here lay Hangaroa, a little village of white-painted houses standing in well-kept gardens. Suddenly there were people everywhere, galloping on horseback or running. The captain blew a blast on the siren and ran up our ensign. Someone ashore raised a Chilean flag on a mast.

"*Señor,*" the mayor said, "this is Hotu Matua's country. This is my country. I have been mayor here for twenty-eight years. *Señor*, you and I are the only famous people on the island. Give me your hand as a friend."

When I had done this, he asked politely if he might call me Señor Kon-Tiki.

Our anchor went down, and a small boat came to fetch us. The shore was thick with waiting natives, and in the midst of them stood a man in a fluttering white cloak. I guessed at once who he was—Father Sebastian Englert. He had written a book on Easter Island, and I had heard him spoken of in Chile as the uncrowned king of the island.

Now he stood before me, broad and straight-backed, in a long white cloak with a cord around the waist, and his beard flowing in the wind. "Do you like natives?" he asked.

"The more genuine they are, the better," I replied.

"Then we shall be good friends."

I introduced Gonzalo, Captain Hartmark, the doctor, and one or two others who had come ashore with me. Then we sauntered off to a jeep which was standing among grazing riding horses, drove down to the village and stopped before the governor's bungalow.

A wiry little man in a khaki uniform received us cordially, and quickly disposed of all formalities. Now we sat before the two chief people of the island—the old sage, Father Sebastian, and Arnaldo Curti, the military governor. The priest had been there for twenty years and would remain till the end of his days. The governor had come in the last Chilean warship and would run the island for two years.

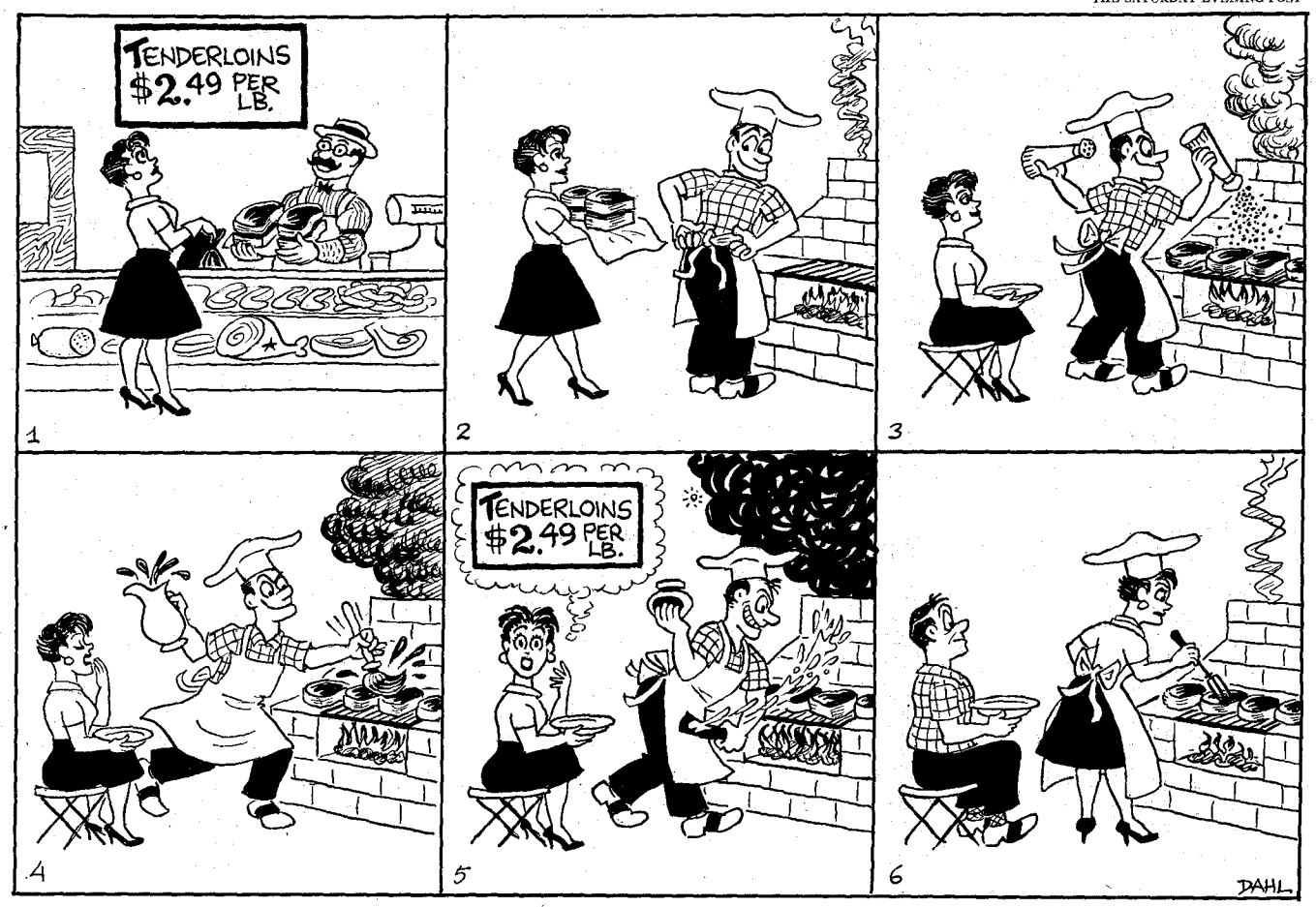
"Good luck with the digging," the governor said. "We only impose on you two restrictions; you must not give the natives arms or alcohol."

Father Sebastian promised to pick out some good fellows as diggers, and figure out a suitable rate of pay and rations. Our barter goods had a high exchange value compared with gold and notes, for there was no place on the island to spend money.

We agreed that Anakena Bay, on the other side of the island, was the best place for our main (*Continued on Page 44*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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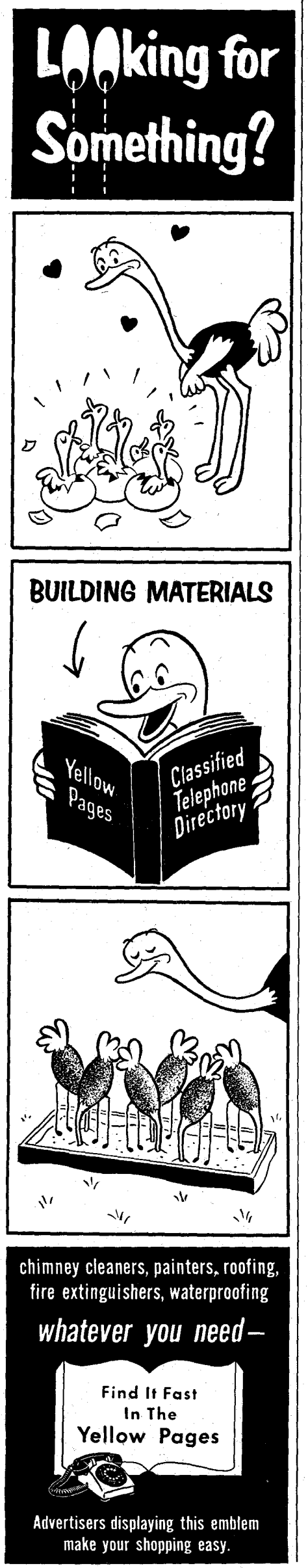


(*Continued from Page 42*) camp. It had the only decent sandy beach on the island—where we could land all the gear by raft. Moreover, it was the Valley of Kings, where the legendary Hotu Matua had first landed.

Our ship arrived there early next morning, with the mayor of the World's Navel asleep on the lounge table. There was no one to be seen when we got ashore. Then a shepherd came by, riding a horse. He pointed out several good-sized caves. These were Hotu Matua's caves, he said, where the first king and his companions had lived after discovering the island. I told him that we had no need to live in caves because we had huts of watertight cloth.

"Then you can sleep just across the beach on Hotu Matua's old site," he said.

He accompanied us to a flat terrace at the foot of a little dome-shaped hill. Several large stone statues lay prostrate beside the terrace, showing that it had served as a foundation for them. All these colossi had fallen face downward, and huge cylinders of rust-red stone which had once been balanced on the tops of their heads had tumbled off.

The shepherd pointed reverently to the solid foundation wall of the king's old house. Just behind it was a five-sided stone oven which indicated the king's kitchen. Here we should dig, of course, so we marked out the camping ground close by. Soon one green tent sprang up beside another, forming a village in the temple square.

During our first days ashore the archaeologists went out on reconnaissance tours to east and west. We had brought a jeep, and there were traces of ancient roads on Easter Island. One could drive right across the island, which is about ten miles long. Father Sebastian and the governor helped us to obtain horses and homemade wooden saddles; even the poorest native had at least one riding horse on this island.

When the archaeologists came back from their reconnaissance tours, it was decided that they should first undertake some minor excavations near the camp at Anakena. The first choice was Hotu Matua's kitchen oven and the foundation wall beside it. A foot down in the earth beside Hotu Matua's oven they uncovered another oven. If the uppermost one was constructed by Hotu Matua, the traditional discoverer of the island, who had been here before?

We scraped farther down and found fragments of fishhooks, shell, bone splinters, charcoal and human teeth. Then Bill dug up a blue Venetian pearl, and recognized it as a type that Europeans had used in dealing with the Indians 200 years ago. The earliest date at which the pearl could have been brought to Easter Island was that of its discoverer, Roggeveen. Therefore, we had not dug farther down than the year 1722. We looked up Roggeveen's logbook and found that the first native who boarded his ship had been presented with two strings of blue pearls, a small mirror and a pair of scissors.

One thing was certain now—we should have to enlist native diggers, for some of the projects we had in mind required more men than we ourselves could muster. To prevent thieving, Father Sebastian had asked us to keep the camp closed to natives who had no special duties. We strung a rope round the camp as a kind of symbolic frontier.

On one of the first nights the rope was carried off. Then the governor sent Kasimiro and Nicholas to patrol in the neighborhood. They were the village's native policemen. Old Kasimiro was tall and thin; Nicholas was fat and round.

One day Kasimiro told me that he knew of a cave with "important things" in it. It was just offshore on Motunui, the "bird-man's island." He had been there as a small boy with his father. Kasimiro had never seen the cave opening, but if I would take him there secretly in our boat, he would point out the spot to search. And if I found the cave, we would share the treasure.

I did not take this too seriously. Father Sebastian had received similar offers; there was always someone who knew of a secret cave where their ancestors had hidden tablets of wood marked with hieroglyphics—*rongo-rongo* in the island language. These *rongo-rongo* tablets were worth a fortune, for there were only a score of them in all the world's museums. But when someone agreed to show a secret *rongo-rongo* cave, it was always impossible to find the concealed entrance. A pity, they said, now the opening had gone, probably covered up by a landslide.

Our first Sunday came. Father Sebastian had hinted that we would be welcomed at the church; we might like to hear the natives sing. So off we went in a crowd—atheists, Protestants and Catholics—galloping on the camp horses, with the jeep bumping along in the midst. Everyone in the village stood waiting in freshly washed Sunday clothes. We walked into the little church among reverent men and vahines, children and adults, aged people and babies.

Father Sebastian, with his great beard, stood at the altar, looking like a kindly grandfather. The hymns were sung to a Polynesian text, and most of them to old native tunes. Father Sebastian's sermon was simple. There was a special word of welcome for the strangers: that all should go well for the expedition, and all the men and women on the island should help us, for even if we had not all the same creed, we were all Christians with the same ideals.

After the service all the members of the expedition were invited to a dinner at the governor's. Here, besides our hosts and Father Sebastian, we met the tiny white colony; two of the nuns who managed a leper station north of the village, a Chilean Air Force captain who was preparing plans for a transoceanic airport on the island, and the governor's two assistants. The only persons not there were the village doctor and the schoolmaster. These two we had never seen, not even in church, and I noticed that our own doctor was invited to attend the governor, who had heart trouble.

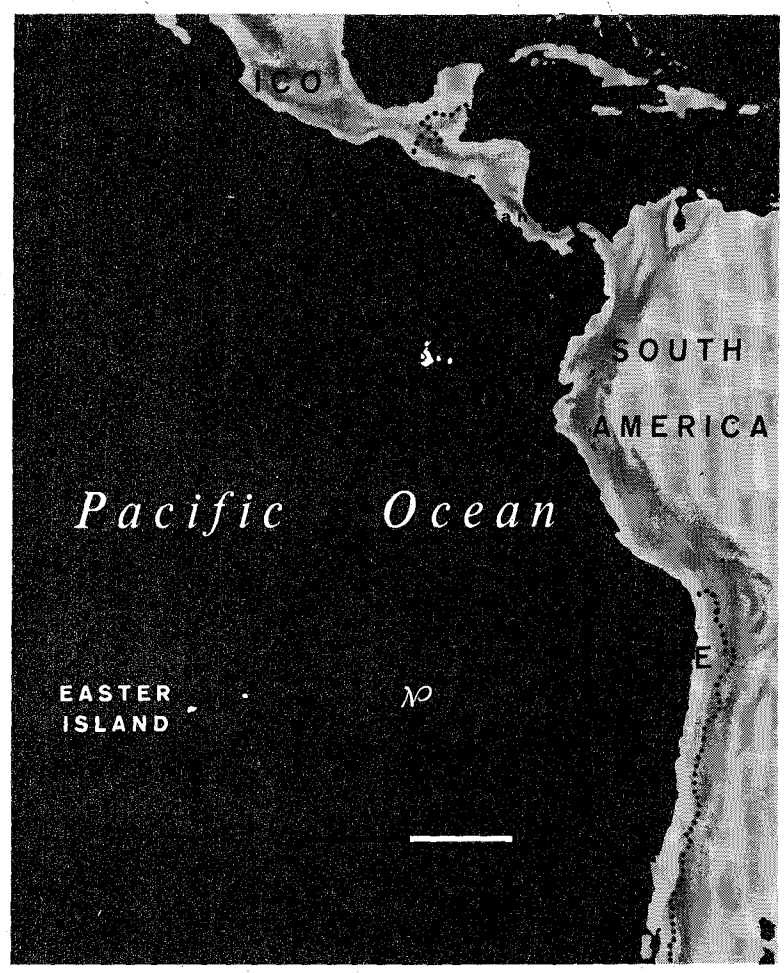
As we were going home in the evening, we were stopped by a thick-set fellow with stiff black hair. It was the village doctor, and he invited us all to a hula dance in the house of the mayor's sister. Roars of laughter shook the roof when the vahines dragged shy sailor lads and stiff-legged scientists onto the dance floor. Four men were playing the guitar and singing, and in the midst of it all the village doctor wanted to initiate me into political problems.

"My aim is to open the window of the world for these people," he said. He and the schoolmaster were in opposition to the other white people on the island. "We want the natives to get away from this island and learn to know the world."

And Father Sebastian doesn't want that, I thought. *He is afraid that they will drink themselves to death if they are introduced to alcohol. He is afraid of their being exploited.*

"We want to raise the standard of living," the doctor continued. "We want those who now go barefoot to wear shoes."

And Father Sebastian thinks that's a mistake, I thought. I had heard him say that natives who had never worn shoes



Thor Heyerdahl calls Easter Island "the loneliest inhabited place in the world." But prehistoric man had been there, and had left a classic mystery behind him.

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fared better on Easter Island, where footwear was quickly worn out by the sharp lava stones. Those who had begun to wear shoes got soft feet, and were cut when their shoes gave way. *No*, I thought, *there are two sides to all questions. Father Sebastian has been here for a generation, while this young doctor came with the last warship.*

We had now hired a large body of native workers. Some lived in the village, Hangaroa, and rode over to our camp at Anakena every morning; others moved into nearby caves. We had engaged four vahines to help with camp work and washing. One of them, Eroria, had been Father Sebastian's housekeeper for years. She and her gray-haired sister-in-law, Mariana, were persistent cave hunters, searching the hills for old dwelling caves, where they might find relics for Father Sebastian's little collection.

"Get Eroria and Mariana to show you the old caves they've found," said Father Sebastian.

While the rest of our party was busy with excavations, the photographer and I saddled four horses. Then, with Eroria and Mariana, we rode off to explore. On the first day we were in and out of caves from morning till night. Most of them were mere rat holes, entered through horribly narrow shafts. In these caves the old-time population of Easter Island had taken cover when the first Europeans came.

At one cave old Mariana shone her light down a perpendicular shaft, which was lined with smooth stones to form a narrow rectangular funnel. I worked my legs down into the hole. It was so narrow that I had to slide down with my arms stretched up over my head. They were jammed in this position when I hit bottom.

There was a small horizontal hole at the bottom, and I maneuvered my legs into it while I let my body sink into a sitting position. Heavy masonry lay above my lap and closely surrounded my head and chest. Now my body had to follow my legs into the side channel. I wriggled down, with my arms still squeezed behind me, till I lay on my back in a narrow funnel.

It is a horrible feeling to lie closely walled-up, down underground, with rock in your face and your arms forced back over your head. No use trying to free your arms—it can't be done. You have to shove along feet first by twisting your shoulder blades and pulling with your heels till you can bend your knees and kick about in an empty space. Or until you can go no farther because the soles of your feet meet solid rock.

If this happens, it means that the funnel makes another right-angle turn, and a man lying there with his arms over his head has to turn onto his stomach and grope along feet first into another perpendicular shaft which ends in a last, cunning turn. Here he remains caught in a hideous grip until he manages to twist himself around to enter a second horizontal funnel, where the walls suddenly draw back. Now he is free; he can brush sand from his face and turn on his flashlight. I had been in two or three of these caves before I learned to tow a flashlight behind me. Only then could I see the narrow shaft behind me as I moved along. It was always walled with smooth stone blocks in square cross section, like a chimney.

On this first wriggle down into Easter Island's dark underworld I had not even brought a match, and I had to remain in the dark like a blind man. In a few minutes old Mariana was beside me, lighting a candle stump. Now I could make out details. Some obsidian lanceheads lay on the floor.

Eroria arrived after a good deal of scuffling and panting in the shaft. They told me that this was not an ordinary dwelling, but a refuge for use in wartime. The wars must have been many and of long duration, to judge from the thickness of the hard-trodden layer of refuse on the cave floor.

I found a little hole in one of the walls and crawled on, with Mariana and Eroria at my heels, into a larger cave with a very high roof. We continued on our way through the rock; some places were as roomy as railway tunnels, but at other points we had to crawl over rubble, shoving ourselves along till the roof rose again in a large room. In one of the rooms there was running water. Ancient people had cut a gutter leading to several artificial depressions like washtubs. I washed my hands in the lowest depression and drank from the uppermost one. The water was cold and clear and full-flavored.

Far inside the rock the cave split into branches several times. The passages looked man-made, but these channels had been formed by gas and streams of hot lava when Easter Island was an erupting volcano. We visited several of these huge caves. Two of them had ponds, and in a third we found a walled well of ice-cold water, surrounded by a high terrace. Each cave entrance had belonged to a separate family or group of families at a time when civil wars had raged on the island. I was glad to emerge into the sunshine, surrounded by grazing sheep and horses.

Later on, the archaeologists dug up the floors in a number of caves. Fishbones and shells lay there in masses, mingled with knucklebones of fowls. Even rats and human beings had figured on the menu; cannibals had lived in these caves. Could these primitive cannibals have been the masters who wrought the giant sculptures which dominated the countryside? It didn't make sense.

One day I crept into a cave where Doctor Mulloy was digging with a mason's trowel. "The same primitive culture," he said, scraping two molars out of the earth. "Look here, these characters have been eating each other and spitting the teeth on the floor."

The natives had legends of ancestors who would rather eat people than fish or fowl. They also had legends of a still-earlier time, a time of greatness on the island when a race of "long-ears" had lived at peace with their own ancestors, the "short-ears." But the long-ears had demanded too much labor of the short-ears, and there had been a war in which nearly all the long-ears were burned in a ditch. From that day no more statues had been made, and many of those which were standing had been pulled down with ropes. Civil war, family feuds and cannibalism had marked the years which followed.

Father Sebastian was convinced that two different races with separate cultures had come to Easter Island. According to native traditions, many of their ancestors had white skin, red hair and blue eyes. When Father Eugenio settled among them in the nineteenth century as the first European missionary, he found many entirely white people among the brown ones. As recently as the visit of the Routledge expedition, forty years ago, the natives told Mrs. Routledge that the last king had been a white man. The white branch of their ancestors was admired, and some leading personalities had to undergo bleaching processes to be as much like their deified ancestors as possible.

One day Father Sebastian took us to *Ana o Keke*, (*Continued on Page 47*)

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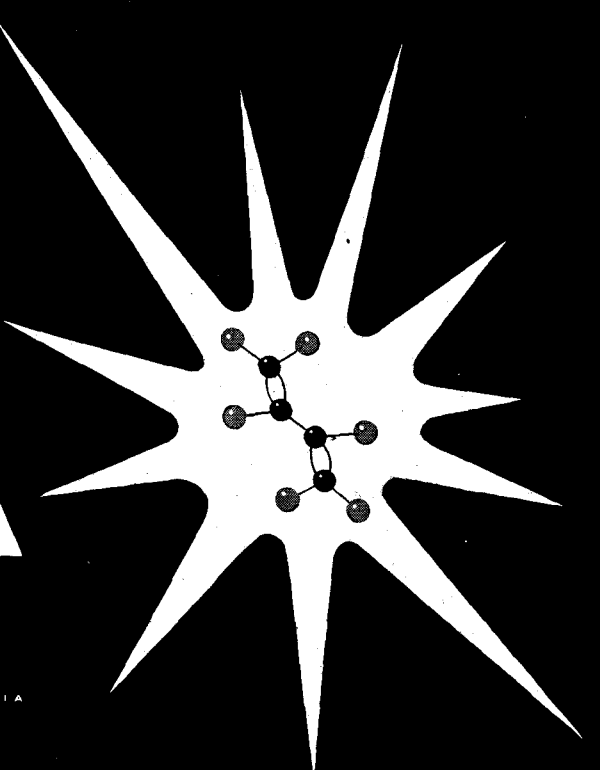

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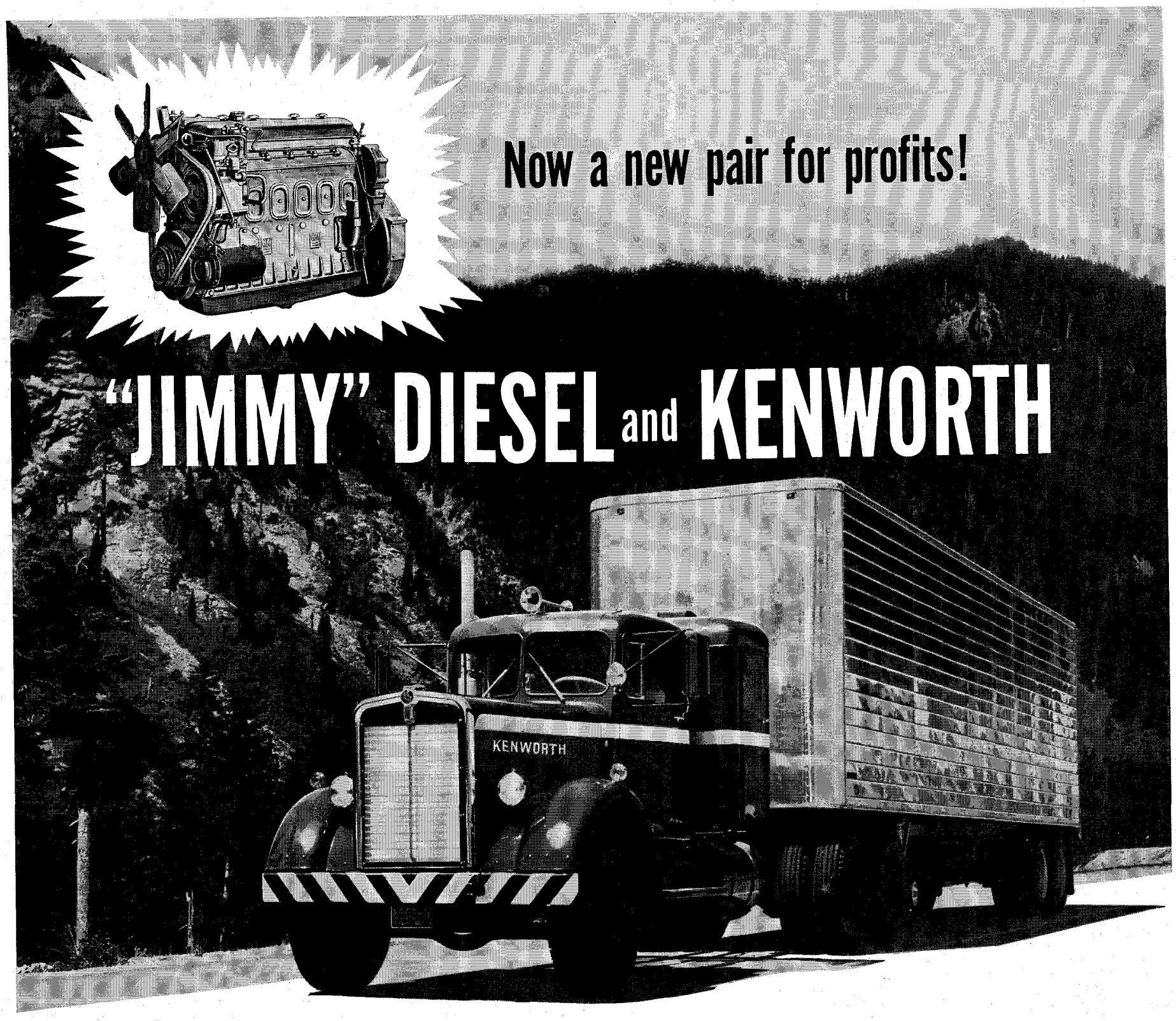

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(*Continued from Page 45*) the holy bleaching place of the *neru* virgins. *Neru* was the name given to chosen young maidens who in old days were confined in a deep cave to become as pale as possible for special religious festivals.

The entrance to the virgins' cave lay at the most easterly point of the island, the Poike Peninsula. Father Sebastian led us there, approaching along the edge of a precipice which falls into the sea all round the peninsula. He walked along the edge of the cliff in such a casual way that we four who were with him begged him to keep back. Suddenly he threw up his arms—ah, here it was! Then he went to the very edge. A thundering gust of wind took hold of his cloak, we gave a yell, and Father Sebastian had gone.

Doctor Smith sat down and clutched at his hat. I crawled cautiously forward and looked over the edge. Far below I saw the foot of the cliff, on which white surf was breaking. On a narrow shelf to my left I saw Father Sebastian's white cloak; the east wind was tearing at it as he sidled downward.

Now he turned, pointed down beneath his feet, and raised his fingers to his mouth as a sign that I must bring our parcels of food to have lunch down there. I fetched the parcels. When I began to clamber down, Father Sebastian had gone out of sight; yet I could see 600 feet straight down into the breakers below. I carefully lowered myself onto the ledge, pressed my stomach against the cliff, and set off in Father Sebastian's wake.

The worst part of it was the wind. I arrived at a slight corner in the cliff where the only support was something which looked like a hard lump of earth, separated from the rock face by a crack. If it had borne Father Sebastian, it should bear me. I kicked it cautiously and put my head round the corner. Father Sebastian was lying with head and shoulders projecting from a cave entrance in the cliff face; it was like the opening to a dog kennel.

"Welcome to my cave," he shouted.

He pushed himself backward through the crevice to make room for me. Noise, wind and light disappeared; my flashlight revealed that the walls were covered with curious signs and figures. This was the virgins' cave. Here the poor little girls had sat for weeks, perhaps months, waiting till their skins should become white enough for them to be shown to the people.

After a while the opening was darkened by our native friend pushing his way in. Father Sebastian sent him out again to fetch the two others; he would not have them hanging back when he, a man of sixty-eight, had led the way.

While we were all sitting there, enjoying our lunch, Father Sebastian pointed to a small hole in the back wall and said that if we crawled in there we could get 400 yards farther into the rock. But it was the worst trip he had ever made, and he would never do it again. Halfway in, the passage for a long stretch was so narrow that it was only just possible for a man to force his way through, and, just inside, human bones were lying about as in a burial cave. It was a mystery to him how anyone could have brought a corpse in there, for it was impossible to push a body in front, and if one dragged the body behind it would bar the way out for oneself.

I said I wanted to go in and see the rest of the cave. Father Sebastian roared with laughter at the thought of what I was in for. I would turn back quickly when I saw what it was like in there!

Only the native was willing to follow when I crept through the hole. The cave forked, but the branches immediately met again in a narrow passage. We crawled through. Then the roof rose and we found ourselves in a long tunnel, high and spacious. My flashlight batteries were weak, and for safety's sake I had a candle and matches in my pocket.

A long way in we came to a place where there was mud and water on the floor. Here the roof grew lower and lower. We had to crawl on our hands and knees in water. The roof became still lower, and at last we had to lie on our stomachs and wriggle forward under the rock while ice-cold slush soaked our shirts and trousers.

"Nice road," I called back.

My companion laughed politely. It was beginning to be unpleasant. Now I understood what Father Sebastian meant, but if he had managed it, there was no reason for us to give up halfway.

Soon I was sorry to have started. Although I was lying with half my body in water and mud, the roof came down so low that I could not advance. The flashlight was watertight, but it was impossible to keep the lens clean when I myself was pressed down into the mire. The faint light the torch gave showed that the passage was not only low but also very narrow. How had Father Sebastian pushed through here? I exhaled slowly to collapse my chest, and squeezed through the crack inch by inch. I could not help gasping "nice road" to the wretch who was following me, but his sense of humor had vanished.

"Bad road, *Señor*," he groaned.

We had to squeeze ourselves forward for five yards through this vise which held our ribs in its grip; then we were through the needle's eye and in the part of the cave where the remains of skeletons lay. Here it was dry again, and the roof was higher, so that we could alternately crawl on all fours and amble through the passages. I was stiff and cold from the slush, and when I turned the light behind me I found that I was being pursued by a figure caked in mud.

The cave ended in a steep earth slope which led up to a hollow in the roof. I scratched my way up and came into a little bell-shaped dome—an old gas bubble. Father Sebastian had left a candle stump there. I tried to light it. It would not burn, and there was something wrong with the matches too. Now I felt the sweat streaming down my face; the air was lifeless.

I hastily slipped down the earth slope to my mud-caked friend, and we hurried back as quickly as the height of the roof allowed. When we came to the horrible needle's eye, I flung myself down in the water and mud and squeezed into the crack. The native followed with his head right at my heels, and we forced our way forward inch by inch, feeling our chests crushed in the mountain jaws.

It had taken a long time to get in, but it seemed to be taking longer to get out. We tried to joke a little, expecting we would soon be out; but I felt unpleasantly wet and dirty, the sweat was trickling down my face, and I was tired. The air was worse. After a while we kept silent and only struggled to force our bodies on with outstretched arms, trying not to let the flashlight dip into the mire.

Had there been more space under the roof for a moment? If so, now there was less again. It was queer that this narrow passage still continued, that we did not emerge into the outer tunnel. My weary brain had been vaguely considering this puzzle for some time, while I shoved and shoved to get my body through the vise. Then I saw, in the faint glow of the electric bulb in front of my nose, that there was a sudden little upward bend; and it looked too tight to get through.

Perhaps this bend had been easier to pass in the opposite direction, so that I had not realized how difficult it would be on returning. Queer that I did not remember anything about it. With all my might I forced my body a little farther forward and craned to look up through the hole, with rock pressing on my back and chest. I saw to my terror that it was impossible to get past this bend.

"We can't get any farther," I said to the man who was lying at my heels. The sweat poured from my face.

"Go on, *Señor*, there's no other way out," he groaned.

I squeezed forward another fraction of an inch, with my head twisted on one side to find room in the narrow gap between the rock surfaces. Then I saw, by turning the light upward, that the hole was much smaller than my head: it was absolutely impossible to get through.

I switched off the flashlight. Now every spark must be saved, for we were in trouble. I suddenly felt that the whole mighty massif of the Poike Peninsula was lying on my body and pressing hard. It was terribly heavy, and it was worse if I tried to press against it; the only thing to do was to relax altogether and make myself as thin as possible.

"Go back," I said to the man at my heels. "This won't work."

He begged me to push on; there was no other way out of this hell.

I switched on the light and examined the ground before my face. On this slope there was a mixture of earth and half-dry mud; the impression of my shirt buttons was visible just in front of my chest, and my fingerprints too, as far forward as I had put my hands. But immediately ahead was muddy earth untouched by man.

I switched the light off. The air was heavy. My chest was in that beastly squeeze. My face and body were dripping with perspiration. Had we caused the old cave passage to collapse by squeezing through on the way in? If a fall from the roof had blocked the passage, how could we dig ourselves out into the daylight? There was no room to push earth and stones past us backward. How long could we last in this bad air before our friends realized what had happened, and were able to dig their way in to us? Or could we have made a mistake in crawling and got into another passage, a blind alley? But the entire cave was one single narrow tunnel—or was it?

The native blocked me from behind and tried to force me on. My body was caked with mud, and the cliff weighed me down with all its millions of tons, harder and harder the more I thought about it.

"Go back!" I shouted.

Now he was beginning to be desperate and press on my heels; he couldn't see how small the hole was, and there wasn't room to let him past so he could see.

"Go back! Go back!"

The squeezed man behind me was working himself into a panic. I raged at him, "Go! Go!" and kicked out with my foot. That had some effect; he shoved himself back inch by inch, and I followed. We went slowly, one little backward movement at a time; we must not get stuck between the rocks. I was most afraid of placing my head wrong, for it would not yield to pressure as my chest did.

Suddenly there was more space above us. I understood nothing; I was quite muddleheaded from the bad air. Could we have got right back to the skeleton place? I used my flashlight again and saw two openings in front of me. The right-hand one went slightly uphill. This was where we had gone wrong; we had crawled to the left instead of up to the right.

"Here it is!" I cried. I crawled forward again into the left-hand entrance, the native following me automatically. The passage grew narrower and narrower again. This was ghastly. I used my flashlight and saw ahead the same impossible little hole as before. Then I realized that my brain was no longer functioning clearly. I had crawled into the wrong hole for the second time.

"Go back!" I groaned.

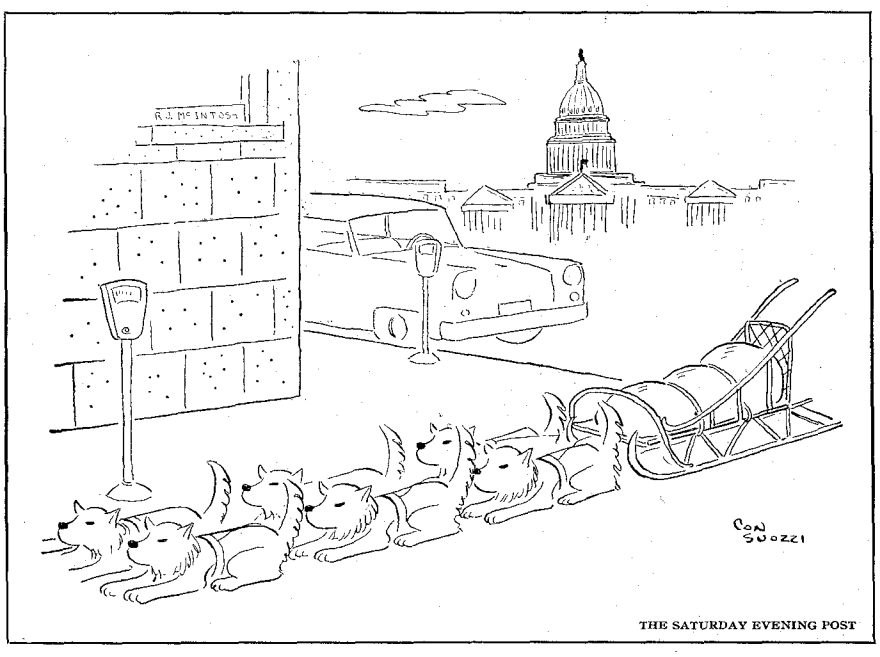
And now all our actions seemed purely mechanical. We forced ourselves backward, and I thought of only one word—*right, right, right.* When we saw the two passages again I crept into the right-hand opening. Soon we were able to raise ourselves, we felt gusts of cold fresh air in the tunnel, we were able to crouch and crawl, and we came out of the last hole and into the cave where our friends were waiting. It was heavenly to squeeze out of the cliff, out into the roaring wind. Heavenly to meet again the blinding sunshine and the limitless space stretching from the precipice below us into the blue immensity of sea and sky.

"Did you give it up?" Father Sebastian asked.

"No," I said. "But it's understandable that skeletons may be left in a cave like that."

When I got back to the camp at Anakena, Yvonne asked, "Have you been in the bleaching cave?"

"Yes," I said. And I went straight down to the shore and flung myself into the surf with all my clothes on.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' note—The Mystery of the Easter Island Giants, second of four articles by Mr. Heyerdahl, will appear next week.

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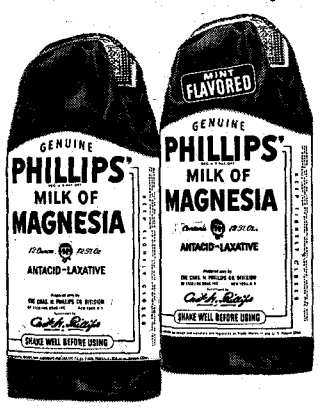
My constipation worries are over!

Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than laxatives which act only on constipation... *better* relief than *all* of them! This is because Phillips' is more than just a *laxative*. It's also a remarkably effective *antacid* that relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. And Phillips' works *leisurely*. Taken at bedtime, it lets you sleep undisturbed—brings wonderful relief the next morning. Get Phillips', either regular or in new, mint-flavored form that tastes delightfully clean and refreshing. Either way, it's the best laxative money can buy!



PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
REGULAR • FLAVORED

Switchblade (Continued from Page 24)

The carefully fearless eyes struck his eyes, fell away. "I'll behave."

"Good boy." He unlocked the cuffs. "Let's see that arm."

"It's broken," the boy-man said.

"I think it is," said Munson. "I hit him pretty hard."

Chief Clevenger turned back to his car, thumbed the mike and said, "Chief to station. Call the hospital and tell 'em we'll have a broken arm there in five minutes. . . ."

Gladys Carrols was on night duty at the hospital. She went briskly about a routine of name, address, et cetera. The boy-man gave his name as Marty Giovanna, and then the chief said, "That's all you need, Gladys. This is a police case."

Gladys sniffed. "Doctor will want to know how it happened. We do have to keep records, you know."

"Well, Gladys, when doctor gets here we'll tell him. Let's face it, Gladys. You're nosy."

She gave him a starchily lethal look, clasped her clipboard to her bosom and stalked out. She almost banged the door.

In his office, Ernie Clevenger unbuttoned his blouse and settled into his chair.

"What you got on him, Lloyd?" he said gently.

"Disorderly, illegal possession, resisting, ADW, maybe," said Munson. "Answered that disturbance call, found a carful dragging the street busting bottles on the curbs, throwing cans on lawns. I got 'em to the curb, and then they busted out of the car like a covey of quail. When I came around the corner this one came at me with the switchblade. Tried to fend him off with my left hand, and he stuck me. I got him back to the car, and called for help in case I passed out, and then found out I wasn't stuck as bad as I thought. You were in on the rest of it."

"Sure," said Chief Clevenger. He'd seen the wound, and it wasn't a scratch. Lloyd was still a little pale around the mouth, but insisted he could work.

"You know the kid?" the chief asked.

"Well, yeh, sort of. I've seen him around."

"He in the file?"

"Rolled a stop sign once, I think. That's about all."

"O.K. let's talk to the kid."

His weird hairdo was mussed. He was pale, too, and a bit vague from sedation and shock. He had a sling for his arm, but he supported the still-cooling cast with his left hand.

"Sit down," said the chief. He picked up a driver's license from the scattering of papers on his desk. "This your right address, Marty?"

"Yes."

The chief said, "According to the book, nobody name of Giovanna living there. How about that?"

"She's—she's my aunt. He's her husband—I mean my uncle. I don't know why you got to drag them into it anyway."

"We've got to. Where are they?"

Silence. Not even a lift of the head.

"We can find 'em, you know. It may take a while, but we can find 'em."

"I don't give a damn."

The chief regarded him impassively, face fallen into an expression of repose. "Your privilege," he said. . . . "Lloyd, take his statement and put him in Cell Two. Book him disorderly and resisting for now. You hold down the desk. I'll send Mac out."

He got up and walked out on Lloyd's protests. He got his car and cruised slowly. His town was quiet, and he was uneasy.

Maybe, he thought, *because it isn't really my town. Maybe that's it. Maybe they still resent me—or resent me more. Even Lloyd—and he's as good a cop as I've got. So what's the difference, it's my town.*

Of course, Corey Rogers didn't think so. City Councilman Corey L. Rogers. He didn't like Ernie Clevenger for chief, and he didn't like Ernie's methods when he became chief, and six months hadn't improved his opinion or disposition one little bit. *So?* Ernie Clevenger told himself. *You're old enough to know nobody ever loved a cop.*

At midnight the graveyard shift came on: two big men named Wellington and Hill. Wellington took Car 3 out on patrol while Hill held down the desk.

There was no reason the chief shouldn't go home, and no real reason to want to go home. He was a twenty-five-year cop, a big-city cop, and he'd put in his time in harness and plainclothes, retired two years ago without prejudice and at full pension while recuperating from a smashup in line of duty. He hadn't really wanted to retire, but it hadn't been bad, not really bad, until Liddy died.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

To a First-Grade Desk

By Alice Boyd Stockdale

You who many
Years have cared for
Wiggly scholars,
Be prepared for
One who might
Curl up and nap
On your little
Wooden lap.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

He and Liddy—Lydia—had come back here to her old home town to see her brother, renew old friendships. Three weeks and four days later she was dead, of one of those quick and freakish things that still happen to people even in these days of miracle drugs and immediate emergency care.

He was a twenty-five-year cop and a pensioner. He was a twenty-seven-year husband and a widower. He felt himself completely emptied from within, and existing in a vacuum without. He and his brother-in-law had come back from a fishing expedition the day the old chief, Ollie Knapp, died. Ernie got the job, somewhat to several people's surprise, after a short bitter family fight within the city council.

It was no narrower or more bigoted or self-centered than ten thousand other small towns from one end of the land to the other. Solid, it was, and quite self-assured. Where Asa Rogers had helped a truculent Indian out of the dooryard of his log-and-shake cabin with a pitchfork less than a hundred years ago, the Rogers & Sons furniture store stood today. Big Matt Kelsey had been town marshal from 1896 to 1918. His grandson, Matt, was one of Ernie Clevenger's sergeants. That kind of a town it was.

Ernie picked up the Downtown Café dishwasher wandering drunkenly homeward from his late work, took him home and saw that he made it through the door. He made a quick run to back up Wellington, who had found a warehouse door unlocked. No one inside and nothing disturbed, apparently. They locked the door and left a note for the owner and had Hill log it at the office. State Police sent out a bulletin anent a stolen car and Hill relayed it to the cars. The night wore on. At four in the morning Ernie finally checked out and went home.

At eight o'clock the bedroom phone rang. It was Sgt. Matt Kelsey on the day shift. "Corey Rogers is looking for you, chief. With fire in his eye. He's really steamed, chief."

"About what?"

"This kid in Cell Two. All I've got is a file card, and it doesn't say whether it's your pinch or Munson's. I mean, I'm stuck for what to tell Corey. He's roaring about police brutality, and so on, and I don't know enough about it to say anything."

"You've got Munson's report."

"If he filed one, I can't find it. I thought I'd call you first before I ate him out."

"That's O.K. I'll talk to Lloyd."

"Well, all right, but what do I tell Corey Rogers?"

"What did you tell him so far?"

"Nothing. That's all I know."

"Then that's all he needs to know. He's not running the department, to my knowledge."

There was a long pause, then Matt said in a carefully neutral voice, "That's the way you want to play it, chief?"

"That's the very way."

"O.K., chief. Just so I know."

"G'by, Matt."

He padded into the bathroom. While he was shaving, the living-room phone began to ring. He let it ring. That phone was the one listed in his name. The one in the bedroom was unlisted and few people knew the number. The living-room phone rang a long while before it stopped.

He put on an old tweed suit and stowed away his badge and cuffs and a snub-nosed belly gun in its pocket holster, his notebook and pencil and supply of cigars. Feeling equipped, if not prepared, he sallied forth.

He sat in a none-too-large armchair in Lloyd Munson's living room. He said mildly, "You didn't write out your report when you went off duty last night."

"No," said Lloyd. He was having a little difficulty finding a comfortable place for his left arm, and even more difficulty concealing that difficulty.

"Prob'ly ought to get our story set up, then," the chief said mildly.

Lloyd said, tight-lipped, "I don't have to set up any story."

"All right, you don't have to set up any story. Why didn't you blow that punk's brains out when he came at you with the switchblade?" He threw that one hard and high.

"Why, chief, he's just a kid!"

Chief Clevenger sat unmoving, evaluating the tone, the reaction, weighing it against what he thought he knew of the character of Lloyd Munson.

"All right, why didn't you file a report?"

Lloyd got out of his chair, to shut the dining-room door, closing off the sounds his wife was making in the kitchen.

"All right," he said. "You're a big-city man—maybe it's different there. I mean, a cop makes a pinch it's probably a guy he never saw before and maybe won't ever see again. Maybe you don't know what it's like in a small town like this."

"Oh, I'm learning," the chief murmured neutrally. "Go on."

"All right, I know the kid. You know what the first thing he said was? I mean after he came at me with the knife and I hit him? He was down on his knees in front of me, and he was crying. And he said, 'Why don't you kill me, Mr.

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Munson? Why don't you just shoot me?' Well, I mean, after all, chief. My boy's only a couple years younger than him. My daughter's about the same age."

"Sure," said Chief Clevenger.

Lloyd looked at him and then wheeled away. "So all right," he said bitterly to the wall. "There's more. He went with my girl, some, last year. I mean, he took her to a couple of games and a school dance or two. She said he was a good kid—and I believe her. And because I'm a cop I know he runs with that other bunch sometimes too—you know, they're not into any real trouble, but they're always hanging around. So it didn't hurt my feelings when she said she wasn't going around with him any more."

"Sure," said the chief patiently, noncommittally.

"He lives with his aunt and uncle since his parents split up. His aunt's all right—real nice little woman. The uncle doesn't like the kid, and he doesn't like what it costs to keep him, and I guess that much is mutual."

"So?" murmured the chief.

Lloyd gestured with his injured arm. "I'm not trying to be noble about this, chief. It hurts bad, and every time it hurts me a good one, I feel like busting his other arm. I mean it. I don't hold with coddling these tough kids. But I came awfully close to killing that kid last night, and it shook me. I'm still shook. And while I don't want to sound like a fool, if I put it all down in my report, it looks to me like he's about got to be charged with assault with a deadly weapon. If that's what he deserves, fine; let's salt him away good. On the other hand, if he's got some salvage value—if he's basically a good enough kid who's got out of line, and maybe taking his lumps and facing up to it will straighten him out—well, you know what I mean. I'd rather do what will do that kid the most good than go by the book. Maybe you think I'm not a good cop, but that's the way it is."

The chief said in his gruff murmur, "I think you're a good cop, Lloyd." He hoisted himself out of the armchair. "Your trouble is you try to do my thinking for me."

A little after noon, the chief let the gate click closed behind him. Matt Kelsey said neutrally, "The mayor wants you to call him soon as you come in, he says."

"I prob'ly won't get here for another half hour," said Ernie. He went down the hall, took a precautionary look through the grille into Cell 2 before he unlocked the door.

"Now," he said grumpily, "I think it's about time you and I had a little talk."

When he came back from the cell block, Matt Kelsey said in a tone implying he washed his hands of the whole thing, "Corey Rogers is on his way over. Says he's bringing the mayor with him."

"All right," said Ernie. "Send 'em into my office when they get here. Call Lloyd and tell him to come down—in uniform."

He sat at his desk, tired-looking, rumpled, when Matt ushered Corey Rogers and Mayor Jim Pederson in.

Chief Clevenger looked up, his face most uncherubic. "Sit down," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Corey Rogers, in his late forties, moved and spoke and dressed and conducted himself generally with an assurance which stopped just short of arrogance. He did not like Ernie and said so.

He said now, "You can give us a straight story, Mr. Clevenger."

"What story, Mr. Rogers?"

Corey Rogers said intemperately, "The story that you or one of your goons beat a boy so badly last night that he had to go to the hospital, that's what story!"

Chief Clevenger said, "You don't want an explanation; you want a verification. Gladys is a dear old girl, I know, but she has spells when she shifts her brain into neutral and her mouth into high. She's bleeding about a poor kid being beat up by police goons. What we had was a would-be tough punk resisting arrest and getting his arm broken in the scuffle."

"Do you mean to say that you, a supposedly well-trained, experienced, full-grown man, had to break a boy's arm to subdue him?" Rogers turned violently toward the mayor. "Jim, I've gone along with this thing so far. I won't go a step farther! This thing comes before a special meeting of the council right now or I ——"

Chief Clevenger said just below a roar, "Mr. Rogers, I've tried to respect you, even when we disagreed, but you make it almighty hard to respect a fool! You've come down here to spit on me because you think you can get away with it. Well, you are entirely wrong, Mr. Rogers. I am not your spitting post. Like it or not, I am still chief of police here."

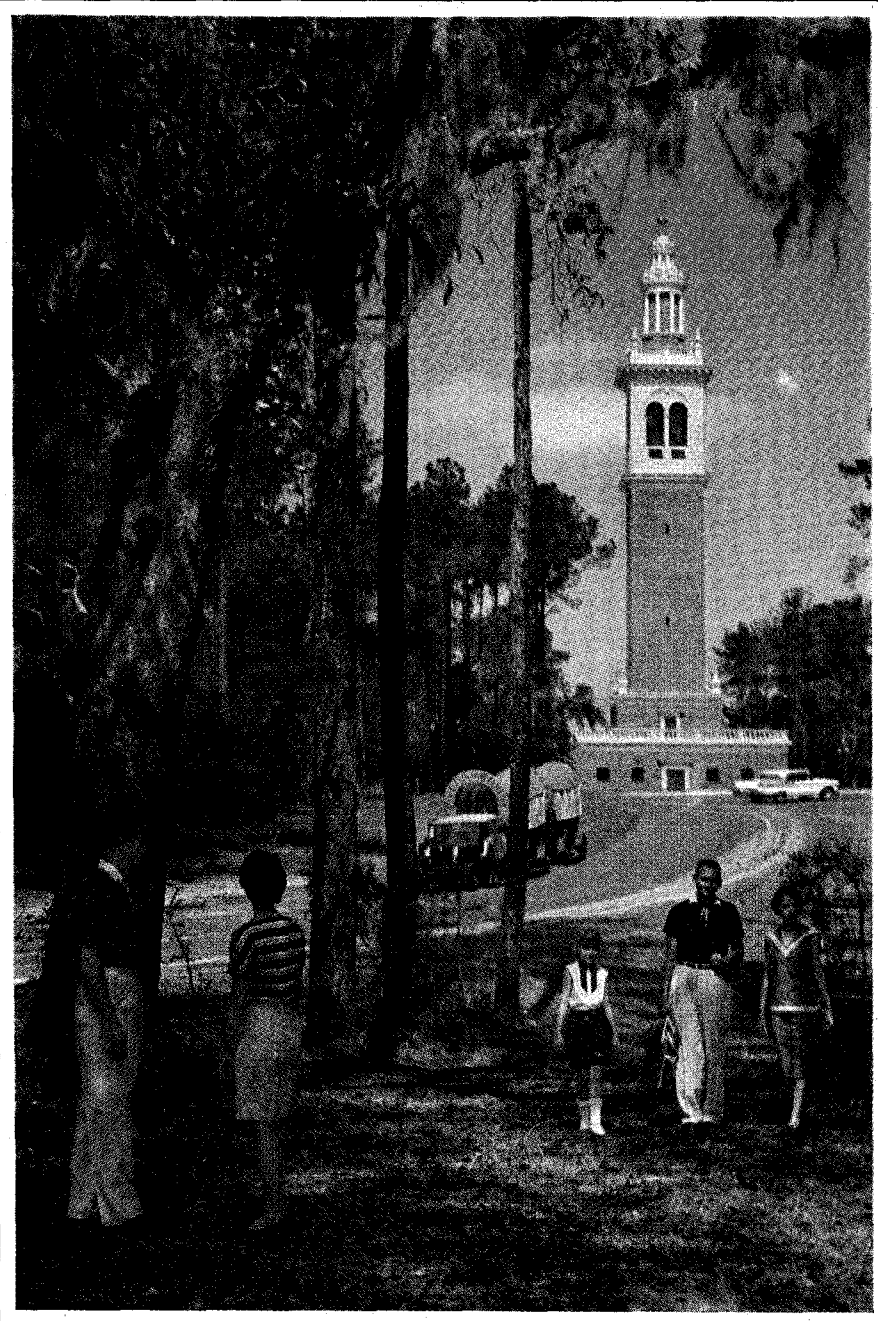
White-lipped, Corey Rogers said not much above a whisper, "That can be changed so fast it'll make your head swim."

Chief Clevenger turned his bulldog look on the mayor. "You want my resignation, sir?" he demanded.

Mayor Jim Pederson said meagerly, "Not yet, Ernie."

"All right." The chief got up, went to the door and called, "Lloyd, will you bring Marty in here, please?"

He waited at the door until Lloyd Munson, in uniform, ushered Marty Giovanna into the office. Marty stood almost six inches taller than the chief, an



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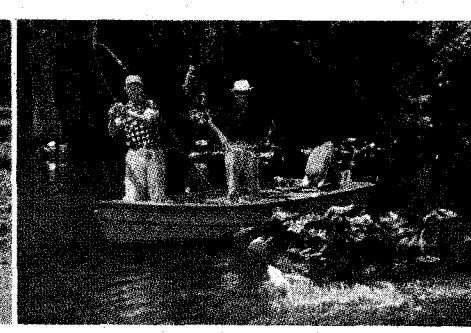

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inch or so above Lloyd, and his broad shoulders loomed between them.

Ernie said mildly, "Marty, this is Mayor Pederson, and the other gentleman is Mr. Corey Rogers, a city councilman. They want to ask you some questions."

Still white-lipped, Corey Rogers shot a look at the chief.

"Did either of these men make any threats to you about what would happen if you told me the truth, Marty?"

"No, sir. Nobody threatened me."

"All right. How did your arm get broken?"

The boy looked down. "In a—in a kind of a fight, I guess."

"What kind of a fight?"

"Well, I got out of the car and ran, and he came after me, and I had this ——"

"All right, he pulled a switchblade knife," interrupted Chief Clevenger. "Take careful note, please, that I accuse him of it—and that he has not admitted it in any way, shape or form."

"Now what are you trying to pull?" demanded Corey Rogers.

"Not a thing," said Ernie Clevenger. "Just think a minute, now, about what the prisoner ought to admit, before witnesses."

Mayor Pederson said dryly, "I'd drop that, Corey. Go on."

"All right. Suppose you tell us just what did happen, then, Marty. You did something, and then what happened?"

"Well, I—I swung at him, and he hit me, and I fell down."

"Hit you with what?"

"With—with his gun, I guess."

Corey Rogers said unbelievingly, "He —— Who did? Who hit you with his gun?"

"Why, Mr. Munson. That's who we were talking about, wasn't it?"

Corey Rogers stared at Ernie, at Munson, at the boy. Ernie Clevenger waited impassively.

"Well," said Marty uncertainly, "I mean, he pretty near had to. I mean, when I pulled the ——"

"Resisted arrest," said Ernie Clevenger.

There was a thick silence. Then Rogers said abstractedly, "I don't —— Look—uh—Marty. You don't have any hard feelings about this? I mean, it isn't that anybody's making you say any of this? And how about your parents? How do they feel about this?"

"Well, my aunt and uncle, they're out of town. The chief let me talk to her on the phone, and they're coming back today. But the chief, he talked to me, and so did Mr. Munson, and I don't hold anything against them. I mean, I had it coming."

Corey Rogers opened his mouth, closed it, leaned back in his chair with an air of defeat.

"Mayor?" inquired Ernie.

Mayor Pederson shook his head silently, and Ernie said, "Take him back, Lloyd."

"All right!" he growled, after the door had closed. "So fire your artillery!"

Corey Rogers opened his mouth as if to speak, but the mayor's dry voice sounded first, "What's your disposition of it, Ernie?"

"I intend to cite him into police court on disorderly conduct and resisting arrest. Those are misdemeanors and we can get him a suspended sentence, I think, and there's a job lined up for him to pay off his fine."

Mayor Pederson said mildly, though keen ears might have caught the question implicit in, "Seems light enough, Ernie, considering your saying he pulled a knife on the officer."

"That's right, it is. We could take him into Circuit Court on assault with a deadly weapon and get him three years upstate, which, to my mind, is sweeping him under the rug. Lloyd Munson says there's some salvage value to the kid, and I'll go along with him on it for now. If Lloyd's wrong, we can always snatch him back to serve out the suspended sentence. I don't know how it'll work out. The kid is none too stable a character, and his background isn't the best. But if he'll take a busted arm to convince him that he can't pull a knife on a cop, and a suspended sentence to prove that nobody's really interested in kicking him while he's down, he may come along fine."

Corey Rogers said, "You've got all the answers, haven't you?"

Chief Clevenger growled vigorously, "It's my business to have the answers. You won't concede me that. You won't concede I'm a good cop because you don't like me. All right then, but I'm not going to concede that you know what's best for the town just because you and your father and grandfather were born here!

"This place is precious to you because every stick and stone of it is a part of your life. It's precious to me because the best part of my life is buried here, and I'd like to serve out my time here usefully. I don't ask you for your friendship. If a man has to ask for that, it's worthless. But I do figure I'm entitled to your respect when I earn it.

"Personally, I don't think you gave a hoot, one way or another, about this Marty kid. You saw a chance to really hit me a good one, and you jumped at it. Any man has a right to disagree with another. But when you took your oath of office as a city councilman, you undertook to do what was best for the town. I'll let you be the judge as to whether you're entitled to respect for your conduct. Now, if there are no further questions, I hope you'll excuse me."

Corey Rogers sat, looking wordlessly at Ernie Clevenger for moments longer. Then, without a word, he rose, wheeled and walked out.

Ernie stood as the mayor rose. He shrugged his beefy shoulders and the old tweed suit fell into presentable shape.

"I'll make it plainer than before, Mr. Mayor," he said formally. "I won't quit. You'll have to fire me."

"Not yet," said Jim Pederson sparsely. He extended a hard hand, shook hands briefly. "You laid it on him pretty hard," he said.

"I sure did," said Ernie impassively.

He seated himself again at his desk as the door closed behind the mayor. He wiped his hair down with the flat of his hand, let out a long whistling sigh through pursed lips and began to sort out the mail on his desk. He heard a sound and looked up.

Corey Rogers stood in the doorway, looking pale and determined. "All right," he said. "I'll shake hands if you will."

Ernie Clevenger went to the door, his hand out.

"Any time, Corey," he said, and his small round hand clamped crushingly on Corey Rogers'. "And thanks, Corey."

"Thanks, hell!" said Corey Rogers. The tone was bitter, but there was a crooked smile beginning. "All right," he said, "I swallowed that pill, I might as well go all the way. What about this job you've got lined up for the kid?"

"Oh, it's just a job. It won't pay much, but ——"

"Well, look. There's stuff he could do in my stockroom, even one-handed. And if he works out—I mean later—there's always —— Only you tell him I won't put up with that goofy hairdo. If he'll get a haircut and come down and really act as if he wants to work—well, the least I can do is ——"

Ernie Clevenger's face split in a wickedly cherubic grin. He took Corey Rogers by the arm and moved him to the door. "You tell him," he suggested.

"All right," said Corey, "I will. And, chief, I ——"

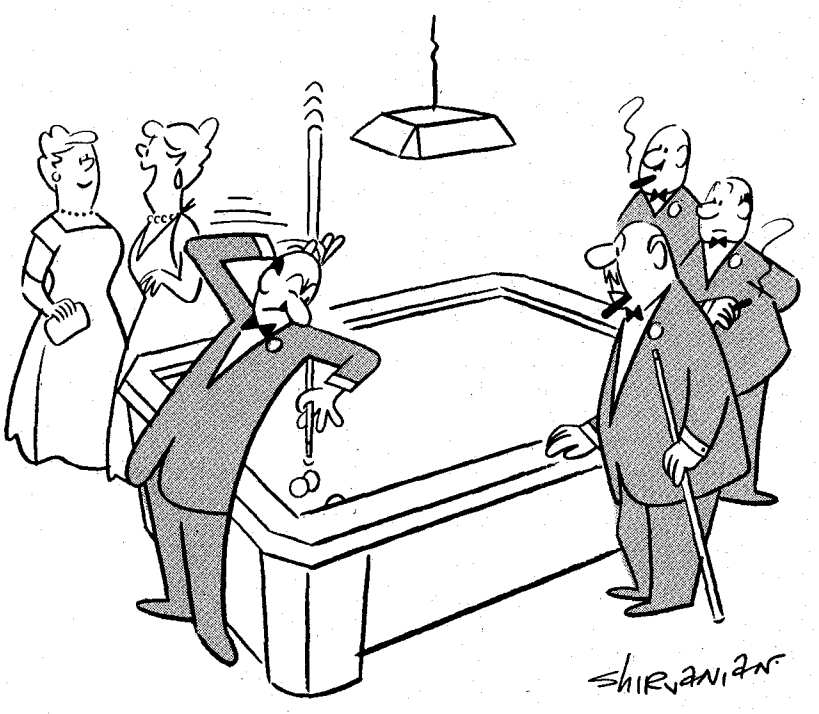
Ernie Clevenger rammed his cigar stump between his teeth. "Don't get too friendly with me," he warned. "It might embarrass us both next time I go to twist more money out of the skinflint city council."

Corey Rogers regarded him speculatively. "All right, chief," he said finally. "If that's the way you want it."

"That's the very way. Now run along. I've got work to do."

The door clicked closed, and Ernie Clevenger sat down and rocked to and fro in his groaning, swivel chair. Finally he put a light to his battered cigar and, sighing, began to go through his mail again. It had been a long day.

THE END



"This is his famous trick shot where the ball jumps up and hits him in the head."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Curse of Conformity (Continued from Page 18)

efforts of conservationists, a good deal of our loveliest countryside is being bulldozed out of existence, a sacrifice to commercial exploitation. In our smaller towns people try hard to preserve a certain regional character and community spirit—a losing struggle against the conformity imposed by mass production. Increasingly, patterns of taste dictated by purely commercial considerations win acceptance, and the natural feeling for quality and appropriateness is dissipated in the giddy tumble from novelty to novelty. The individual is so dazed by the profusion of goods which merchandising propagandists press upon him that he no longer retains much personal initiative or sales resistance.

What should be the goal of our stupendous economic progress? What do we really want to accomplish with our splendid new techniques for faster transportation and wider communication? So far, they have merely accelerated our pace without bringing us near enough to our original democratic goal. Instead, the tools of civilization have outgrown us and their multiplicity has exerted a dominance of its own, a dominance which impairs the individual's capability to seek and understand his deeper potentialities. Our subservience to our own brain child, the machine, tends to stifle individual diversity

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The same neighbor who lets your tools stay in his garage for months usually sends your children right home.

VESTA M. KELLY

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and independence of thought and action—two factors which used to be strong components of the American image. We know, after all, that *diversity in unity*, not conformity, constitutes the fabric of democracy. Unless we can reconcile diversity with unity, we may end up as robots.

I do not use the word "democracy" in the political sense. I am speaking of the modern form of life which, without political identification, is establishing itself upon the foundation of increasing industrialization, of growing communication services, and of broad admission of the masses to higher learning and universal suffrage.

To this world we have transmitted our enthusiasm for new scientific and technical invention, but we worship the machine to such a degree that we have been accused of forsaking the human standards of value in its service. Our apologia is that the rapid progress of technology and science has confounded our concepts of beauty and the good life; as a result, we are left with loose ends and a sense of helplessness in the midst of plenty.

We can overcome this defeatism only by understanding that the inertia or alertness of our brain's heart, not the machine, decides our destiny. It is not the tool, it is the mind that is at fault when things get out of hand.

Extreme specialization has dulled our faculty to bring unity to our complicated existence, and this has led to a dissolution of cultural relationships. Consequently life has become immeasurably impoverished. Man is in danger of losing his entity. The triumphal march of the practical sciences has crowded out the magic of life. The artist, the poet, the prophet have become stepchildren of the "organization man." However, our impressive organizational unity cannot conceal the lack of cultural unity. An observation of Albert Einstein throws light upon the result of this one-sided development: "Perfection of tools and confusion of aims are characteristic of our time."

There is only meager evidence that we Americans recognize the urgent task confronting us—to shift the emphasis from "bigger" to "better," from the quantitative to the qualitative, and to give significant form and beauty to our environment. An evolution of this kind would add moral authority to material abundance, would open up frontiers that we have been slow to explore.

Why have we been so hesitant to implement the ideals implicit in the development of our way of life? Why does a nation committed to the promise of free universal education take so long to provide enough schools and teachers for its children? Why have we shown so little interest in good housing? And why have we not seen to it that our cities and towns are models of sound organic planning and architectural harmony?

One probable answer is that America's Puritan colonizers, in their preoccupation with the development of an *ethical* code, paid little attention to the development of an *aesthetic* code. We are to this day largely dominated by the tenets of a bygone world. The Puritans ignored the fact that aesthetic principles may release ethical powers, and that the codes should have been developed interdependently. The consequent absence in our society of a cultivated sense of beauty has left natural talent underdeveloped and relegated the artist to an ivory tower.

Where aesthetic standards do prevail in this country, they stem mainly from a preindustrial era—*vide* our fondness for collecting antiques. But there can be no relation between the artistic inspiration of that era and the present needs of a mass audience.

These needs have not been satisfied by the material production of the eight-hour working day. We are beginning to realize that some important ingredients are missing in our brave new world—beauty and inner resourcefulness. Carrying on without them prevents us from achieving that wholeness and maturity which produce new form. This is why a visual cultural pattern such as we should have developed has thus far eluded us. Cultural problems cannot be solved only by intellectual processes. We must strike deeper chords to reawaken in every individual the ability to understand and create form.

How can such a renascence be achieved in a society almost exclusively devoted to commercial exploits and the accumulation of factual data? This may seem a strange question to ask in a country that fosters so many institutions designed to preserve art treasures and to encourage artistic activities. It is true that these institutions—the museums, art associations and foundations—perform a valuable service, but they can do no more than impart "art appreciation" to those who feel they can afford what they consider a luxury. They exert little influence on schools, where art is of secondary importance to the study of English, history and mathematics.

At one time, standards of taste were imposed from above, through power and persuasion, by an elite. Later on, in this country, the business tycoons, for better or worse, influenced others to follow their personal preferences or whims. Our generation takes its cultural guidance from groups of their fellow citizens—

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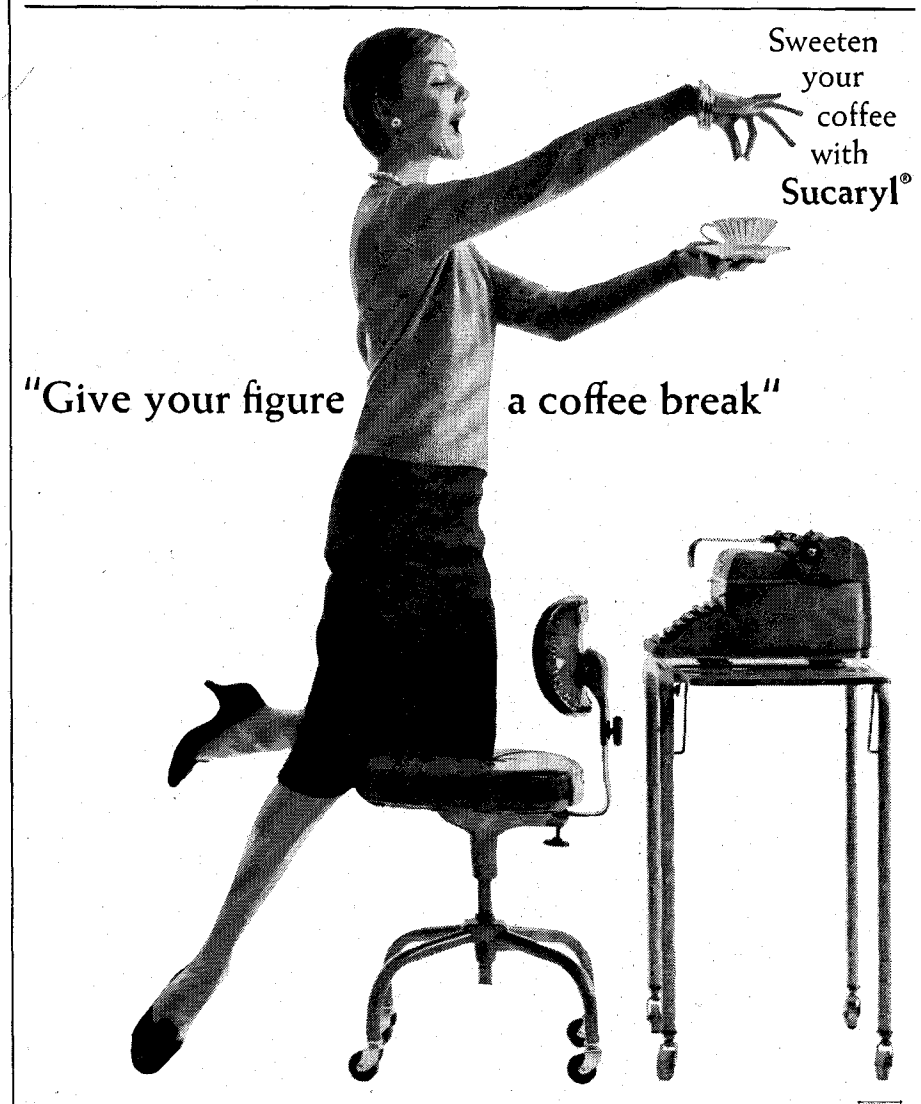
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school boards, city councils, women's clubs—chosen by popular consent to make important cultural decisions. This is as it should be, for democratic principles not only permit but demand that each individual bring his personal conviction and insight to bear upon his surroundings.

But how have these citizens trained themselves to deserve confidence in their judgment? How have they learned to distinguish between diversity and anarchy, between organic unity and mere accumulation? We assume too much if we expect them to function properly in this role without having had a chance to develop powers of discrimination. They must first be made aware of the possibilities of promoting a stimulating environment for themselves and their community rather than resorting to clichés or pinchpenny expediency. As it is, their education rarely leads to a grasp of organic development and visual beauty. The pseudoartistic examples of design that reach them through aggressive sales techniques, with their competitive assault of chaotic shapes and colors, is apt to reduce them to a state of sensorial apathy.

We need to revitalize our natural creative capacities which for so long have been allowed to atrophy. It will not, of course, be easy to recapture a birthright almost completely forsaken. The effort must begin in school, during the child's formative years.

To accomplish this, our educational system, with its overemphasis on fact-finding, must cultivate attitudes which will integrate emotional experience with scientific and technical knowledge. The strong puritan bias in our national origin, mistrustful of emotional responses, has so influenced education that natural impulses have been inhibited and the artistic imagination cannot take wing. We must overcome such prejudices, and broaden our educational approach to include the recognition of emotional impulses, controlling rather than suppressing them. The development of our imaginative faculties would then generate an atmosphere in which the artist could flourish, not as an isolated phenomenon, ignored or rejected by the crowd, but as an integral part of our public life.

We already let our children in kindergarten recreate their surroundings in imaginative play. This interest, in one form or another, should be intensified and perpetuated all the way through school and college. Practical design problems in form, color and space relations should be studied and actual materials used for their representation. In such an educational concept I do not view book learning as an end in itself, but rather as a means to illuminate practical experience. It should become second nature for the student to adopt a constructive attitude towards the appearance of his own habitat so that in later life he may creatively participate in its development.

Nothing promotes an understanding of environmental planning better than active participation in it. If such a general spirit penetrates society at all levels, then the artistically gifted will respond naturally and exuberantly, giving expression to the common desire. The artist's work and message will be understood by all people, not just by one group or clique.

The modern artist is frequently accused of moving in an exclusive world of his own, a stranger to his fellow men. But a true artist is always a candid interpreter of his society. If his society has few clear aims and standards, his work will reflect that lack. Instead of condemning him for not producing soothing entertainment, we should heed and try to understand his message. The interpretation of beauty constantly changes with the development of philosophy and science, and as the artist is sensitive to the spiritual and scientific concepts of his time, he intuitively expresses them. If we cannot always follow him, the fault may lie in our complacency toward the very forces that shape our times. There is no cause to berate the artist for deliberate mystification or frivolity when we, his audience, have lost interest in his search for a symbolic expression of contemporary phenomena. We ought instead to recognize his Apollonic work as a vital contribution to the health of a genuine democracy, because the artist bespeaks the whole man. The artist's freedom, his independence and his intuitiveness are the antidotes to the overmechanization which plagues us. Our disoriented society desperately needs his stabilizing influence to moderate the furious tempo of science and industry.

What kind of educational climate must we provide to fire the imagination of a potential artist and equip him with an infallible technique? Out of a passionate concern with this problem, realizing that the lone "visionary" had little chance to change the general education or industrial system, I took it upon myself almost forty years ago to found a pilot institute. This was the Bauhaus School of Design in Weimar and later Dessau, Germany. The faculty, whom I recruited from the ranks of the most advanced painters, sculptors and architects of the day, and I shared the belief that it was essential to select talented young people before they had either surrendered to the conformity of the industrial community or withdrawn into ivory towers. We proposed to train them to bridge the gap between the rigid mentality of the businessman and technologist and the imagination of the creative artist. We wanted our students to come to terms with the machine without sacrificing their initiative so that they might bring to mass production, to architecture and to community planning a sense of order and beauty.

To that end we combined our efforts to evolve a teachable, supraindividual language of form based on psychological and biological factors. This language was to furnish the student with an objective knowledge of visual facts. Beyond that, it was to establish a common background for spontaneous artistic creation, saving the work of the artist from arbitrariness or isolation and making it part of the development of a genuine *Zeitgeist*, away from the I-cult. Our object was not to supply a new set of recipes, but to inculcate a new set of values reflecting the thought and feeling of our time. That goal could be approached only by an unfettered search for the laws governing materials and techniques as well as those governing human psychology. Our students were first taught the psychological effects of form, color, texture, contrasts, rhythm, light and shade. They were familiarized with the rules of proportion and human scale. They were encouraged to explore the fascinating world of optical illusions, indispensable to the creation of form. The student was led through many stages of creative experience with various materials and tools to make him aware of their potentialities as well as his own talents and limitations.

After this basic course the students were trained in a specialized craft of their own choice. The instruction in craftsmanship given in the Bauhaus workshops was not an end in itself, but a means of education. The aim was to turn out designers able, by their intimate knowledge of materials and working processes, to produce models for industrial mass production which were not only designed but made at the Bauhaus. These designers had to be fully acquainted with the methods of production on an industrial scale and so, during their training, they were assigned temporarily to practical work in factories. Conversely, skilled factory workmen came to the Bauhaus to discuss the needs of industry with the staff and the students.

The Bauhaus was not concerned with producing designs of ephemeral commercial gadgets. It was rather a laboratory for basic research into design problems of all types. Staff and students succeeded in giving their work a homogeneity based not on external, stylistic features, but on a fundamental approach to design which resulted in standard products rather than novelties.

In short, the purpose of the Bauhaus was not to propagate any style, system or dogma, but to exert a revitalizing influence on design. We sought an approach to education which would promote a creative state of mind and thus help to re-establish contemporary architecture and design as a social art.

The influence of the Bauhaus on American design and design curricula has been widespread. Its lesson is particularly applicable in this country because nowhere else is the assembly-line method so firmly entrenched and, consequently, nowhere does a greater need exist for a guide to standards of excellence in mass production. A firm resolve to mass-produce goods of both technical quality and cultural significance would have far-reaching effect, because the world has learned to watch the United States for signposts to where the journey into the machine age is heading. So far, the rest of the world has been thrilled by some of the achievements of United States designers and manufacturers, but more often it has been merely snowed under by an avalanche of poorly designed gadgets, the modish fluctuations of an industry bent on attracting customers by entertainment value rather than by quality. Respect for the sound standard product, combining function with aesthetic value, is at a low ebb. Merchandising catchwords attempting to glorify every trifling industrial product have beclouded the issue. There is no sustained effort to determine which features of our vast industrial civilization represent the best and lasting values and should therefore be cultivated to form the nucleus of a new cultural tradition for the machine age. Instead of recognizing that cultural achievement stems from the selection of the essential and typical, we exalt quantity.

Selectivity is a criterion of a balanced culture. Indiscrimination leads to cultural anarchy. To achieve true standards, we must first cultivate a voluntary discipline, acknowledging that there is greater excitement and promise of beauty in purposeful limitation than in mere accumulation. Variety for variety's sake as a continuous national program will eventually surfeit even the most voracious consumer and alienate our warmest admirers abroad.

The idea of limitation has never greatly appealed to Americans. Early in their history they embarked on the ambitious plan of proving that material blessings could be (*Continued on Page 54*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Constable Cranberry, the one-man police force of a small seaside resort, arrested Mr. and Mrs. Brown for strolling along Main Street in bathing togs. They were charged with violating an ordinance prohibiting grownups from appearing "on a public street in bathing costume, shorts or in any other than the customary street attire."

"In view of the way they were dressed—or undressed—it is clear that Mr. and Mrs. Brown violated the law," the prosecutor argued. "Therefore they must be fined."

"What does the law mean by 'bathing costume'?" Brown countered. "The wording can mean anything from an all-revealing bikini to an old-fashioned bathing suit which covers a person from head to foot. At any rate, it is unreasonable to enforce it against persons in decent bathing attire."

If you were the judge, would you fine the Browns?

• •

Not guilty. The court said the law was unconstitutional because it was so vague that it left a doubt as to what amounted to a violation. "No man or woman can be obliged to wear 'customary street attire,'" it ruled. "The woman of today wears one-piece swim suits, two-piece swim suits with or without skirts, shorts with halters, pedal pushers or any variation. If the law is to prohibit any of these, it must so specify."

Based upon a 1957 New York decision.

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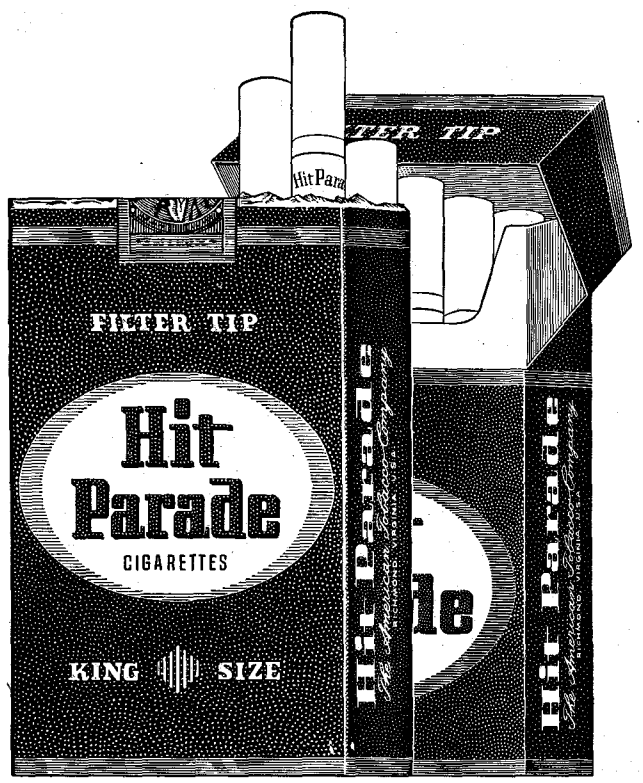

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(*Continued from Page 52*) shared by all. But now we must open new doors. One of the brightest prospects will be the creation of visual order out of our chaotic modern scene by co-operative efforts and co-ordinated planning.

As an architect I see the greatest challenge in applying the idea of unity in diversity to housing—to create flexible standards. Prefabrication holds enormous promise, but we got off on the wrong foot by prefabricating entire houses, each indistinguishable from its neighbor, instead of prefabricating only their components. We thereby produced monotony instead of unity. The public has shied away from prefabrication because man tends to rebel against regimentation. The present trend in prefabrication tries to satisfy the hunger for individuality by manufacturing components of houses which can be assembled in various combinations. Thus applied, prefabrication will someday bring the low-income class within reach of better, cheaper and more individualized housing.

Historical precedent justifies this optimism. An artistically sophisticated system of prefabrication prevailed in Japan as early as the seventeenth century. It was, of course, based on an artisan culture. In modern Japan one can still buy all the component parts for a house of any desired size and have them quickly assembled. Each house embodies identical components, yet each looks different, and at the same time, by a common denominator of beauty and dignity, fits harmoniously into its neighborhood. What a contrast to the chaotic riot of forms, materials and colors of our Main Streets! True, the standard Japanese house could not fulfill our modern living requirements, particularly those of comfort and convenience. But its conception reflects such a remarkably mature process of selective development that we might well translate it into the terms of our own technical potentialities.

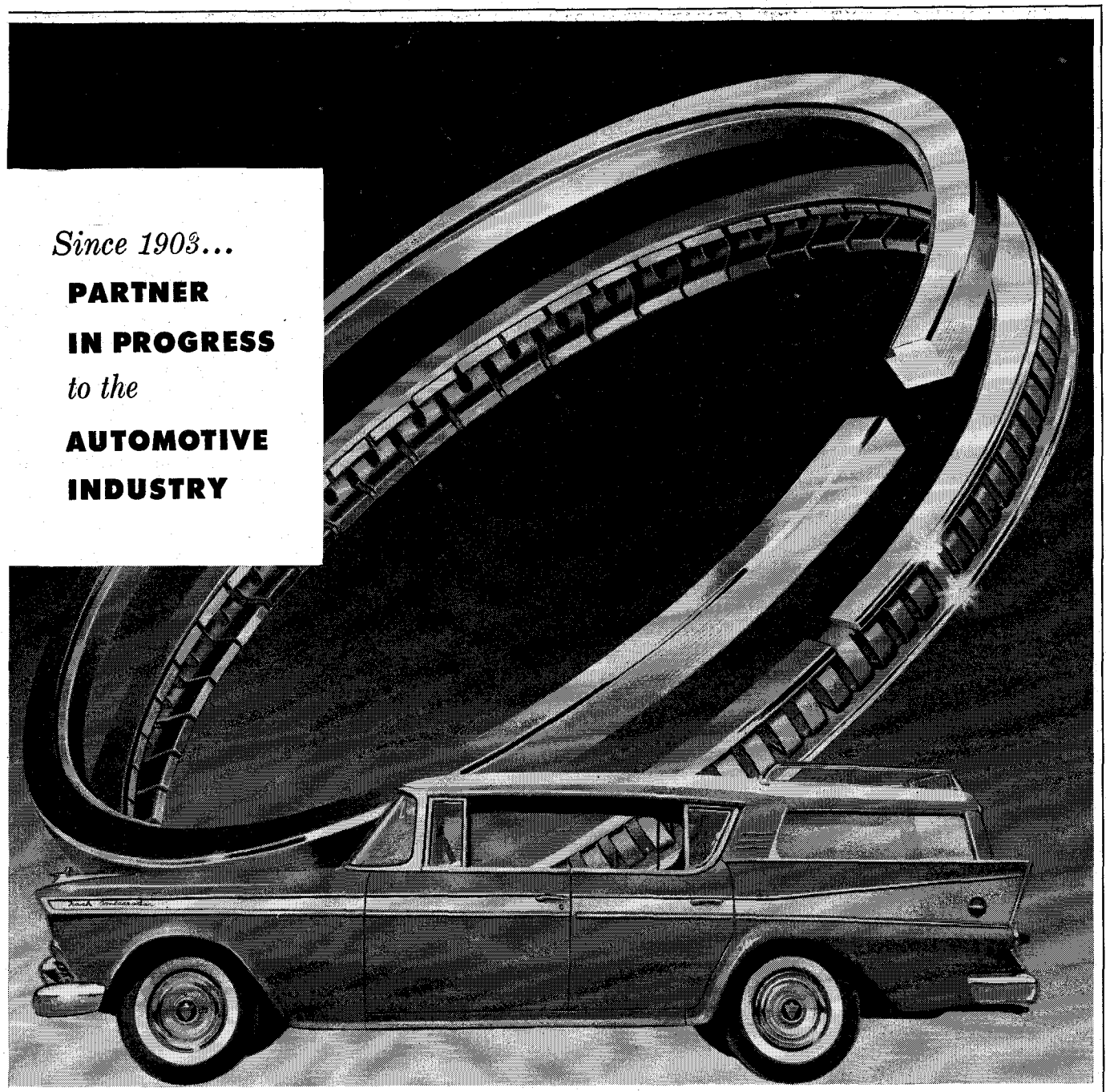
Obviously, the ideas which finally crystallize into an aesthetic principle must be rooted in society as a whole, not in individual genius alone. But it is such a common background of distinct attitudes which the artist needs to relate his own contribution successfully to an established social order. In all great cultural periods unity of form has been given to the man-made environment. This, in retrospect, we call style.

To reach this goal, we must restore the influence of the artist. We must establish him in our industrial framework as a full-fledged member of the production team along with the engineer, the scientist and the businessman. Only together can they combine low cost, good technique and beautiful form in our products. Initiative in business must be balanced by initiative in cultural fields. To become fully mature a democracy must bestow the highest prestige upon the artist.

The American sophisticate roams the world today nostalgically searching for products that do not bear the stamp of mass production and sales organization. This is a sentimental journey to recover what he has lost at home. He seeks standard products whose usefulness and beauty have been patiently developed by the skill and unwavering good sense of generations of craftsmen, and which, ironically, have now become curios for connoisseurs. The thrill of acquisition grows rarer as economic pressures force other countries to remake themselves in the American image of mechanical mass production. Meanwhile, whoever turns his back on his own civilization forfeits the chance to perform a service which his heritage, his basic philosophy and present need urgently demand of him—namely, to turn the calamities of the machine age into assets by inculcating the desire for quality and beauty in the producer as well as in the consumer.

As long as our "cultured" elite insist that undiscriminating popular taste is beyond repair, that salvation lies in imposing upon an uncomprehending public an authoritative aesthetic formula, they will sidestep the particular obligation of a democratic society—to work from the ground up instead of from the top down. The dicta of the illuminati derive from an epoch when cultural matters were the concern of an elite who could enforce standards of taste, as well as of production. This cannot suffice in our present democratic system. A social organization that has conferred equal privileges on everybody must finally acknowledge its duty to prevent such privileges from being wasted through ignorance and unresponsiveness. This can be accomplished only by gradually raising the general level of perceptiveness and discrimination, not by handing out formulas from above. Aesthetic creativeness cannot survive either as the privilege and occupation of an esoteric few or as an embellishing cloak thrown over the unlovely features of the contemporary scene. It should be a primary function of all, with a solid foundation in popular custom. Unity in diversity—the symbol of culture and its sublime manifestation.

The next generation may witness such a unification of society. The role of the artist will then be to find the humanized image for society's aspirations and ideals. By virtue of his ability to give visible symbols to significant order, he may once again become society's seer and mentor, and as custodian of its conscience solve the American paradox. THE END



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Pigskin Preview (Continued from Page 27)

coaches now agree that the colleges must put on a better show to meet the competition of professional football. Pro attendance has risen almost 70 per cent in the last ten years; college attendance is down about 1 per cent.

H. O. (Fritz) Crisler, retiring rules chairman and University of Michigan athletic director, said, "With this rules change, a team behind 14 to 6, is still in the game. The fourth quarter won't go dead."

Some of the smaller colleges, members of the N.A.I.A. (National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics), will continue to play under their own rules: unlimited substitution and an inflexible single point after touchdown.

For the majority of colleges, however, inventiveness has been stimulated, with teams practicing more on odd, deceptive plays within the five-yard line. Such tricks might prove even more effective in vital situations in midfield. Jordan Olivar, Yale coach, looks for "a lot of crazy formations." The general idea is to loosen the defense and not keep banging against it—to get the sand out of the football and put the air back in it.

Scores this season will look strange and sound strange—8–8, 16–8, 22–15, and the like. Newspaper, newsreel and TV cameramen will focus more on the end zones and the goal posts. Field-goal attempts will be more frequent, as their three-point value assumes new importance. In fact, I predict the next college-rules change will be the return of the crossbar to the goal line.

Liberalized N.C.A.A. substitution rules this season permit players to enter a game twice each quarter. This encourages the development of kicking, passing and pass-receiving specialists. It's conceivable that two-platoon football may be revived partially. A coach with abundant material could even form an offensive team, a defensive team and a third team adapted to play both ways. This third team could serve as an emergency unit in case the two others exhausted their eligibility to return to the game.

Another new regulation specifies that offensive blockers may use "only one arm and that hand" when contacting an opponent, the purpose being to eliminate shadow boxing and striking an opponent in the face. Some think this rule change will be watered down by interpretation. Then again, Dan Devine, new Missouri coach, predicts, "Some team is going to lose a game on a play where this new blocking rule is called, and the losing coach will take the game movies and show ten or fifteen times where the other team did the same thing and it wasn't called."

Noticeable will be a wider use of the close huddle originated last year by Coach Paul Bryant, then at Texas A. & M. and now at Alabama. With the players huddling two yards back of the line of scrimmage instead of the usual eight or ten, not only is energy conserved but also the ball can be snapped before the opposition has much time to adjust its defenses—a distinct advantage for multiple-offense teams. "And today," points out Duffy Daugherty, of Michigan State, "you find mighty few teams employing just one offense."

Off the field, sweet reasonableness balances the seesaw between the forces of idealism and practicality. The Big Ten outlawed the stockpiling of players by restricting eligibility to four academic years. It limited financial aid for athletes to applicants in the top two thirds of their high-school classes. On the other hand, the league's members may extend their schedules from nine to ten games beginning in 1959. Moreover, Indiana set a possible precedent by becoming the first school in the league to hire a full-time recruiter.

The Big Ten may have to do some rationalizing to continue playing in the Rose Bowl after this year, now that the Pacific Coast Conference has voted to disband effective June 30, 1959. It has been proposed that the Pasadena Tournament of Roses continue to pick its West Coast team from among the nine conference members through the 1960 Rose Bowl game.

Meanwhile a new "big time" group is being formed, consisting of U.C.L.A., Southern California, Washington and perhaps one or two others. They plan to have an executive secretary, instead of a conference commissioner with punitive powers. Their theory is that policing is already being taken care of by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, as illustrated by the recent probation sentences slapped on Auburn—for the second time—and S.M.U.

The N.C.A.A. president, Prof. Frank Gardner, of Drake University, reflects that body's emphatic concern for college football's essential character in his vigorous opposition to Pennsylvania's and Pittsburgh's rental of their stadiums for Sunday professional games. The pros also attempted to obtain Northwestern's stadium. At present the decision is up to the individual college, but if the pros persist in efforts to move in, the N.C.A.A. threatens to pass a rule forbidding its members to enter into such agreements.

Rather than dwell on potential conflicts, this previewer prefers to take as his keynote some recent observations on college football by President Harlan Hatcher, of the University of Michigan:

"In this age, we should try to preserve some of the delights that go with life. We have plenty of grim things facing us; we need the relief we find in sports. It's not only necessary to survive . . . but to live with some positive sense of joy and fulfillment."

This brings us to the chancy business of singling out the top teams and players. These conjectures can be grim things when they turn out wrong, and positive delights when they prove right.

EAST

No. 1 Team: Navy.

Runners-Up: Army, Penn State, Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Boston College, Colgate, Holy Cross, Villanova, Rutgers, Boston University.

Ivy League Champion: Princeton.

Runners-Up: Dartmouth, Yale, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Harvard, Brown.

Best of Rest: Lehigh, Delaware, Lafayette, Gettysburg, Bucknell, Temple, Scranton, Muhlenberg, Hofstra, Geneva, West Chester, Juniata, Lycoming, Drexel, Hobart, Swarthmore, Carnegie Tech, Albright, Moravian, Pennsylvania Military College, Franklin and Marshall, Hamilton, Haverford, Dickinson, Western Maryland, Lebanon Valley, Susquehanna, Thiel, Allegheny, Lock Haven, Westminster, Waynesburg, Shippensburg, Ursinus, St. Vincent.

New England: Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Tufts, Williams, Wesleyan, Trinity, Colby, Amherst, Springfield, Bates, Northeastern, Brandeis, Bowdoin.

Navy's football players now go to class with the other midshipmen, rather than in the special sections operated since 1952. However, clannishness in the manufacture of touchdowns will not be discouraged, especially against Army. Both service academies must develop quarterbacks, but Army boasts a pair of holdover halfbacks, All-American Bob Anderson and captain Pete Dawkins, who together scored twenty-five touchdowns last season. Army's weakest line spot, tackle, is Navy's floating fortress, with mobile Bob Reifsnyder manning the position.

Penn State, returning six first-stringers, expects to improve last season's six-three record with a stouter defense. Pittsburgh will throw more from a new split-end and wingback formation after completing thirty of fifty passes in its spring game. Syracuse's hard-hitting line may offset lack of speed in the backfield. Boston College has unusual depth, but tougher intersectional games may impede a bowl bid. Colgate's air attack features superb pass-catching end Al Jamison. Holy Cross is guided by one of the East's ablest quarterbacks, Tom Greene. Villanova lost eight 1957 starters. Rutgers rates captain Bill Austin the best running back in its history. Boston University, a junior team still offense-minded, faces an overpowering schedule.

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Modern House

No matter how many rooms
it has
To cook or eat or lie in,
It ought to have at least
two baths
For drip-dries to drip dry in.

Patricia Duff McGinley

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Forecasting the Ivy League finish is an invitation to disaster. Last year's guess was on the nose, not only one-two-three, but also four-five-six. However, defending champion Princeton's touchdown tempo won't slow with Dan Sachs and Fred Tiley slam-banging the single wing, and Dartmouth promises exceptional defensive ruggedness, spearheaded by burly middle guard Al Krutsch. Yale and Pennsylvania have the same worry—the up-the-middle positions of center, quarterback and fullback. Yet Yale inherits momentum, having won sixteen of its last twenty Ivy League games, and Penn's squad is the most experienced of Steve Sebo's five-year coaching span. Cornell has an improved line and hard-running backs, but no breakaway speed. Columbia's unusually large squad includes the quarterback most thoroughly indoctrinated in the winged T—coach Buff Donelli's son, Dick. Harvard is well-fortified at tackles, thin elsewhere. Brown depends heavily on its center-quarterback duo, Don Warburton and Frank Finney.

Lehigh, a middle-bracket Eastern school which packed a big 1957 punch, is cofavored with Delaware in the university division of the newly formed Middle Atlantic Conference. Hofstra and West Chester appear strongest in the twenty-member college division. Williams, defending Little Three champion, which was unbeaten last season for the first time in forty years, returns more lettermen—thirty-eight—than any other squad in the nation.

The East's 1957 attendance increase of 6.6 per cent, largest of any section, is credited principally to revival of interest among the smaller colleges.

Eastern Stars: Linemen—Reifsnyder (t), Navy; Krutsch (g), Dartmouth; Jamison (e), Colgate; Guzik (g), Pittsburgh; Stynchula (t), Penn State; Benecick (g), Syracuse; Warburton (c), Brown; Bennett (t), Boston College; Healy (g), Holy Cross; O'Pella (e), Villanova; Shaunessy (t), Harvard; Szvetecz (c), Princeton; Lynch (g) Yale; Hordubay (t), Pennsylvania; Wenzel (e), Lehigh; Jones (g), Delaware; Yohn (c), Gettysburg; Hedeman (t), Williams; Drewniak (g), Ursinus.

Backs—Anderson and Dawkins, Army; Greene, Holy Cross; Riddle, Pittsburgh; Austin, Rutgers; Allard, Boston College; Tiley and Sachs, Princeton; Jacks, Penn State; Finney, Brown; Donelli and Brookins, Columbia; MacDonald, Hofstra; D. Rorke, Williams; Day, Connecticut.

Sophomores—Bellino (b), Navy; Ditka (e), Pittsburgh; Pyle (t), Yale; Robotti (b) and Eisenhauer (e), Boston College; Tino (b), Cornell; DeHaven (g), Dartmouth; Moynihan (b), Holy Cross; Burgess (b), Boston U.; Trout (e), Princeton; Miller (g), Columbia; Elia (b), Delaware; Scheu (b), Lehigh; Ortman (b), Haverford; Shreve (b), Wesleyan; Olderman (t), Allegheny.

SOUTH

Atlantic Coast Conference Champion: Clemson.

Runners-Up: North Carolina, Duke, Maryland, South Carolina, North Carolina State, Wake Forest, Virginia.

Southern Conference Champion: West Virginia.

Runner-Up: Virginia Tech.

Above Average: William and Mary, V.M.I., Citadel, Richmond, George Washington, Furman, Davidson.

Best of Rest: Hampden-Sydney, Wofford, Elon, Lenoir-Rhyne, Maryland State, Appalachian State, Presbyterian, Western Carolina, East Carolina, Newberry, Emory and Henry, Washington and Lee, Catawba, Guilford.

After a five-year tie-up with the Orange Bowl, Atlantic Coast Conference teams are now free to play in any bowl, and notions of a Sugar, Cotton or Gator bid abound in both Carolinas. Clemson's finest-ever backfield brigade, led by brilliant Harvey White, all-conference quarterback and multiple record-breaker last season, gets an early test September twenty-seventh against North Carolina. According to pro scouts, North Carolina is "loaded," from skilled senior tackle Phil Blazer to hot sophs Rip Hawkins, center, and Sonny Folckomer, halfback. However, Tarheel coach Jim Tatum still points to 1959 rather than 1958 as his year.

Duke, dubious about its tackles in a heavy intersectional schedule, claims the league's top halfback in Wray Carlton, a runner, blocker, pass-catcher, punter and place kicker. South Carolina has a rival candidate in Alex Hawkins. Of Hawkins, coach Warren Giese says, "I've seen no back in recent years who has such all-round talent and is as willing to use it." Giese is engaged in a crackling personal feud with Frank Howard, Clemson coach. To upset Clemson would be his most satisfying accomplishment.

Maryland has over-all depth, featuring two of the nation's finest junior guards, Rodney Breedlove and Tom Gunderman. North Carolina State, surprise 1957 A.C.C. champion, lost eighteen lettermen, including invaluable ball-mover Dick Christy. Yet the Wolfpack con-

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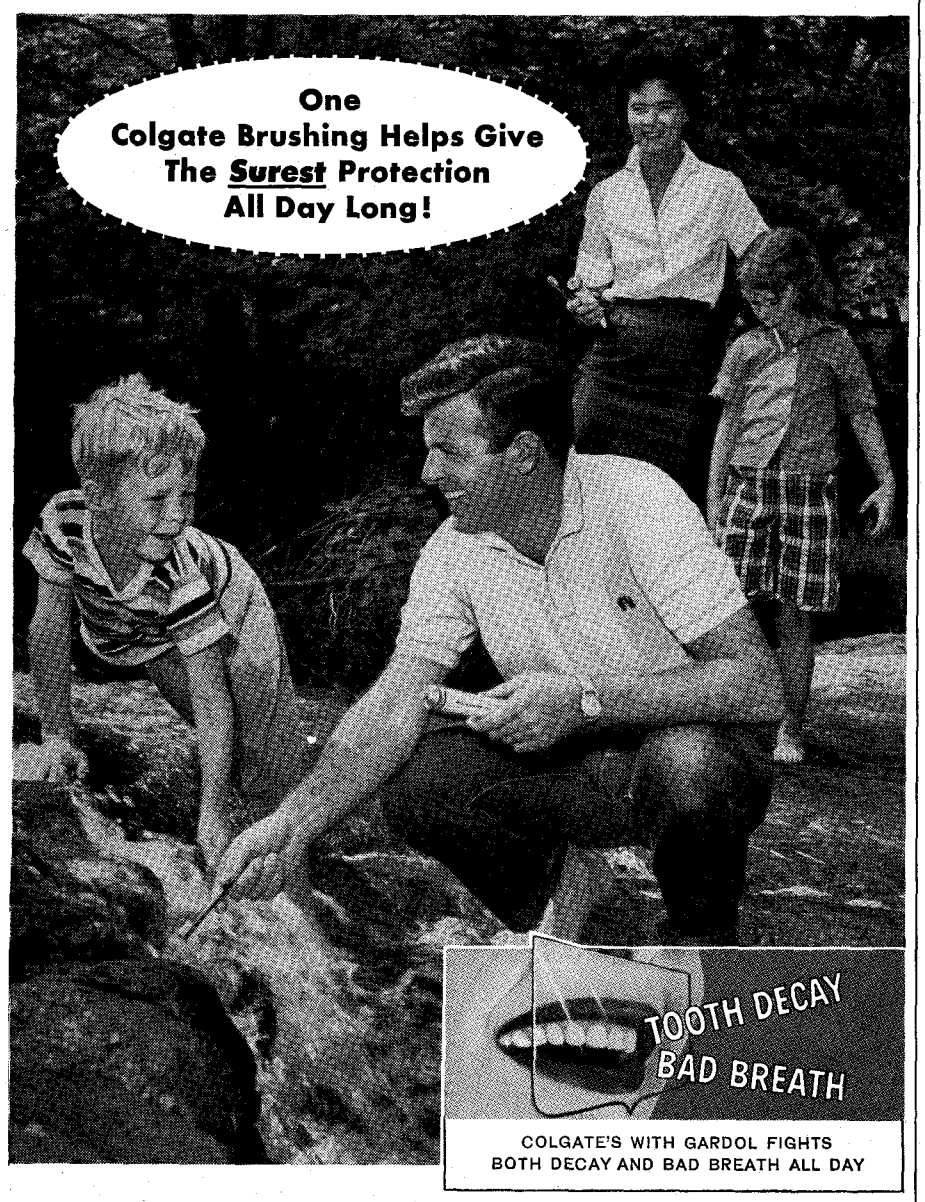

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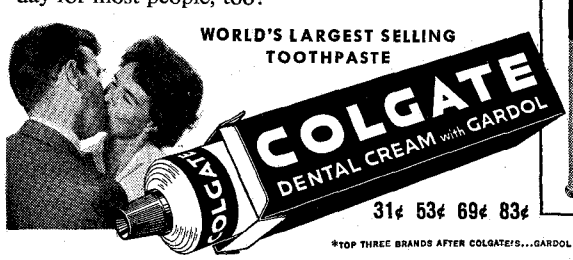

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

tinues to exhibit remarkable spirit, despite the school's N.C.A.A. probation for basketball recruiting violations. Wake Forest's veterans are hard-pushed by thirty-six sophomores. Undermanned Virginia, with a new coach, Dick Voris, is unlikely to equal last year's three-six-one record.

West Virginia, eager to join a league of Eastern independents, undertakes a broadening schedule with extreme confidence in its backfield personnel. Virginia Tech, aspiring to A.C.C. membership, hopes to avoid last season's painful total of forty-two fumbles and pass interceptions. William and Mary's many veterans include no good punter. Speed is V.M.I.'s chief hope in trying to extend its 1957 unbeaten record—nine wins, one tie. Richmond has one good line, two good backfields. Both George Washington and Citadel are thin. Davidson has size and experience, for a change, but Furman must call on rookies to fill some vacancies. This is the last season, incidentally, that freshmen will be eligible in the Southern Conference.

Wofford is guided by Little All-American quarterback Charlie Bradshaw.

SOUTHERN STARS: Linemen—Blazer (t), North Carolina; Breedlove (g) and Gunderman (g), Maryland; Thomas (c), Clemson; Call (g), Virginia; Pepe (e), North Carolina State; McGee (g), Duke; Dale (e), Virginia Tech; Schaubach (t), William and Mary; Fairbanks (e), West Virginia; McFalls (t) and Borst (c), V.M.I.; Cleveland (g), Citadel; Lamberti (t), Richmond.

Backs—White, Clemson; Carlton and Dutrow, Duke; Hawkins and Dixon, South Carolina; Cummings, North Carolina; MacLean, Wake Forest; Peterson, West Virginia; Chunta, William and Mary; Ames, Richmond; Horner, V.M.I.; Baker, Furman; Bradshaw, Wofford; Benson, Davidson; Ackard, Lenoir-Rhyne.

Sophomores—Hawkins (c) and Folckomer (b), North Carolina; Shingler (b), Clemson; Staats (t), West Virginia; Moorman (e), Duke; Gibson (b), North Carolina State; Taylor (e), South Carolina; Scott (e), Maryland; Snead (b), Wake Forest; Stoy (b), William and Mary; Badgett (c), V.M.I.; Buffman (t), Richmond; Aycock (b), Citadel.

SOUTHEAST

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Mississippi.

RUNNERS-UP: Auburn, Mississippi State.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Georgia Tech, Tennessee, L.S.U., Kentucky, Florida, Georgia, Vanderbilt, Alabama, Tulane.

NO. 1 INDEPENDENT: Miami.

BEST OF REST: Florida State, Mississippi Southern, Middle Tennessee, Louisville, Memphis State, Tennessee Tech, Chattanooga, Tampa, Louisiana Tech, Delta State, Northwestern Louisiana, Murray State, Southeastern Louisiana, Jacksonville State, McNeese, Western Kentucky, Eastern Kentucky, Austin Peay, Sewanee, Mississippi College, Centre, Tennessee State, Florida A. & M., Jackson State.

Mississippi, one of the medium states in population, somehow supplies an unending flow of first-rate football material to its two Southeastern Conference members, Ole Miss and Mississippi State. This year marks a new high in near-equal division of home-grown talent. Ole Miss retains the core of its speed-to-spare squad that slashed Texas, 39 to 7, in the Sugar Bowl. The hero of that spectacle, quarterback Raymond Brown, has graduated. But successors Bobby Franklin and Billy Brewer should be his equals in directing a team that likes to pass, and does pass, yet also averages close to 250 yards per game rushing the ball.

Mississippi State, one of the very few pure split-T teams, is blessed with an expert quarterback of two-year varsity experience, Billy Stacy, to operate its four basic plays—the option, the dive, the fullback counter and the fullback off tackle—and cleverly mix in passes. Well-stocked Auburn, the nation's No. 1 team in the 1957 Associated Press poll with a perfect ten-game slate, was also the national leader on defense, yielding only twenty-eight points. Auburn returns twenty-three lettermen, including stellar end Jerry Wilson and natural athlete Jackie Burkett, a center who would be outstanding at almost any position. The question: Will Auburn's morale sag in the face of another three-year probation sentence and bowl ban by the N.C.A.A.?

Habitual winner Georgia Tech, after experiencing its first below-par season since 1950, is junking the belly series, installing new tricks, searching for an all-the-way runner and depending on consistent line-backer Max Baughan to bulwark a defense weakened by tackle Urban Henry's summer surrender to pro football. Tennessee has only junior and sophomore tailbacks to pilot its single-wing formation through a rugged campaign opening with Auburn, Mississippi State and Georgia Tech. L.S.U., with speed in the backfield to offset an inexperienced line, is my long-shot pick, especially if gifted 9.5 sprinter Billy Cannon masters the art of balancing on cutbacks.

Kentucky's main weapon is underrated Bobby Cravens, one of the hardest runners in football. Florida, deep at guards, was jolted by the loss of ace halfback Bernie Parrish to professional baseball. Georgia, finishing strong last season, will be further improved. The Bulldogs wouldn't trade captain Theron Sapp for any other S.E.C. fullback. Vanderbilt owns the league's most gainful passer in quarterback Boyce Smith, and packs a wallop at center and guard, but is plagued by inexperience at tackle. Alabama's aggressive new coach, Paul Bryant, would be delighted with a five-five record to launch his rebuilding. Tulane, with competent throwers and receivers, is taking to the air.

Among Miami's nine returning regulars is left-hand passing wizard Fran Curci, already the school's all-time quarterback even at 148 pounds. Florida State will start five sophomores.

SOUTHEASTERN STARS: Linemen—Wilson (e), Burkett (c) and Smith (g), Auburn; Baughan (c), Georgia Tech; Deiderich (g), Vanderbilt; Kirk (c) and Grantham (e), Mississippi; Urbano (g), Tennessee; Heckman (t), Florida; Logan (g), Mississippi State; Diamond (t), Miami; Johnston (c), Mississippi Southern; Greer (g), Middle Tennessee; Hardin (g), Western Kentucky; Taylor (c), Florida A. & M.

Backs—Stacy, Mississippi State; Cannon, L.S.U.; Cravens, Kentucky; Lorino, Auburn; Franklin, Mississippi; Curci, Miami; B. Smith, Vanderbilt; C. Smith, Tennessee; Petitbon, Tulane; Sapp, Georgia; Tolar, Northwestern Louisiana; Renn, Florida State; Hallum, Middle Tennessee; Mann, Tennessee Tech; Butler, Chattanooga; Cason, Tampa; Suesberry, Tennessee State.

Sophomores—Suggs (t), Mississippi State; Murphy (e), Georgia Tech; Majors (b), Tennessee; Strange (c), L.S.U.; Rice (t), Auburn; Nugent (b) and Colon (b), Tulane; Gibbs (b) and Price (g), Mississippi; Bird (b) and Mueller (e), Kentucky; Dunlop (b), Florida; Morrison

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(b), Alabama; Romeo (e), Florida State; Rodriquez (t), Tampa.

MIDDLE WEST

No. 1 Independent: Notre Dame.
Big Ten Champion: Ohio State.
Runners-Up: Michigan State, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan.
Above Average: Illinois, Purdue, Minnesota, Northwestern, Indiana.
Best of Rest: Detroit, Miami U., Dayton, Marquette, Bowling Green, Kent State, Marshall, Eastern Michigan, Toledo, Ohio U., St. Joseph's, Muskingum, Akron, Denison, Heidelberg, Wittenberg, John Carroll, Wooster, Capital, Otterbein, Ohio Wesleyan, Hillsdale, Ripon, Western Illinois, Hiram, Oberlin, Baldwin-Wallace, Western Reserve, Wheaton, Central Michigan, DePauw, St. Norbert, Carleton, Coe, St. Olaf, Grinnell, Knox.

Among all the daredevils in the hazardous coaching profession, Terry Brennan of Notre Dame has improved his position the most. His 1957 squad quieted alumni growls with seven victories, highlighted by the unforgettable shattering of Oklahoma's forty-seven-game winning streak and a season-ending splurge of ninety-four points against Southern California and S.M.U. Guard Al Ecuyer, fullback Nick Pietrosante and six other regulars return. Solid Hugh Devore has been added to the coaching staff, and Oklahoma and Michigan State subtracted from the schedule.

Eight first-stringers from Ohio State's championship Rose Bowl team again serve "plain vanilla"—straight power, rare passes and nothing fancy—the flavor coach Woody Hayes has stuck to in compiling a remarkable twenty-four and two Big Ten record the past four seasons. Another enormous Buckeye line will lead the way for quick hole-finder Don Clark and tremendous leg-driver Bob White, perhaps the most forceful one-two backfield punch in college football.

Michigan State, with its usual resources, remains a prime contender, despite a knee injury this spring to Blanche Martin and the graduation of two other backfield fireballs, Walt Kowalczyk and Jim Ninowski. Captain Sam Williams may be the best all-round end in Spartan history; mammoth tackles Palmer Pyle, 240, and Fran O'Brien, 235, outdo most linemen in speed-for-pounds, and stubby, deep-voiced signal-caller Mike Panitch (five-seven) is the Big Ten's premier gridiron coxswain.

Wisconsin's surprising sophomores of 1957, seventh team in the nation in rushing offense, now present a tighter defense and more depth. Dan Lanphear is a devastating tackle whose bid for All-American suffers only from the modesty of the Badgers' athletic publicist, his father. Iowa is short on interior linemen, but long on proficient backs, especially passer-runner Randy Duncan. Michigan, rebuilding after losing its varsity line from tackle to tackle, unveils a formidable sophomore in twenty-six-year-old ex-Marine Don Deskins (240 pounds), who'll play first-string guard unless slowed by a knee injury. What would lift the Wolverines most is a good year from John Herrnstein, injury-hounded fullback.

Purdue worries about whether lame tackles Nick Mumley and Wayne Farmer will fully recover; its healthiest spot is quarterback, where Bob Spoo and Ross Fichtner alternate. Illinois lost regular quarterback Tom Haller to professional baseball, and gains little assistance anywhere from its sophomores. Minnesota lacks experience, other than at ends, but foresees added agility. Phil Dickens, coaching Indiana after sitting out a year's suspension by the Big Ten, shelves the side-saddle T for the orthodox single wing, wherein the quarterback becomes a blocking back. Northwestern fields only four seniors.

Detroit may have tapped a rich new vein—four sophomores among its ninety-eight candidates are from Canada. Marquette still seeks its first victory since November, 1955.

Midwestern Stars: Linemen—Ecuyer (g), Notre Dame; Williams (e) and Kelly (g), Michigan State; Lanphear (t) and Kocourek (e), Wisconsin; Houston (e), and Schafrath (t), Ohio State; Prahst (e), Michigan; Lewis (c), Iowa; Burrell (g), Illinois; Svendsen (c) and Gehring (e), Minnesota; Franckhauser (e), Purdue; Karas (t), Dayton; Fairfield (t), Miami U.; DelConte (t), Xavier; Bakke (t), Wheaton; Furnish (g), Butler.

Backs—White and Clark, Ohio State; Pietrosante and Williams, Notre Dame; Herrnstein, Michigan; Duncan, Iowa; Johnson and Look, Michigan State; Hackbart, Wisconsin; Fowler, Northwestern; Delveaux, Illinois; Maher, Detroit; Ramlow, Bowling Green; Webster, Marquette; Dingle, Wooster; Beach, Central Michigan; Lancaster, Wittenberg.

Sophomores—Deskins (g), Michigan; Boyle (c) and Scibelli (t), Notre Dame; Hauer (g), Ohio State; Wilson (b) and Arbanas (e), Michigan State; Brown (g), Minnesota; Fleming (b), Iowa; Kerr (g), Indiana; Jones (b), Purdue; Rowan (b), Detroit; Montgomery (e), Xavier; Colaner (g), Bowling Green; Rinehart (b), Denison.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Big Eight Champion: Oklahoma.
Runners-Up: Colorado, Kansas.
Missouri Valley Conference Champion: Houston.
Runners-Up: Cincinnati, Tulsa.
Above Average: Oklahoma State, Missouri, Kansas State, Nebraska, North Texas State, Wichita.
Best of Rest: Drake, Bradley, Washington U., Pittsburg State, South Dakota State, Iowa Teachers, Morningside, Augustana, North Dakota State, South Dakota, St. Benedict's, Missouri Mines, Omaha, Luther, St. Ambrose, Hastings.

When Oklahoma's string of forty-seven victories was broken by Notre Dame, a tolerant alumnus observed, "I still think Bud Wilkinson's a good coach." Wilkinson is more inclined to credit the team's success to its tenacious breed of players, many descended from frontier pioneer stock. Whatever the reason, the Orange Bowl is so certain Oklahoma will be the Big Eight champion—for the eleventh consecutive year—that it persuaded the conference to waive its rule that no team can play in two successive bowl games. So Oklahoma probably will revisit Miami again New Year's Day, helping the Orange Bowl celebrate its 25th anniversary. With better quarterbacking, more speed and a superior center in Bob Harrison, the Sooners figure to regain the explosive offense they lacked last year.

Colorado's 436 plays from the T formation and 307 from the single wing netted 3224 yards rushing last year, highest total in the nation. Guard John Wooten is back to lead interference, then play tackle on defense. Along with sixteen other lettermen, he envisions November first, when Oklahoma plays at Boulder, as *the* day.

Kansas, equipped with new coach Jack Mitchell's sliding T, could be a sleeper. Missouri, now using Dan Devine's multiple offense, derives more running punch from big Hank Kuhlmann. Iowa State's small but versatile tailback, Dwight Nichols, fits perfectly into new coach Clay Stapleton's single wing. Kansas State, although green, admits the most depth in five years. Nebraska is a junior-sophomore team. Oklahoma State boasts its best squad since the 1946 Sugar Bowl champions.

Houston relies on a fleet set of halfbacks to gain its third straight M.V.C. championship. Cincinnati returns twenty-six of its first thirty-three players. Tulsa stresses speed. North Texas State's extra weapon is the artful punt returning of Abner Haynes.

Missouri Valley Stars: Linemen—Harrison (c), Oklahoma; Wooten (g), Colorado; Leo (e), Cincinnati; Chadwick (g), Missouri; Olson (t), Nebraska; Wharton (t), Houston; Dick Brown (e) and Bandy (t), Tulsa; Herring (g), North Texas State; Seibert (g), Drake; Heins (c), Bradley.

Backs—Dowler, Colorado; Baker and Boyd, Oklahoma; Nichols, Iowa State; Kuhlmann, Missouri; Floyd, Kansas; Wiggins, Oklahoma State; King and Don Brown, Houston; Haynes, North Texas State; Morrison, Cincinnati; Cagliola, Tulsa; Dean, Wichita; Breske, South Dakota State.

Sophomores—Price (e), Kansas State; Hartline (b) and Cross (g), Oklahoma; Elkins (e), Colorado; Michaels (b), Kansas; LaRose (e), Missouri; Fischer (b), Nebraska; Arnold (b), Tulsa; Ellison (b), Cincinnati; Patterson (g), Houston; Frazier (c), Oklahoma State; McKnight (t), Wichita; Wyatt (b), Augustana.

SOUTHWEST

Southwest Conference Champion: T.C.U.
Runners-Up: Texas, S.M.U.
Best of Rest: Arkansas, Rice, Texas A. & M., Baylor.
Border Conference Champion: Arizona State.
Runners-Up: Texas Western, Hardin-Simmons, West Texas State, New Mexico A. & M., Arizona.
Best of Rest: Texas Tech, Trinity, Abilene Christian, Arkansas A. & M., McMurry, East Texas State, Lamar Tech, Southwest Texas State, Stephen F. Austin, Sam Houston State, Howard Payne, Texas A. & I., Eastern New Mexico, Wiley.

In the Southwest Conference, where there's only a smidgen of difference in the quality of the teams and no such thing as a perfect record, the temptation is to jump astride a dark horse. The trouble is that this rider would be double-harnessing Arkansas and Southern Methodist. So he shies from the longshot urge, and picks Texas Christian, with one of its biggest, swiftest teams and—rarity of rarities—a left-footed drop-kicker, Harry Moreland. Much depends on senior Hunter Enis, a spring sensation at quarterback.

At the University of Texas, Darrell Royal describes the aggressive style of play he teaches as "jaw-to-jaw football." Now in his second season in the Southwest Conference, Royal finds his Longhorns being jawed about more than any team. Texas' attack will be neither the fastest nor the smoothest in the league, but its active defense never rests. Quarterback Bobby Lackey typifies the awkwardly effective Orange. There are better passers and runners, but Lackey roams the secondary like an outfielder. Quick-hitting end Maurice Doke "strikes like a snake," in Royal's words. Missed greatly will be junior halfback Max Alvis, grabbed by professional baseball in late July.

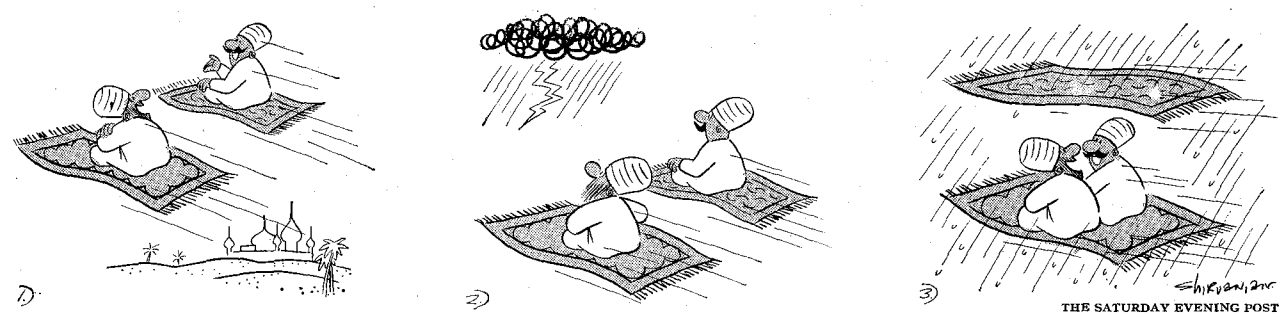
Gifted Don Meredith, holder of the new intercollegiate passing record of 69.6 per cent completions, and Dave Sherer, the nation's leading punter of 1957, assure S.M.U. of its finest team since the days of Kyle Rote. If Glynn Gregory and a magnificent sophomore crop can beef up the Mustang defense, mascot Peruna may ride right into the Cotton Bowl.

Frank Broyles introduces the winged T to Arkansas, and the conference's other new head coach, Jim Myers, converts the Texas Aggies to the single wing. Broyles inherits a mercurial backfield, headed by the brilliant Jim Mooty, but a chilling early schedule sends the Razorbacks into four conference games the first five weeks. Hard-driving Myers insists on calling his Aggies men rather than boys; he hopes they don't get separated this year.

Rice sends Larry Dueitt in as a replacement for the most accomplished quarterbacking pair in the school's history, King Hill and Frank Ryan. Dueitt can do it—but can that sophomore line? Baylor's troubles are many, but Larry Hickman, the Southwest's most destructive fullback, isn't one of them.

Arizona State reigns in the Border Conference. The Sun Devils retain the backbone of their unbeaten champions—who finished No. 12 in the A.P. poll—and acquire an outstanding sophomore crop. The headliner is college football's leading scorer and rusher of 1957, Leon Burton, whose 9.62 yards per carry last season set a national record. Texas Tech, whose transfer to the Southwest Conference takes effect in 1960, has a killing schedule. However, extraordinary sophomore center E. J. Holub will delay enemy touchdowns.

Southwestern Stars: Linemen—Doke (e) and Shillingburg (t), Texas;



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Martin (c) and Armstrong (g), T.C.U.; Sherer (e) and Koenig (g), S.M.U.; Dial (e) and Smith (t), Rice; Switzer (c), Arkansas; Beck (t) and Tracey (e), Texas A. & M.; Horton (g), Baylor; Biggs (g) and Edmondson (t), Hardin-Simmons; Carr (g), Arizona State; Roberts (e), East Texas State; Locklin (t), New Mexico A. & M.; Epps (g), West Texas State; Jordan (t), Arizona; Selfridge (e), Texas Tech; Noble (g), Lamar Tech; Sliva (g), Stephen F. Austin; McLeod (e), Abilene Christian; Davis (g), McMurry.

Backs—Lackey and Ramirez, Texas; Spikes and Lasater, T.C.U.; Meredith and Welch, S.M.U.; Dueitt and Speer, Rice; Mooty and Monroe, Arkansas; Milstead and LeBouef, Texas A. & M.; Hickman, Baylor; Burton and Hangartner, Arizona State; Laraba, Texas Western; Ratliff, West Texas State; Rice, Texas Tech; McCord and Berry, East Texas State; Gideon, Trinity; McMahon, Texas Lutheran.

Sophomores—Holub (c), Texas Tech; Laughlin (g) and Talbert (t), Texas; Martin (c), Moreland (b) and Ham (e), T.C.U.; Gregory (b), Jackson (b), Mays (e), Christian (c), S.M.U.; R. King (g), Rice; Harris (c), Arkansas; Northrup (c) and Few (b), Texas A. & M.; Davis (e), Baylor; Stephens (b), Hardin-Simmons; Ismay (g), Arizona; Bradshaw (b), Texas Western; Bridges (b), McMurry; Hopkins (e), East Texas State.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

SKYLINE EIGHT CHAMPION: Wyoming.

RUNNERS-UP: Denver, Brigham Young.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Utah, Air Force Academy.

BEST OF REST: Utah State, New Mexico, Colorado State U., Montana State, Montana.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONFERENCE: Idaho State, Colorado State College, Western State, Colorado College, Colorado Mines, Adams State.

Football gets better and better in the Rockies. Ten transfer players, most of them from the Middle West, augment exceptionally promising sophomores to give Wyoming added firepower. Denver enjoys unprecedented depth—at least two lettermen at every post. Brigham Young's specialty is recovering enemy fumbles. The Cougars grabbed thirty-two in 1957 to tie the all-time record.

At Utah, sensational Lee Grosscup, who completed ninety-four of 137 passes and led the nation with a total of 1398 yards, is one of the few holdover first-stringers to have a starting job under new coach Ray Nagel. Utah State accents its ground game after losing adept passer Bob Winters. New Mexico's potent rushing is geared to fine runner Don Perkins. Colorado State U. is shallow in reserves. Montana tries a multiple offense under new coach Ray Jenkins.

The Air Force Academy's squad, representing thirty-two states, includes some seniors playing varsity ball together for the fourth season. However, the players and their new coach, Ben Martin, are faced with an increasingly demanding schedule.

Idaho State, out to extend its thirteen-game winning streak, appears a shoo-in for the Rocky Mountain Conference championship.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN STARS: Linemen—Gulledge (c), Air Force Academy; Renning (g), Montana; Kapele (t), Brigham Young; Cesario (t), Denver; Kapp (e), Utah State; Memmelaar (t), Wyoming; Rose (t), New Mexico; Pankratz (g), Idaho State; Seul (e), Utah; Holland (c), Montana State.

Backs—Grosscup, Utah; Perkins, New Mexico; Curtis, Utah State; Johnson, Denver; Pugmire, Idaho State; Allred, Colorado Mines; Domzalski, Wyoming; Miller, Western State; Jackson, Brigham Young.

Sophomores—Dunn (b), Brigham Young; Cook (b) and Hill (b), Wyoming; Uyeshiro (b), Utah; Lane (b), Air Force Academy; McDonnell (b), Denver; Friberg (b), New Mexico; Owens (t), Idaho State; Knott (g), Western State.

PACIFIC COAST

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE CHAMPION: Oregon State.

RUNNERS-UP: Washington State, U.C.L.A., Oregon.

ABOVE AVERAGE: Southern California, California, Stanford, Washington, College of Pacific.

BEST OF REST: Idaho, San Jose State, Fresno State, California Poly, San Francisco State, San Diego State, Pepperdine, Redlands, Occidental.

In this last season as a nine-member league, the Pacific Coast Conference needs luck to place one team among the nation's top twenty, for the same reasons causing last year's failure—punitive eligibility restrictions and a poor intersectional record. The half-innocent, half-guilty seniors at U.C.L.A. and Southern California are permitted to play only five consecutive games. Among the Uclans affected are All-American end Dick Wallen and tackle Bill Leeka. However, U.C.L.A., although not eligible for the conference championship, still looked like the West Coast's probable No. 1 team until jolted by the sudden death on August fourteenth of Coach Red Sanders, who had a fatal heart attack.

The Rose Bowl representative probably will be decided November eighth, when big, fast Oregon State plays missile-minded Washington State. The latter's crack gunner, Bob Newman, national total offense leader last year, has three of the best targets in college football—ends Bill Steiger (side-lined all last season with a neck injury), Don Ellingsen and Jack Fanning. Oregon State must find a tailback replacement for one of its all-time greats, Joe Francis.

Oregon, buoyed by 1957's surprise success, is even stronger in the line, led by accomplished end Ron Stover, but is depleted in the backfield. Both Southern California and California should improve tremendously over last year's dual all-time lows of nine defeats in ten starts. The Trojans have a prize sophomore class. Tackle Dan Ficca, twin linemen Mike and Marlin McKeever and sparkling halfback Angelo Coia, a transfer from The Citadel, all are tabbed as starters. The Golden Bears of Berkeley relish the belly series, supplementing the split-T as executed by slick quarterback Joe Kapp.

At Stanford, the P.C.C.'s only new coach, Jack Curtice from Utah, must replace an entire backfield. Washington hopes new passers will accelerate its air attack, following last season's meager thirty-one pass completions. There's nothing pacific about College of Pacific, with an ambitious schedule and a great running back, Dick Bass.

PACIFIC COAST STARS: Linemen—Leeka (t) and Wallen (e), U.C.L.A.; Stover (e) and Grottkau (g), Oregon; Bates (t) and Brackins (g), Oregon State; Ellingsen (e), Washington State; Barbee (t), Stanford; Chiappone (c), California; Kammerer (g) and Denton (e), College of Pacific; Stanley (e), Fresno State; Colchico (e), San Jose State; Johnson (t), Idaho.

Backs—Newman, Washington State; Beamer and Durden, Oregon State; Kapp and Hart, California; Bass, College of Pacific; Holden, Southern California; McCluskey, Washington; Wilson, U.C.L.A.; McMillen, Stanford; Jackson, California Poly; Sochor, San Francisco State; Hall, Idaho.

Sophomores—Coia (b), Ficca (t), Marlin McKeever (e) and Mike McKeever (g), Southern California; Thomas (e), Oregon State; Keckin (b), U.C.L.A.; Schloredt (b), Washington; Grosz (b), Oregon; Patton (b), California; Heigold (e) and Dowd (b), Stanford; Vial (b), Idaho; Urenda (b), College of Pacific; Iwasaki (b), Fresno State.

My preratings of the top twenty teams and the players most likely to gain All-American recognition appear at the beginning of this article. Some individual selections:

LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Bob Reifsnyder, Navy.

BACK OF THE YEAR: Bob White, Ohio State.

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: E. J. Holub, Texas Tech.

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Angelo Coia, Southern California.

When all is said and done, the college stars of today are more versatile than some of the game's earlier heroes in at least one respect. None of this year's standouts is in danger of being classed with the old-time triple threat of whom it was said, "He can do everything with a football except autograph it."

How Tough are Chiang's Chinese? (Continued from Page 29)

Here, from gunpits dug into solid rock, the Nationalists, firing American howitzers and 155's, fight fierce artillery duels with the Red guns on the mainland. Nationalist frogmen, based on the offshore islands, swim in by night to map Communist shore defenses. Small guerrilla forces stage hit-and-run raids along the China coast, taking a prisoner now and then and blowing up ammunition dumps. Chiang's spies on the Red mainland feed coded intelligence information by short-wave radio to Nationalist listening posts. A huge "whispering corps" of Nationalist agents spreads word among the villages of riots and rebellions which the Reds seek to suppress.

Restrained by us from taking more offensive measures, the Nationalists put their greatest effort into a program of psychological warfare. Nearly every day, and sometimes for days on end, from Matsu and Quemoy, Chiang's long-range guns fire propaganda shells which burst in the air and shower the Red shore line with leaflets. By night, planes loaded with propaganda material penetrate deep into Red territory. Aided by the winds, which for the greater part of the year blow from sea to shore, the troops on Matsu and Quemoy launch millions of small balloons stuffed with leaflets which drift to earth over thousands of square miles of Red China.

Also, from the offshore islands, thousands of bamboo tubes and plastic drinking glasses are filled with leaflets and set adrift, to wash ashore on the mainland beaches.

Handicapped by contrary winds and by the smallness of their island targets, the Communists waste little effort on propaganda balloons. In the winter, when the winds are blowing from the mainland toward the sea, they send huge bird-shaped kites aloft, anchored to a float drifting on the water. Beneath the kite is hung an ingenious fuse device, timed to release a shower of leaflets when the kite is over the island. Only about three out of every ten of these gadgets work, the Nationalists insist. The rest drift harmlessly past to drop their messages on the empty sea.

Nationalist propaganda is about equally divided between truculent nose-thumbing at the Red militarists and efforts to persuade the captive population that the government-in-exile has not abandoned them. When word reaches here of drought or famine on the mainland, Nationalist planes fly over, dropping thousands of gift packages. A message, of course, is hidden somewhere in each package.

The Reds deliver no gifts. They prefer to get their message across by propaganda shells, which deliver leaflets misrepresenting life in the United States. These show barefoot and hungry sharecroppers leaning against the sides of tumbledown shacks, ancient lynchings in the South, and labor riots in the North in which policemen are shown beating Negroes on their heads with clubs. Both sides lay great stress on vocal propaganda. On small bare rocks a few hundred yards from Matsu and Quemoy, the Reds have set up loud-speaker horns connected with amplifier stations on the mainland. These blare a strange mixture of Chinese folk music, designed to arouse feelings of nostalgia in the breasts of the Nationalist soldiers, amiable "Come home, all is forgiven" pleas, boasts about Red China's industrial progress and Russia's Sputniks, and bitter vituperation of the United States.

The Nationalists, who have a more powerful transmitter, are quick to answer back. First they seek to soften up the Reds with Strauss waltzes, and the melodies of Beethoven, Bach and Mozart, mixing in a little Chinese opera, which sounds to the Western ear like somebody strangling a cat, and defiantly finishing off their musical program with American tunes, such as Buttons and Bows, or Sixteen Tons, a coal miner's lament made famous by Tennessee Ernie Ford. The Nationalists then paint a glowing picture of life on this island and invite the Red garrison troops to come over, bringing their "safe passage" leaflets with them. The broadcast finishes with a chest-thumping song called Back to the Mainland, and a pledge that the Generalissimo will lead his armies back to the homeland in triumph.

Both sides make great efforts to persuade the other's troops to desert. A few homesick Nationalists have tried to slip over to the mainland. Two set out in a small boat, and one tried to make his way across the narrow straits by floating on a basketball. All three were shot. Suicides are fairly frequent. Every now and then a lonely soldier, separated from his family for ten years, and seeing no hope of ever going back home, will climb to a high rock from which he can see the

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yellow and rust-brown hills of Old China. There he will shoot himself through the head.

The Nationalists long have had a standing offer of 100,000 Formosan dollars for any Red pilot who would defect, bringing his aircraft with him. None so far has come across. The biggest prize to date was a Lieutenant Colonel Chang, the deputy commander of a Red artillery battalion. Last May, in another instance, a young lady schoolteacher, an active Communist worker in her home village, slipped across to Matsu in a fishing junk, pleading disillusionment. With her came a young fisherman, who also sought asylum. Her motives, it turned out, were less political than amorous. She preferred the young fisherman to the older man whom her parents were insisting she marry. The commander of the Matsu garrison gave them both his blessing and sent them on to Taiwan to be politically decontaminated.

Not all defectors, of course, are accepted at their face value, for some turn out to be Red agents in disguise. Not long ago, for example, a fisherman, his wife and ten-year-old daughter came into Quemoy. He and his wife, the fisherman explained, would have to return to the mainland, but he wanted his little daughter to stay, to grow up in "freedom." The Nationalists pondered this request, then sent the little girl back with her parents.

"It was an obvious trick," one of them explained. "If we had let her stay, the Reds would have made propaganda. They would have accused us of kidnaping little girls and using them for shameful purposes."

The Nationalists seem to trust implicitly the frogmen and the raiders they send across to the mainland. The Reds evidently do not trust their own—at any rate they take drastic measures to make sure they will come back. Three years ago, on Kaoteng, a small island of the Matsu group which lies only five and a half miles from the nearest Red territory, Nationalist beach guards caught a Communist frogman in goggles and flippers, just as he was coming from the sea. He set up a tremendous outcry, begging to be sent back. The Nationalists assured him they weren't going to hurt him; they were just going to ask him a few questions and then send him on to Green Island, off these shores, where Nationalist instructors would purge his mind of Communist doctrine and reconvert him to the true faith.

He said he wasn't afraid of being killed by the Nationalists. But unless he could get back to his outfit within a few hours, he would surely die. When he set out on his mission, he said, his commanders had made him swallow a capsule containing poison. Within a few hours, the capsule would dissolve and, unless he could get back home to take an antidote, he was done for. Complimenting him on fabricating a most ingenious story, the Nationalists went on with their questioning. Then they left him, under guard. Not long afterward the guard came running, bug-eyed. The prisoner, he said, was in convulsions. When the doctor got there, he was dead. Later the medical section here conducted an autopsy. The man had been poisoned.

The small forays the Nationalists launch against the mainland and the barrages they lay down merely sting the hide of the Red dragon. As military operations, they are virtually meaningless. Their psychological value is incalculable. The fact that the little islands lie there, year after year, nipping like terriers at Red China's flanks, is an affront to China's military power, and a political embarrassment to Mao Tse-tung. The Communists' bellowed threats to "liberate" Formosa have little power to terrify the inhabitants of an island 100 miles away so long as the little islands continue to perch defiantly on China's doorstep, challenging her to do battle.

Both Reds and Nationalists, in their broadcasts, threaten invasion. The boasts of each have a hollow ring. The Reds well know that if they attack Formosa or the Pescadores, we will hit them with the 7th Fleet's nuclear-armed carrier planes, and the Air Force's Matador guided missiles which now are based here. The Nationalists, on the other hand, could neither land a large force on the mainland nor support it once it was there, without the help of the United States.

There is a strong feeling on the part of some observers that the Nationalists' bright dream of returning to the mainland now has faded and that all their threats of invasion are mere bombast. Chiang, they say, is an old man whose days of leadership are over, no matter how bravely he may speak. He rules a fat-cat hierarchy of bureaucrats and businessmen who are well content to stay here safely so long as the power of the United States protects them from the wrath of the Reds. He commands an aging army which no longer has the spirit or the physical stamina to endure a long and brutal campaign—it didn't distinguish itself when much younger.

> If you doubt that a husband wears the pants in his family, look under his apron.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

"They know in their hearts they'll never go back," one critic said. "They are victims of history. For a thousand years this same thing has been happening. Taiwan was populated by people who came here 'temporarily.' Chiang's troops are like the Ming warriors who arrived here 300 years ago, to plot the overthrow of the Manchus who drove them out of China. They never went back. Neither will the Kuomintang."

The strongest rebuttal to this sort of thinking comes from Chiang himself. Such defeatist talk, he claims, is propaganda with which the Communists have poisoned the minds of his Western allies. He stoutly affirms his government's strong intention to attack when the time is ripe. The tide, he says, is rising against both the Russian and the Chinese Communist regimes, and their doom is in sight. Since 1956, he claims, revolts as bloody as the Hungarian rebellion have flared up in eight provinces on the mainland, though little word of them has reached the outside world.

"As soon as the anti-Communist movement on the mainland has reached a high momentum, we shall counter-attack," he insists stubbornly.

In Hong Kong, Red spokesmen boast that Mao's government would like nothing better than for Chiang to lead his army across the strait.

"We would not fire a shot," they say. "We would greet them with white flags—we would welcome them as prodigal sons, with music and feasting. We'd provide trains and planes and trucks to haul them to their home villages. And Chiang's army would melt away the moment it set foot on Chinese soil."

Whether Chiang's warriors would throw down their arms and head for home is a question only invasion could resolve. Many of them are old and tired and sick. But the more decrepit are rapidly being retired from military service and retrained, with United States aid, in civilian occupations. Their places are being taken by young recruits, who now make up nearly half of the Nationalist forces.

These new troops are native Formosans. Like their elders, they feel no affection for the 2,000,000 mainlanders who descended upon their island and took control of its government in 1945. They have no ties to the mainland and no loyalties to Old China, for they grew up under the domination of the Japanese, who ruled this island for fifty years.

Chiang's government has busied itself wiping out every vestige of Japanese influence, even to destroying Christian Bibles written in Japanese, and political officers pound into the shaven skulls of Formosan recruits the idea that they are Chinese by blood and heritage, and that it is their duty to fight to free the ancestral homeland from Red domination.

"They will fight when the time comes," one Nationalist commander said, confidently. "They will fight for us."

However unlikely it may seem that Chiang in his lifetime ever will lead an army back to the mainland, his commanders constantly plan for that day. In Taipei, in a huge building of elephant-gray concrete, there is a military relief map as big as a basketball court. It covers twelve thousand square miles of the Chinese mainland opposite this island, and on it, in colored lights, are marked enemy airfields, troop concentrations, gun positions, roads, bridges, supply dumps and beach areas where landings would be possible. Outside, another map, as big as a football field, shows in accurate detail the contours of the Chinese shore line and the mountains of inland China, drawn to accurate scale, so that small-unit commanders may examine in detail the terrain over which someday, their government assures them, they will be fighting.

Intelligence data, gathered by photo reconnaissance and by spies, keep the huge maps up to date. The pattern of development shows that for eight years the Communists, with feverish haste, have been accumulating supplies, strengthening defenses, building gun emplacements, airfields and shipyards and training men for amphibious warfare.

"The men, the arms, the supplies are all on the beaches," the briefing officer points out. "All that is lacking is the boats."

A visitor to the offshore islands gets the feeling that the commanders there would welcome a Red attack. On Quemoy, a scarred, bald, twinkle-eyed old general named Hu Lien still remembers 1949, when his then disorganized troops stopped a Red invading force of 15,000 men, killing 5000 and capturing the rest. On Matsu, another veteran commander, General Ho, ruddy and moon-faced, speaks with confidence of the damage his guns could inflict on an invading force.

Formosa, bolstered by American economic know-how and a billion dollars in American cash, is busy and peaceful. The offshore islands are grim combat zones. There is a curious stillness there, the brooding silence of a battlefield before the first shell falls. A journey there is like a journey into war. The plane that flies from Formosa to Quemoy every day is an old workhorse of World War II. Its bucket seats are crowded with Chinese soldiers, their blankets wrapped in their sleeping mats, their scanty personal gear carried in string bags. The cargo is war cargo—boxes of ammunition, bags of mail and rice, signal gear and baskets of dried fish.

The plane climbs from the Taipei airport over green rice paddies where flocks of white birds fly like drifts of

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blossoms. It flies at normal altitude as far as the Pescadores, which are broad islands as flat as table tops. It drops low over the water then, staying beneath the beam of the Red radar and dodging the Red MIG's which now and then try to intercept the slow-flying transport. A worse hazard than Red jet fighters is bad weather, for the plane carries no radar, and a small error in navigation could pile it up against one of the rocks that rise 300 feet above the sea between the Pescadores and Quemoy. It has, on foggy days, overshot Quemoy and found itself over China two minutes later, with the Red AA guns firing at it furiously.

Quemoy, eleven miles long, lies nine miles from the mainland. It is an island of great black, tumbled, broken rocks, big as office buildings, and one stone mountain which towers 700 feet at its northern end. Deep in a rocky ravine on the mountain's flank is the headquarters of KDCAT, called Kittycat, the Kinmen Defense Command Advisory Team—they call Quemoy by its old Chinese name, Kinmen, out here. Thirteen officers and men of the Military Assistance Advisory Group live comfortably in a low camouflaged building snuggled against the rocks, directly beneath a battery of 155's, which sometimes, in the dead of night, looses a fierce barrage against the Reds. The MAAG group, made up of young lieutenant colonels, captains and sergeants, works with the Chinese to make Quemoy as impregnable as a piece of terrain can be in the age of the nuclear bomb. Beaches and areas where paratroops might land are guarded by steel stakes, barbed wire and mine fields. They are covered by interlocking fields of fire from many guns. Five divisions, a total of 90,000 men, guard the island. The hills are honeycombed with tunnels, where ammunition and supplies are stored sufficient to last through months of siege. For American military men, service on the offshore islands is both pleasant and rewarding. They believe the Chinese troops to be as good as any foot soldiers in the world, and they have great respect for the competence of the tough, battle-seasoned commanders, many of them trained in the United States, who have been fighting bandits, Japanese or Communists all their lives.

There is little sign of dry rot, or deteriorating morale, among the tough soldiers of the island garrisons, for Chiang's government does a great deal to provide amusement for the lonely defenders of the outposts. Troupes of entertainers fly in twice a month to present Chinese operas, or vaudeville acts featuring fire-eaters, acrobats, jugglers, unicyclists, and pretty girls dancing and singing songs. Chinese WACs come out from Taiwan to write letters for the soldiers and teach them folk dances. There is also a permanent "Paradise House," run, curiously, by the Officers Moral Endeavor Association, where officers and men alike find surcease from their loneliness. The establishment is supervised by a medical staff, the girls are under contract to the government at the equivalent of fifty American dollars a month, and an atmosphere of strict propriety prevails.

Matsu is Quemoy on a smaller scale. A craggy, volcanic rock climbing precipitously from the sea, it, too, is honeycombed with tunnels and pocked with gun pits. Every narrow beach where landings might be made is mined and covered by the interlocking fire of machine guns double- and triple-decked in the sides of the steep hills. In both the Quemoy and Matsu groups, little islands even closer to the coast are manned by small garrisons who announce their presence to the Reds by painting defiant and insulting messages on the tall rocks facing the shore.

"We teach them all we know about camouflage, and they do a fine job of it," one American military adviser said. "Then every unit insists on pinpointing its position by painting its name on a rock in letters so big the Reds can read it with the naked eye."

Journeys to Ta-tan, and Ehr-tan, south of Quemoy, must be made at night by boat. The foggier the night the better, for the nervous Reds, fearing sneak attack, sweep the narrow pass with guns and searchlights. Here the artillerymen sleep and eat beside their guns, for the mission of the islands is, first, to hold against a Red attack and, second, to blast any Communist shipping that might try to slip past them—a task made easier by spies in Hong Kong and Shanghai, who tip off the Nationalists when cargo ships are loading there for Amoy or Foochow. The Red fishing fleet, which works in sight of the islands, is never fired on. The Nationalist amplifiers, in fact, beam music toward the fishermen, and the little boats bob and dip to the strains of The Blue Danube waltz. When, in pursuit of fish, the fleet begins to drift too close, a few shots are fired across their bows, warning them to keep their distance.

Firing at targets on the mainland always brings angry response from the Red guns. From September of 1954 to June of this year, 55,980 shells had fallen on the Quemoy and Matsu groups. Two American colonels have been killed, but the Chinese keep their own casualties a secret. There are several hundred graves, however, beneath the pine trees at the beautifully kept cemetery on Quemoy, and three rows of new graves are kept open, ready to receive the dead.

The Americans take the shellings calmly. They believe that Red gunfire causes fewer casualties than do the Nationalist jeep and truck drivers, who drive at headlong speeds over blacked-out, winding roads. Fatal accidents are taken with a shrug. One Chinese major reported to his American adviser that a truck containing six men had gone off a cliff. The vehicle, he said morosely, was a total wreck.

"Anybody hurt?" the American asked.

"Only two," the Chinese said.

"Lucky nobody was killed," the American said.

"Ah, yes," said the Chinese. "Other four killed."

In its maneuvers in the field the Nationalist Army has the same amiable disregard for human life. It uses far more live ammunition in its exercises than we think is safe, and its medics—and burial parties—get a good deal of practical experience. Such rigorous and realistic training, however, has paid off. In 1951, when the first MAAG came here to implement President Truman's order to the 7th Fleet to protect Taiwan from Red attack, Chiang's forces were still a rabble in arms. Today, according to the Americans who work with them, they are tough, disciplined and competent, well trained and well equipped to fight an old-fashioned ground war. It is a do-it-yourself army. Repair shops here rebuild worn-out American tanks, trucks and jeeps with an efficiency that amazes our military people. The Nationalist Army manufactures its own small-arms ammunition and builds the simpler artillery pieces, such as 75-mm. recoilless rifles.

It is, by our edict, a defensive force only. But American advisers who know it best like to speculate what would happen if it were turned loose on the mainland, with plenty of artillery and air support. Such an attack, they think, if coupled with a drive across the parallel by Syngman Rhee's tough South Koreans would keep Mao's Reds so busy they'd have no time to stir up trouble elsewhere in Asia, or to support Russia's adventures in the Middle East.

A two-pronged assault, with Nationalist China and South Korea striking together, is a dream the Chinese here have cherished ever since we turned down their offer to send 33,000 men to fight in the Korean war. By holding the armies of Chiang and Rhee in leash, the Nationalists believe we are forfeiting all Asia to the Reds, and sometimes—when they have had a few snifters—they say so bluntly. Neither Taipei nor Peiping will accept the idea of two Chinas, they argue. Either Formosa will invade the mainland or Red China will invade Formosa. Right now Chiang's forces are at their peak. But they cannot be kept at this fine edge indefinitely, and time is on the side of the Reds. By war or infiltration, the Reds will gnaw away at Asia's neutrals and Asia's weak anti-Communists until all the Far East will have fallen into their bag. Then Formosa and the offshore islands will stand alone, and the offshore islands, for all their strength, can be taken by siege if the Reds are willing to pay the price. If they are taken, Formosa will fall, not by military action but by political revolt from within. And if this island goes, a great hole will be torn in our defensive perimeter in the Pacific.

An angry little Chinese general put it eloquently. Chiang's armies, he said, are the free world's armies in Asia. They stand in the front line, holding against attack, and to that degree they are defending the homes and firesides of America. But they cannot hold forever, for the will to hold will die. The greatest blow the free world could strike against Russian Communism would be to place in Peiping a government friendly to the West. The mainland and Formosa, he said, are like two bales of hay, both soaked with gasoline. Strike a match to one and they both would blaze. Revolt on the mainland would bring attack from Formosa, and attack from Formosa would set off revolt on the mainland.

"You won't strike match," he said bitterly in broken English. "You want freedom and democracy in Asia, but if we not fight, how happen?"

He was speaking to the Americans present. No one answered. THE END

NEXT WEEK

SO LOVE RETURNS

The Post Presents a Superb New Novel by Robert Nathan

I CALL ON ZSA ZSA GABOR

By Pete Martin

Children of the Empty World

New Treatment for Young Victims of Brain Damage

AKU-AKU: The Secret of Easter Island

SOLVED: THE RIDDLE OF THE STONE GIANTS

By Thor Heyerdahl

The Fort Myer Incident

Forgotten Episode in American Aviation

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Husbands Better Tell (Continued from Page 17)

"Well," Harvey said heartily, "that sounds like fun."

"Oh, it was hilarious. That was the day the television aerial went."

"For five days," Jessica said, "we left the house only for groceries."

"I didn't have a thing to do," Susan said, "so I darned all your socks and washed and ironed all your shirts that you didn't have with you."

Harvey winced. If there was one thing connected with housekeeping which Susan loathed deeply and vocally, it was ironing.

"Well, it's great to be back home," Harvey said.

"Uh-huh," Susan said. "I've never been to Los Angeles, so I wouldn't know."

"Me either," Jessica said.

"It's just a big city," Harvey said. "Lots of traffic."

Susan looked outside. The rain was hammering against their plate-glass windows. You couldn't see the surf, even though it was only two hundred yards away.

"Lots of nice weather too," Susan said.

"Yeah," Harvey said. "It's still nice to be back."

"I suppose it is—if you've been away," Susan said.

The next day, Harvey stopped in at Art's Coffee Shop for lunch.

"Well," Art said, "welcome home, Harv. How was Los Angeles?"

"It was all right."

Art poured a cup of coffee and put it in front of Harvey. "Bet you saw a lot of movie stars."

"No, I didn't see a lot of movie stars," Harvey yelped. "So don't start that."

"Me? What am I starting?"

"Never mind. I'll have the Swiss steak."

Art wordlessly ladled out an order of Swiss steak and put the plate in front of Harvey. Then he said, "Man, we had some lousy weather here while you were gone. Blew the roofs off some houses."

"I know—I know," Harvey said. "I heard all about it."

Art leaned against the counter and lighted a cigarette. "Well, one thing about this business," he said, "you never know. Some days people come in here and bend your ear till you're half deaf. Next time you see 'em, they act like a cougar with a sore paw. What happened down there?"

"Absolutely nothing happened down there," Harvey said evenly, "but my dear wife, Susan, and my dear daughter, Jessica, have the impression that all I did was visit with movie stars and bask in the sunshine while they were being drenched by the storms."

"Oh," Art said. "Why didn't you say so? Women are that way. I had to go to Portland for three days last year. When I got home, you'd think I'd been to Paris. I had to take my wife down the coast on a two-day trip. Cost me forty bucks."

"If you think I'm going to take Susan and Jessica to Los Angeles just because I was there for two weeks, you're crazy."

Art tapped the counter. "Remember when Bob Hennessy had to go to Las Vegas that time on a business trip? He was gone a week. Ten days later he took his wife to San Francisco. Gone ten days. Four hundred and twenty bucks."

"Now don't get the idea that ——"

"Well, you have to be prepared for these things. Now what you should do is beat 'em to the draw. Suggest they spend a few days up in Portland, shopping. Women would rather shop any day than travel, and you'd save money in the long run."

"You must be out of your mind," Harvey said. "If I turned Susan loose in Portland with a green ticket for a shopping tour, I'd never get the bills paid."

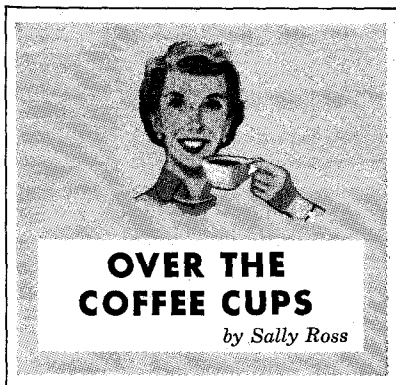
"Well, buster, your little excursion to Los Angeles is going to cost you something. Just figure some way to get out of it the best you can."

Harvey held out for nine days. He was uncomfortably aware of whispered conferences between Susan and Jessica. Whispered conferences meant only one thing—a plot was being hatched, and he, Harvey Sorenson, was the plottee. When it rained, as it did for every one of the nine days, Susan and Jessica were given to peering out the window and saying, every half hour, "Well, it's raining again. I see in the paper that Los Angeles is having absolutely dreamy weather. It must have been nice, being in that sunshine."

Another unfortunate circumstance upon which Harvey had not counted was that Apple Valley Inn and the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego were prompt in sending their bills. He came home one evening to the silent treatment.

He did not pry, knowing from long experience that he would be confronted with his defection at a time and place of Susan's choosing.

The battle was joined in the front room, at ten o'clock. Harvey had just put aside the book he had been reading, had stretched, and had said, "Well, ready for bed?"



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by Sally Ross

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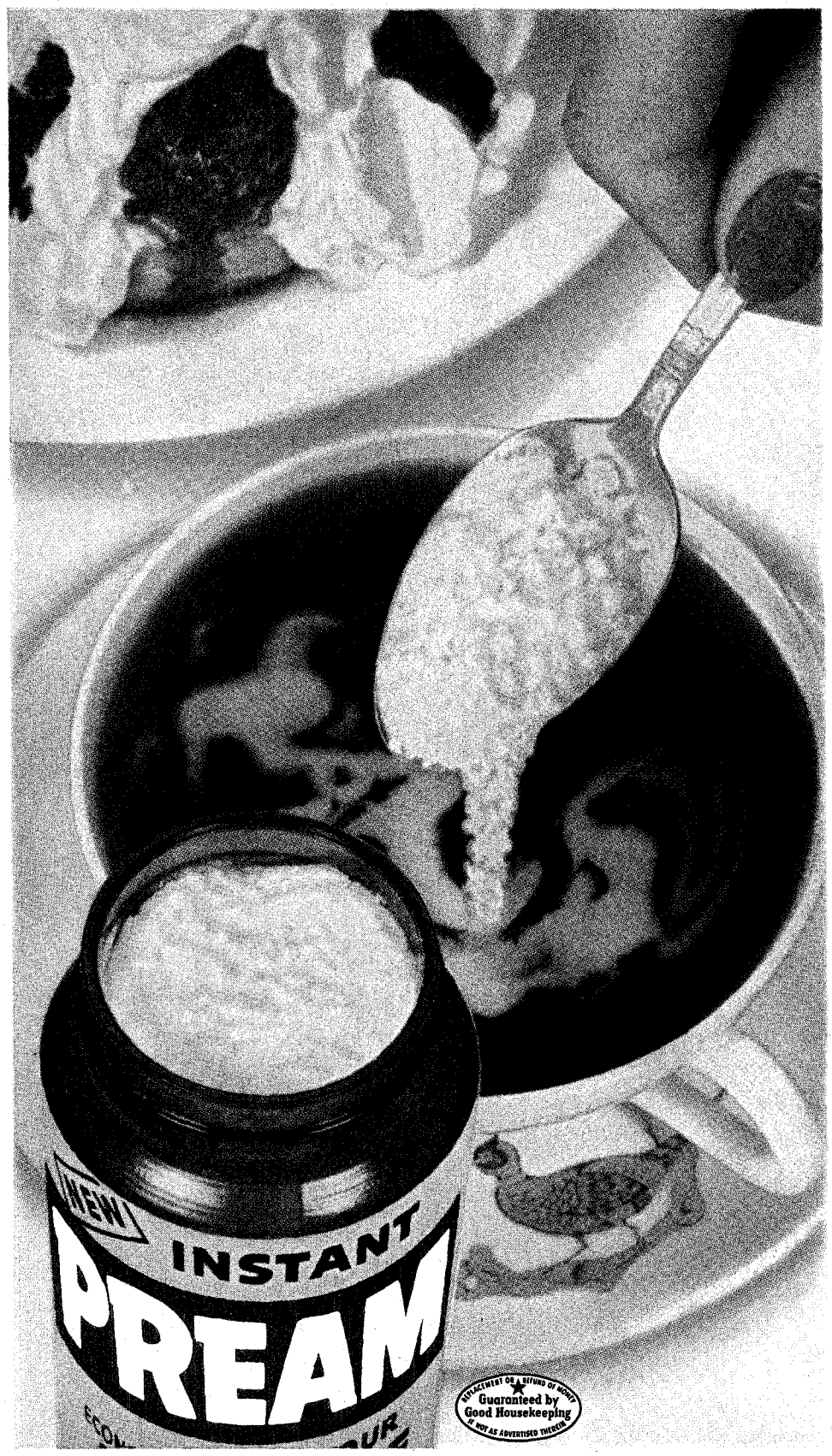

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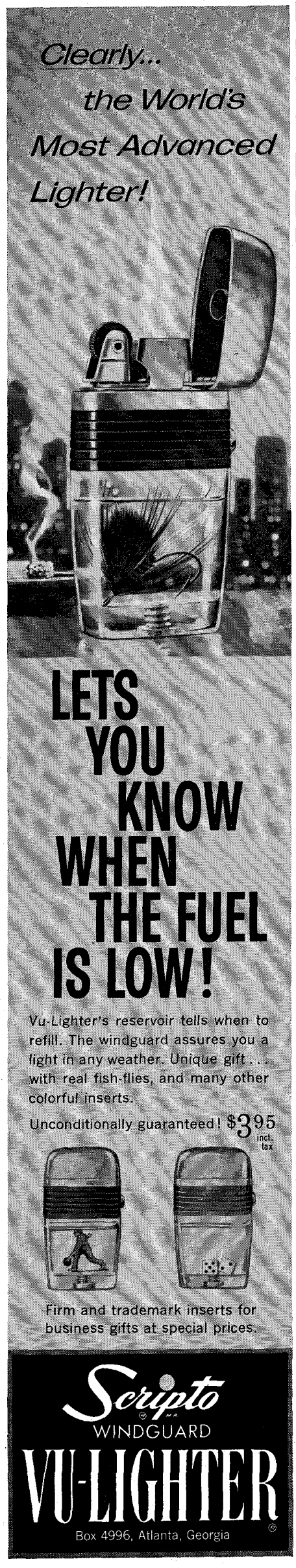
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"What kind of a dump is the El Cortez Hotel?" Susan asked.

"Oh, O.K., I guess," Harvey said, hedging.

"I thought you didn't go anywhere when you were down there."

"Well, San Diego isn't anywhere, really. It's just a few hours south of ——"

"And Apple Valley? Is that just a few hours south too?"

"East," Harvey said.

"My," Susan said, "you must have had a ball. Thirty-two dollars and sixty-four cents from the El Cortez, and forty-one dollars and eighty-eight cents from Apple Valley Inn. The bills came today."

"I see," Harvey said. He wished fervently that he could think of something else to say.

"At least," Susan said, "you don't have to pay them. The company takes care of them."

"Uh-huh," Harvey said. "Look, Susan, the reason I didn't mention Apple Valley and San Diego was that there was no occasion for it. David and his wife wanted to go to San Diego and I went with them. The next weekend, David suggested that I drive over to Apple Valley. So I did."

"It must have been wonderful. I've never been to Apple Valley."

"We'll have to see it together sometime," Harvey said heartily. "You'd love it."

"I," Susan said positively, "would love anything that is not remotely connected with sand dunes, sou'westers, rain, sea gulls, and pine trees bent double by nearly hurricane winds."

"Yeah," Harvey said. "It must have been rough."

The pressure was fairly subtle, but it had all the force of a hydraulic machine which compresses a junked automobile body into the size of a small refrigerator.

Harvey gave up on the ninth evening. Susan had been on the phone, talking to Winnie Holt. "Yes," Susan said, "he got back over a week ago. . . . Uh-huh, he certainly did. Played golf with Ann Miller and Red Skelton, and he was at a hotel in Beverly Hills with Rock Hudson. . . . He doesn't say, but you know Harvey. . . . Well, personally, I have about one hundred and four degrees of cabin fever, and this is only February. I'll probably slash my wrists by June."

"All right," Harvey screamed when Susan hung up. "I can read the signs. I give up. I know you're practically packed, since I am not blind. You want to go to Los Angeles, then go to Los Angeles. I can't get away, but you and Jessica can fly down. I can always put a second mortgage on the house."

"Yes, dear," Susan said, "we know."

"I'll get airline reservations and reservations at that Beverly Hills hotel. When do you want to leave?"

"Would tomorrow be too soon?"

"I don't know," Harvey said. "I'll ask the airline."

Tomorrow, according to the airline, would be just dandy. They booked Susan and Jessica out on a flight leaving at three-thirty the next afternoon. Harvey called the hotel in Beverly Hills. They, too, would be delighted to book Jessica and Susan into the hotel on arrival.

While Harvey was phoning, he was aware of feminine scurrying around upstairs and squeals of delight from Jessica. Then he was aware of silence, which meant whispered conferences. Then he heard giggles.

"If you're going to laugh, laugh," he yelled upstairs. "Stop that giggling."

This set them off into a paroxysm of laughter which they were not, apparently, able to control.

The next morning Harvey, trying to get in the last half hour's sleep, heard high heels clicking up and down the stairs, was treated to the sounds of closet doors sliding back and forth, and whispered conferences.

Finally he gave up, got out of bed, put on his robe and slid his feet into slippers. He went downstairs on a search for coffee.

Susan peered at him. "What got you up?"

"I wonder," Harvey said. "Is there any coffee?"

"Oh, heavens, I didn't have time to make coffee. We've been packing. We have a million things to do."

"Your plane doesn't leave until three-thirty, and it's only a two-hour drive up to the airport. Why be so frantic about it?"

"That's half the fun of a trip—being frantic. Goodness, no woman wants to merely pack a bag and take off like a traveling salesman."

"I see," Harvey said, frowning. He didn't see at all, but that was normal.

Susan and Jessica finally got off at noon. They took the family car, leaving Harvey a battered veteran which Susan used for errands, and which Harvey used for clam digging.

They had enough gear to make a six-month stay. "You'll be way overweight," Harvey said. "You're allowed only forty pounds apiece, you know."

"We know," Susan said. "Now don't start stewing and fussing. And don't call the hotel tonight to see if we're tucked in by nine o'clock. We won't be. Remember to put the cleaning on the porch Thursday, and don't forget the rest of the leg of lamb in the refrigerator in case you get hungry."

"I might," Harvey said, "in a week."

"Don't forget to take a check to church tomorrow, and if you're playing golf, remember to let the cat out before you leave."

"Susan," Harvey said, "I am not a child. I imagine I'll be able to exist by myself."

"I know, dear," Susan said, "but sometimes you forget things."

"I'll remember to eat," Harvey said, "and go to work on Monday. That should take care of the essentials."

He watched them drive off with mixed emotions. Paramount was the hope that they would arrive back home safe and sound. Next, he hoped they would have a good time and thereby get him off the hook for his two weeks in Los Angeles. Next was a feeling, which he hated to admit to himself, of relief at seeing them go. He had known that it was inevitable.

He drove over to the country club, where he picked up a game with Ned and Bud Fowler and Jim Cellars. Afterward, they played gin rummy down in the locker room, Harvey won a dollar and seventy-five cents, and then drove home.

He fed Mrs. Kelly, their cat, then drove over to Art's Coffee Shop for dinner. As he sat down, he looked at his watch and in his mind's eye could just about now see the airliner letting down at Los Angeles.

He picked up the evening paper as Art put coffee in front of him and looked at it. He groaned. "Oh, no!"

"Something wrong?" Art said. "Besides the normal amount of gloom in the newspapers these days?"

Harvey read from the newspaper. "The heaviest storm of the season hit the Los Angeles area today, dumping over two inches of rain on some areas, flooding streets in the valley, and closing many major arterials. A new storm is expected to arrive tomorrow."

"So what?" Art said. "You aren't selfish, are you? Let 'em share a little water with us. They need it and we can spare it."

"Susan and Jessica are arriving in Los Angeles at precisely this minute," Harvey said.

Art poured himself a cup of coffee before answering. "Well, you can't win 'em all. You know what's going to happen, don't you?"

"Certainly I know what's going to happen," Harvey said. "I've seen it happen before. Surf Pines is going to bask in springlike weather for the week that Susan and Jessica are gone. Southern California is going to be hit by 'very unusual weather.' That's what's going to happen."

"Let's try Brahms. We've picked on Franz Liszt enough for one day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Uh-huh," Art said, "and there isn't anything you can do about it except brace yourself, because naturally it'll be your fault."

"Thanks for your analysis of the situation," Harvey said bitterly. "You're a big help."

"You're welcome," Art said. "At least I try to be realistic. There's only one way out of this that I can see."

"I know I shouldn't listen to this," Harvey said, "but go ahead, anyway."

"We assume that they are going to arrive back here as rain-soaked and mad as a cat caught in a sou'wester."

"Putting it mildly," Harvey said.

"So you'll have to shift the emphasis. Know of anything that Susan has set her heart on having? Some little trinket, like a mink stole?"

"Don't be ridiculous," Harvey said. Then he lifted his head and snapped his fingers. "A new living-room carpet. She's been wanting to get rid of our old hemp squares for months. She picked out the one she wants. If she walked in, and saw a new carpet, it could rain for forty days and forty nights and she'd love it."

Art spread his hands. "Come to me any time, Harvey. I don't expect anything for this—merely your undying gratitude and a solid promise that you won't refer to my coffee as 'battery acid.'"

Sunday, Harvey dutifully went to early church, came back at nine o'clock and fearfully opened the morning paper. He winced. The storm which hit Los Angeles in the night was causing flood conditions far beyond what had been expected. More rain was predicted. Harvey put the paper aside and looked out the window. The surf was as white and clean as freshly laundered sheets. The sky was cleanly blue with a few balls of cotton floating around for contrast. There was practically no wind. He looked again at the paper. A high-pressure ridge had built up over the Pacific Northwest and the forecast was for five days of cloudless skies.

Again there was no reason for Harvey to feel guilty, but his conscience did trouble him as he played a round of golf wearing nothing but trousers and a short-sleeved sweater, and when he got home he rejected the fleeting idea of taking advantage of the Sunday rates and calling Susan and Jessica.

The next morning he ordered the new carpeting at Marshall's and was assured that it would be laid down, complete, by Tuesday night. He didn't even wince when the price was quoted.

The men from Marshall's store were there on Tuesday morning before Harvey left for work, and when he got home that night, it covered the living room, clean, sleek, and as flawless in appearance as a new golf ball.

The next morning Harvey looked at the weather report before he looked at the headlines. It had stopped raining in Los Angeles, but a new storm was expected the next day. Harvey felt that, fortified by the new living-room carpet, he could successfully cope with Susan over the telephone. So that night, at five minutes after six, he placed a person-to-person call to Mrs. Harvey Sorenson at the hotel.

After a decent interval, the operator informed him that Mrs. Sorenson was not registered.

"What!" Harvey screamed. "She has to be."

The operator said that she was sorry.

"Let me talk to the room clerk," Harvey said.

"Sorry," the room clerk said. "Mrs. Sorenson is not registered."

"She has to be," Harvey said. "She flew in to Los Angeles on Saturday. I made the reservation myself."

The clerk was sorry. The reservation had been canceled.

Harvey hung up the phone and, his heart thumping, called the airline. No, they did not have a Mrs. Sorenson or a Jessica Sorenson leaving Portland on Saturday. The reservation had been canceled.

Harvey hung up, numb with apprehension. In his mind he could see headlines: MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ABDUCTED. . . . WOMEN IN HOSPITAL SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA. . . . MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SAY THEY DON'T KNOW WHY THEY LEFT HOME.

Harvey called the Portland police department. He gave a description of Susan and Jessica to an infuriatingly calm policeman. He gave his car's description and the license number. Then he called the state police and the FBI. He called Susan's sister in Portland. He called her best friend in Seattle. He ran up a phone bill of seventeen dollars before he was through.

Given over to despair, he sat with his head in his hands for some time, staring into the fireplace. Then he heard steps on the porch, the door opened and Susan and Jessica walked in.

Relief flowed over him, leaving him, momentarily, as weak and shaky as a day-old kitten. And then he stood up and screamed, "Where in the name of Marco Polo have you two travelers been? I called your hotel; I called the airline; the police, the FBI. I called ——"

Susan sighed. "Now why did you do that?"

"Because," he thundered, "I was merely trying to locate my wife and daughter, that's why."

"I told you not to call. We've just been to Cannon Beach, that's all."

"Cannon Beach!" Harvey yelled. "That's only twelve miles down the road. That's ——"

Then Susan was aware of the new carpet. She ran to Harvey and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Harvey! You darling! A new carpet!" She kissed Harvey thoroughly, and then walked around and purred like a contented tigress.

"Will you kindly explain," Harvey said, "how it was that you started for Los Angeles, over a thousand miles away, and ended up in Cannon Beach, twelve miles away?"

"Cabin fever," Susan said.

Harvey peered at his wife. "Huh?"

"We thought it over," Susan said. "We decided that we didn't really need a trip. All we needed was another set of walls."

"We had a wonderful time," Jessica said. "We might as well have been a thousand miles away. The ocean comes in at a different angle at Cannon Beach, and there are rocks there instead of just sand."

"The beds felt different," Susan said, "and we didn't have to cook, wash dishes or make beds. We walked the beach in the sunshine and read about the storms in Los Angeles, and two men tried to pick us up. They thought we were sisters," she said complacently.

Harvey sat down. His legs felt weak.

"So we just canceled our airline reservations, and the hotel reservations, and decided to save the money. Look what we saved."

Harvey looked at the expanse of living-room carpet. "Yeah," he said.

"And besides," Susan said, "look at the beautiful weather we had."

Harvey looked up at his wife and daughter. He grinned at them and then he started to laugh. He laughed until he felt that he was coming unglued. Outside, the moon hung high and the stars were bright. It was raining in Los Angeles.

THE END

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A Day in Monte Carlo

(Continued from Page 39)

the inspector, swallowed, and said in an almost inaudible voice, "Timgad."

"Timgad?" repeated Perrier. "Timgad?" and began to laugh angrily, sarcastically. "Of course. Whenever any one of you finds himself caught, he names Timgad as the mastermind. But"—and he leaned forward to give his words emphasis—"who is Timgad?"

"I don't know," said Anet. "I don't know."

"You don't expect me to believe that." Perrier jumped from the desk and planted himself in front of the man, tapping him severely on the right shoulder. "Nobody will believe you. Nobody will believe that you take orders from a man you don't know."

"But it's true," said Anet, all of a sudden speaking excitedly. "I've never seen him. Very few people have. I receive my orders over the phone or the radio."

The inspector looked at Mark out of the corners of his eyes, nodding slightly, as if to say that Anet might be telling the truth. Then he turned his full concentration once more on the man. "So you take orders over the radio or the phone. And how did you get the order to kill Corinne Javal this morning? Over the phone?"

Anet lowered his head and Perrier began to shake him gently. "Come on, Anet. Every minute counts. We know that Timgad has been seen in Monte Carlo, that he came here to meet with others. Even if I should believe that you have never seen him in person, or cannot identify his voice, I cannot believe that you don't know where to contact him."

His voice became friendly, patient, almost kind. "I would talk, if I were you. If I were in your place, I would certainly talk. That's the only advice I can give you."

"Where were you taking Mademoiselle Constant?" asked Mark, but the inspector made a little motion for him to keep out.

"Let's make a deal, Anet, you and I," he said. "I will guarantee your life if you will tell me where I can find Timgad. I'll give you three minutes to make up your mind."

He took out his watch and, holding it high, let it dangle from his hand.

Before the three minutes were up, Anet spoke. "There is a meeting tonight. At two o'clock. At the Villa Mimosa on Cap Martin."

For a moment nobody said anything; then Perrier, a smile of utter satisfaction playing around his mouth, rose slowly. "Well, Anet, I'm glad you understood that there was no other way than to tell us what you know." He looked at his watch. "In an hour you will accompany me to the meeting on Cap Martin."

Quickly, loudly, he clapped his hands and the door opened. "Take him away," he said to the two policemen, "and give him something to eat and drink. Let him rest if he wants to. I'll need him later. And tell your captain that I want to see him in a couple of minutes."

He went over to Fleur. "I can't tell you how happy I am that your brother seems not to be involved. I may have to see you tomorrow for a little while, to ask a few questions. At this moment you'll understand that nothing matters but to find the man we have been looking for for such a long time."

"I wonder," said Mark. "I just wonder if we will."

Perrier, who had rather absent-mindedly begun to fill his pipe, stopped pressing the tobacco into the bowl. A sharp frown showed suddenly like a small vertical scar between his brows. "What makes you doubt it, Travers?"

"I don't know." Mark shrugged. "Something in the way the man behaved. Of course I can't compare my experience with yours, but I've been watching Anet's face and I don't trust him. When he was brought in, he gave the impression that he was determined not to speak, that he would rather face death than become a traitor to his cause; then he changed his mind."

"There are very few among them who, when they know the game is up, don't try to save their own skin."

"But he belongs to the few," Mark said thoughtfully. "He believes in what he is doing, in his cause or whatever you may call it. For him it justifies everything. If you ask me, he's a good actor. I'm not at all sure that he spoke the truth. Maybe it is a ruse, an attempt to gain time, possibly to find a chance to warn Timgad."

Perrier shook his head vigorously. "No. You are not familiar with how these things work. He has no chance and he knows it. For Timgad and his organization, he is finished, even if we had no proof against him and let him go. A man who has let himself be caught, who is known to the police, who could be picked up again and questioned—they would kill him. They can't afford to take such chances. There was no way out for him but to turn informer. You'll see. We'll find Timgad tonight. There wouldn't be any point in Anet's giving us a false address because he knows that, unless he proves helpful, the deal is off."

He put the tobacco pouch into his pocket and carefully lighted his pipe. "I think it's best if we meet at the Villa Mimosa. Do you know the place? It's between the Villa la Pointe and the Villa Cyrnos on Cap Martin."

"I know the place," said Mark. "I'll find it." He turned to Fleur, who was staring at him with terrified eyes.

"Don't worry, Mademoiselle," Perrier told her; "everything will be all right. In this case the arrangements will be quite elaborate." He turned to Mark. "Now don't be late or I may feel tempted to claim an honor that is really yours. In sixty minutes exactly."

"In sixty minutes," said Mark, comparing his watch with Perrier's. "See you then."

They left the police station, but, though they walked hand in hand down the steps and across the street to where he had parked the car, they did not talk. Mark could feel Fleur's fingers, cold and trembling, against his palm and knew what she was thinking yet not daring to phrase, and that he would not be able to reassure her. He unlocked the door, opened it and watched her slide in, bumping herself in her great weariness.

"Poor darling. You're exhausted, aren't you?"

She didn't answer, and he bent to kiss her lightly before he started the motor. "Is Guy really so much the absorbed scientist," he asked, more to distract her than to satisfy his curiosity, "that he didn't notice what was going on right under his nose? That Anet could use his boat, its radio ——"

But she had laid her head against the back of the seat and closed her eyes. With her eyes closed she looked touchingly young and vulnerable, almost like a child that has no knowledge as yet of life's complications. Then, thinking of Constant's work, Mark shook his head to himself, answering his own question. It wouldn't really have taken so much vigilance on Anet's part to send his messages without being observed. He could have done it while Constant was photographing marine life or examining some sunken vessel.

"Are you asleep, Fleur?" He whispered so as not to disturb her, in case she had dozed off, but she heard him. She shook her head, still without speaking. "If you don't mind, I'll wash up before I see you home."

He had to drive slowly, for near the Casino the street was clogged with cars, either driving from or toward the gambling rooms.

In his room, which had been readied for the night, the bed open, curtains drawn, the basket filled with fresh fruit, Fleur suddenly put both arms around his neck. "Mark. Don't go. Please, Mark. Let Perrier and the police handle it."

This time it was his turn to be silent. All he could do was hold her close, stroke her dark, silky hair, kiss her tenderly. "What reason is there now for you to go?" she cried. "None. None whatsoever. You have done what you set out to do. If Timgad is there, they will arrest him without you."

"If he is there," he said. "But for nearly three years he has evaded the police. His escapes are legend. And, in that case, nothing will have been accomplished. If Anet has told the truth and there are others there, I might find out ——"

"Perrier will interrogate them."

"There may be a fight. Do you really think I could go to bed now and let Perrier ——"

She put her hand over his mouth, cutting him short. "Mark, you are lying. Those are not the true reasons. Why do you want to go?"

He stood very still then. "Because of Philippe, who was shot in the dark when he went to meet Timgad, trustingly. Because of Corinne, though she meant nothing to me. But she risked her life to help. And because of the innocent people who died today in the café. And because the way I am made, I have to see a thing through to the end. Even if the odds are against me. And whoever Timgad is—he is more than just a murderer. He stands for everything I hate in life. As long as people like him are allowed to act, life isn't worth living."

She let her hands fall resignedly, as if she knew better than to try to stop a man whose heart was filled with a passion for justice.

"There's nothing to worry about," he said, when he stopped the car a little while later in front of the cottage where she lived. "Don't worry, Fleur. Perrier will be there, the police will be all over the place, nothing can happen. Get some sleep now. You need rest. This day has been much too long."

"And it started so beautifully," she whispered, "with such a lovely cool morning, and then you nearly fell over me ——"

"I must confess something," he said. "I saw you long before you saw me. I watched you dancing, and I tried to sketch you. It didn't turn out right."

"Was it then you fell in love with me?"

When he tried to think back to the beginning of this day, it seemed like years since he had seen her first. And he couldn't remember the exact second when she had begun to mean anything to him. "I don't know," he said. "I only know that suddenly you meant life to me."

"That's enough," she said. "Don't say anything more. Mark, is there nothing I could say or do to stop you from going?"

He shook his head.

She looked away from him, up at the dark house. The moon was high now, painting the panes of the windows a metallic blue. The scent of flowers wafted from the terrace to the road and somewhere a bird twittered in its sleep.

"I shall lie awake," she told him, "and relive all the hours we have known each other. Flirting a little, swimming way out and meeting at the Mulot, and the drive to Nice and all the plans we made then. And the pain, the hurt you made me feel when I was suddenly in the way, a girl you wanted to shake off, and the tears I cried because I thought I had lost you. And when you told me the reason why. And Raffaeli's note. Raffaeli," she repeated, then went on. "And the fear while you were gone, and the joy when you came back from Eze, safe. And the hatred when you suspected my brother. No, I don't blame you for it. There were moments of which I am ashamed now, when I myself was no longer sure. And the way your arms felt around my shoulder as you led me away from the gambling table when the colonel died. The moments in the car when I could hear you fighting Louis and couldn't help you. My dearest, promise me, when it is all over, to drive by here and honk your horn three times. Then I shall know everything is all right and fall asleep."

"I promise," he said.

"Be careful," she whispered.

He nodded and watched her walk away through the moonlight, up the few wide steps to the terrace and stand there for a moment, pressing both hands to her lips, then disappearing into the dark, quiet house. He waited until he saw a light go on on the second floor and heard the sound the window made as she opened it wide, then he turned the car in the direction from which they had come. If he was going to be on time, he would have to drive as fast as he could.

For the first few minutes his thoughts were still with Fleur, then he forced himself to concentrate on the road. Only this morning, on his way to the Mont Agel, he had stopped to look down at the peninsulas jutting out into the sea, wishing he were free to visit them again, and here he was on his way to his favorite one—Cap Martin. It lay between Monte Carlo and Menton. The first time he had seen it,

(Continued on Page 66)

The Tipplers

By Harvena Richter

Here beneath this apple tree,
Fly and hornet, wasp and bee—
Patrons at this ancient bar—
Flutter in from near and far.
Waver-winged habitués,
They sing the cider's golden praise,
The sweet oblivion in the core,
The final dram to drain once more.
Antennae low and wing askew,
They gain, unsteadily, the blue,
Then to their sober mates wheel back—
Inebriates of applejack.

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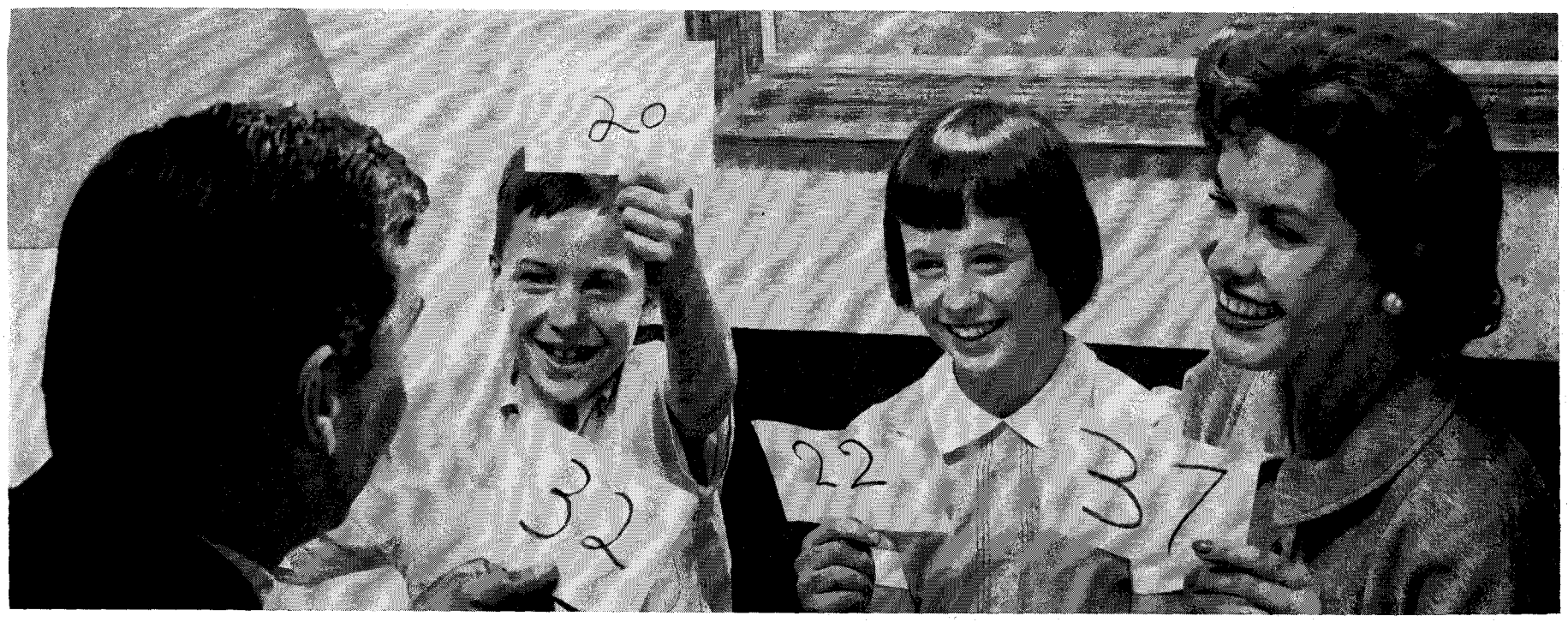

HOW HIGH IS YOUR STANDARD OF LIVING?

Can you guess how many ways you put electricity to work?

One good measure of your standard of living is the number of ways electricity is working for you. The more things you let it do, the more likely you are to live comfortably and conveniently and get the most out of life.

Many people don't realize how many different jobs electricity does for them—day and night, in every room in the house. Do *you?*

Just for fun, why not guess right now how many ways you put electricity to work? Then on the lists below check how many appliances you have in your home. If your guess comes within five of your actual total, you're far above average in your power of observation.

What's more, you have a good idea how outstanding a value your low-price electric service really is.

Check the jobs electricity does for you

DINING-KITCHEN JOBS

- ____ REFRIGERATOR
- ____ REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER
- ____ FREEZER
- ____ RANGE
- ____ DISHWASHER
- ____ DISPOSAL UNIT
- ____ EXHAUST FAN
- ____ TOASTER
- ____ COFFEE MAKER
- ____ FOOD MIXER
- ____ PORTABLE MIXER
- ____ BLENDER
- ____ ROTISSERIE
- ____ AUTOMATIC SKILLET
- ____ DEEP FRYER
- ____ AUTOMATIC SAUCE PAN
- ____ EGG COOKER
- ____ WAFFLE BAKER
- ____ GRILL
- ____ ICE CREAM FREEZER
- ____ JUICER
- ____ BOTTLE WARMER
- ____ KNIFE SHARPENER
- ____ OTHER

ENTERTAINMENT AND BETTER LIVING

- ____ TELEVISION
- ____ RADIO
- ____ CLOCK-RADIO
- ____ PHONOGRAPH
- ____ TAPE RECORDER
- ____ ELECTRIC INTERCOM
- ____ PROJECTOR
- ____ ELECTRIC TOYS
- ____ ELECTRIC HOBBY EQUIPMENT
- ____ WALL AND CEILING LAMPS
- ____ FLOOR LAMPS
- ____ TABLE LAMPS
- ____ ELECTRIC CLOCKS
- ____ ELECTRIC BED COVERINGS
- ____ SHAVER
- ____ HAIR DRYER
- ____ HEATING PAD
- ____ HEAT LAMP
- ____ SUN LAMP
- ____ VIBRATOR
- ____ VAPORIZER
- ____ OZONE LAMP
- ____ NIGHT LIGHT
- ____ OTHER

SERVICE JOBS

- ____ CLOTHES WASHER
- ____ CLOTHES DRYER
- ____ SEWING MACHINE
- ____ IRONER
- ____ HAND IRON
- ____ WATER HEATER
- ____ VACUUM CLEANER
- ____ WAXER-POLISHER
- ____ POWER TOOLS
- ____ ELECTRIC SPRAYER
- ____ GARAGE DOOR OPENER
- ____ ELECTRIC LAWN MOWER
- ____ AIR CONDITIONERS
- ____ FANS
- ____ SPACE HEATERS
- ____ FURNACE MOTOR
- ____ HEAT PUMP
- ____ OTHER

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(*Continued from Page 64*)

he had come from Italy to stand, awed, in the ruins of the Villa Lumone, deeply conscious of a sense of history. Near the end of the Avenue de Monte Carlo he stopped his car. The street was deserted, even the windows of the hotel at the point showed hardly any light. To his left was the beach, to his right the Avenue de Roquebrune. That was the road he had to take, for on it, between the Villa la Pointe and the Villa Cyrnos, lay the house Anet had betrayed, where Timgad was supposed to come—the Villa Mimosa.

Dimming his headlights, Mark drove slowly past the tall, wrought-iron gate that led to the estate; then, a good three hundred yards from it, he parked and started to walk slowly back. Suddenly the night seemed very quiet and his steps very loud, their echo the only sound. Mark hesitated for a second, then bent and took off his shoes. Carrying them, he went on. The air was sweet with the scent of pine and olive trees, and he could hear the sea, lapping at the coast. It was dark except for the pools of light the few street lamps threw onto the road. Near the Villa Cyrnos, he saw four parked cars. Perrier, he thought, standing still to look around. But nowhere could he discover him or any of his men.

He came to the gate, which was supported by two huge stone pillars, and stood still again, listening into the night. Everything was as quiet as before, nothing stirred that betrayed the presence of a human being. For a moment he didn't know whether to wait or try to gain entrance to the silent garden beyond. Then, all of a sudden, his ears picked up a sound. It came from far away. Someone was whistling. After a second Mark recognized the little tune Perrier always whistled. It stopped, then came again from somewhere deep inside the park. Mark put one hand testingly on the handle of the gate. As he had expected, it opened noiselessly. A broad gravel path, bordered by strips of lawn, stretched ahead of him.

Walking quickly across the grass in the direction from which the whistling had come, he could feel the heavy dew under his stockinged feet. For a second it reminded him quite irrelevantly of his childhood. Then he grew tense again.

He had walked at least five minutes, past flower beds, clumps of trees, along hedges, before he saw the house. He had rowed past it during the days he had spent on the Cap and knew it to be a large old villa in a style favored in the nineties. Now it lay before him in the dark like a huge gray animal, with no sign that anyone was inside.

Had he come too late? But no. The luminous dial of his watch showed ten minutes to two. And where was Perrier? Where were the police? Had he imagined the soft whistling sound? With the tune still in his ears, had he mistaken some other sound for the inspector's whistling?

He bent, put on his shoes, and picked up a few small stones from the path that curved up to the house, forming a wide open space there. Very carefully, counting to himself, in order to space the intervals evenly, he threw a few gently onto the path. After the fifth he could hear somebody stir.

For an instant Mark hesitated; then, aware that he might betray himself to the wrong person, every muscle alert to danger, he whispered, "Perrier." And at once his whisper was answered. "Inside."

Of course, Perrier had hidden his men at strategic points. "Inside?" he repeated, but once more there was around him only the muteness of the night.

So Perrier had gotten inside before Timgad and his men. If there should be too many, if a fight should prove inopportune, at least hidden in the house they would finally find out who Timgad was. Keeping well within the deeper darkness of the shrubbery, Mark followed the path around the house. Here the moon painted a silvery line on the water. He could make out the dock and the shape of a boat fastened to it. He almost went to inspect it, but instead turned toward the stairs that swung from the house into the garden. The moment he had reached the top and was standing on the terrace, one of the long French windows opened noiselessly.

"In here," said Perrier's voice in a half whisper. "Close the door, and draw the curtain before you follow me."

Seen from the inside, the night no longer seemed as black as a moment ago. Mark closed the door and let the heavy material of the curtain fall across it. And as he groped his way through the dark, following the direction of Perrier's steps, he could hear a clock ring out somewhere in the house. Once. Twice.

"Two o'clock. Where are they? You see, I was right. Anet lied."

"On the contrary," said Perrier, "he spoke the truth. Timgad is here."

Unexpectedly the lights in the room jumped on, their sudden brilliance blinding Mark momentarily. "Here?" he repeated. "Already?" And then he saw the gun. It was in Perrier's hand and it was aimed at him.

"I'm sorry," said Perrier, "but I warned you, Travers. If you remember, I warned you from the beginning. And nothing would have happened to you if you had followed my advice."

Mark could only stare at the man whom he had trusted implicitly. "Impossible."

"And may I ask why?"

"You? An inspector of the Sûreté?"

"It can be a fascinating job if you know how to take advantage of it. As you see, it fits my needs admirably."

Still incredulous, Mark could think only of the events that had sent him on his search for Timgad. "Then it is you who is responsible for Philippe Langlé's death."

"He was a very dangerous man. Too reasonable, too tolerant, too persuasive. I had to fear that he would manage to unite the different groups and find a solution to their problem. Only as long as France is split, as long as the various parties can be kept at cross purposes, do we have a chance."

Mark felt himself shaking inside with rage. "And Corinne? She never talked to anyone?"

"That is correct." Perrier smiled. "It was you who betrayed her. Don't move," he added, as Mark made a step forward. "I rather liked her, but, you see, she had the misfortune to come to the Select two nights ago to tell Anet of some change in her plans. As it happened, she took a telephone call that was meant for Anet. But I was not sure how much she suspected until you very obligingly left a message that you were going to Monte Carlo to see her, because she seemed to have found out who Timgad was."

"That is why you could tell exactly how Anet killed her," said Mark. "He was carrying out your orders."

The blood began to hum in Mark's ears so strongly that for a moment he could not speak. Here, in the person of Perrier, stood the symbol of what he had fought ever since he had first seen totalitarian power at work.

"At least she did not suffer," said Perrier.

"You mean, unlike the people who were wounded by the bomb?"

"The Arab who tried to make his way to us had long been suspected as a possible informer. He had to be dealt with. Fortunately I could stop the man following him from throwing the bomb in our direction."

"And Raffaeli?"

"What a methodical man you are. After you showed me the photograph, I realized that Corinne might have mentioned something to him. I had to find out. You see, he hates us and would do anything to quell the movement, as long as he doesn't get personally implicated. He is quite a coward. Since you trusted me, I could use you very well. I hoped you might encourage him to pass on information with which he would never have come out in the open for fear of getting involved. Unfortunately, you got nothing out of him." He sighed. "We didn't know anything about the colonel until we heard that he had tried to get into the morgue after it was closed, to see Corinne Javal once more."

So Perrier had not known that he had gone to Eze. Too sure of himself, he had failed to have Mark watched after their last meeting. Mark felt tempted to call Perrier's attention to the fact that "Timgad" was not infallible. For even though Baudon had been too shocked about Corinne's death, too drunk to remember to tell Mark about the Pension Select, Mark would never have gone to the Anemone had not the colonel mentioned the boat from which Corinne had dived. But Perrier did not notice Mark's surprise.

"When Baudon's room was searched, a note with your name and address was discovered. So I had to fear that Corinne had talked to him. I had to prevent you two from meeting. And we had our chance to do away with him at the Casino. Unfortunately, not before he managed to —— Well, you know all that. But you will agree that his was a happy death. He was told he won. So he died seeing a dream come true, which is more than most of us are allowed."

Mark raised a fist and lowered it when he saw the gun move in the other's hand. "What a monster!"

Perrier shook his head. "You are being unjust. Only those who constitute a threat are not permitted to go on living. Take your case, for instance. I didn't mind your going around, investigating people. I rather liked it, as long as I felt sure you discovered nothing. Some of your reports were of great interest to me. But when you didn't pay any attention to the note; when, even after you knew that Corinne Javal had been murdered because she knew too much, you would not give up—then you became a danger." A sudden curiosity showed in his eyes. "Tell me, what made you go to the Anemone? Something Raffaeli said and you forgot to tell me? Or did you hear from Fleur Constant that Corinne had been diving from her brother's boat?"

Mark did not answer.

"Fleur Constant," Perrier went on. "We did not think that your connection with her might be dangerous. Knowing Constant's character, it was out of the question that you would succeed in setting foot on his boat so soon."

"And you would have had Anet kill her, too, if I had not overpowered him?"

"Not necessarily." Perrier looked straight at him. "But if it had come to the worst—many young people are so much in love that they don't pay attention to the road at night. Driving through the mountains, a car can easily be carried out of a curve."

Mark had himself under control again. *Keep him talking*, he thought. *The man is*

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a megalomaniac. As long as I can keep him talking, I have a chance."

"And what kind of death have you in mind for me?"

"I have given the matter some thought," Perrier told him, in his sleepy, conversational tone. "The best way, I think, is a little painless injection, then take you out in the boat you saw as you came up the steps, and throw your body into the sea. I'm glad to see you're not afraid."

The strange thing was that Perrier was right. Mark was not afraid. At this moment death had lost all importance.

"The people outside, the man who whistled, the other who told me you were inside, they are your men, of course?"

"Of course," said Perrier. "One is the fellow who poisoned the colonel's drink; the other is Anet."

"One day they will betray you."

"I won't give them the chance."

Mark found it hard to go on talking. "Then Anet didn't know you were Timgad when you interrogated him at the police station?"

Perrier shook his head. "He knew only that I was one of them. Didn't you notice what trouble I had getting him to say what I wanted him to say, so that you would come here? In the beginning he was quite confused. I thought he would never catch on."

"Until you started to whistle."

"You are very observant," said Perrier. "But now I would like you to lie flat on your stomach."

"What makes you think you will get away with it?"

"I always do."

"But this time Fleur Constant knows where I have gone. She was there when Anet revealed the address."

"She knows me only as Inspector Perrier. She will think you went with the police. And so you did, on your search for Timgad. If they find your body, nobody will suspect me. You were killed trying to prevent Timgad or one of his men from escaping. Very regrettable. And now, my friend, lie down on the floor. I told you once already that it is a pity you didn't take love more seriously."

"Just one more question," said Mark. "Why? Why do you do it? What justifies your actions in your own eyes?"

It was Perrier's turn to look surprised. "But isn't that quite clear? You believe in capitalism, but I see the only solution to the world's problems in Communism. And until people all over the world grasp this ——" Carried away by his own fanaticism, he lifted both arms in a wide, expansive gesture.

This was the moment for which Mark had been waiting. Like a bull, shoulders hunched, head lowered, he rushed Perrier. Perrier, off balance, almost fell backward, then caught himself, and, the instant Mark straightened up to throw himself on Perrier, he fired. The bullet hit Mark's left leg and he pitched forward, face down. The sudden pain, the long hours of the day, the complete physical and mental exhaustion, all combined to render him helpless. *Fleur*, he thought; *and, dammit, I won't die in vain!* And with that, strength seemed to come back to him.

"Don't move," said Perrier, pointing the gun straight at him. The next moment a shot rang out.

Perrier's hand opened helplessly. The gun dropped from it onto the floor. But before Mark could reach it, Perrier had spun around in the direction from which the shot had been fired, with his left hand whipping another pistol from one of his pockets.

Only then was Mark able to see who had come to his help so unexpectedly. Half hidden by the curtain, at the French window through which Mark had entered a while ago, stood Guy Constant.

"I advise you to give up. The house is surrounded," he was saying, when Perrier fired. With immense effort Mark managed to drag himself up from the floor, to lunge at Perrier, then everything went black before his eyes.

When he came to, the sun was shining brightly and for a moment he didn't know where he was. Then, looking about him, he recognized the pink light filtering through the awnings of the loggia, the mirrored ceiling above the bed, the basket of fruit on the writing desk, all of which he had seen before. When?

Starting to move, he found he could do so only with difficulty. His left leg felt strangely heavy. But when he saw the bandage, his head cleared and memory came flooding back. He was staring at the spot where he had stood, reading the message that warned him of death if he didn't give up his search for Timgad, when the door opened gently. Fleur tiptoed into the room; then, seeing that he was sitting up, she rushed to him.

"You would wake up when I was out of the room for a minute." Her voice was a mixture of disappointment and relief. "How are you feeling, darling? In spite of the sedative, you kept fighting Timgad all night."

She knelt at his bedside and lifted her face to his. He looked at her for a long time before he put both hands on her cheeks, cupping her face.

"So it was you who saved my life?"

"Guy did," Fleur told him. "You had hardly left when he came home. Of course I told him—everything. The way we met and what happened later. He thought I had lost my mind, it all sounded so crazy to him. And when I came to Anet, he wouldn't believe any of it. You see, he had trusted Anet implicitly. I had forgotten the impact it had made on me when you first suspected Guy, so I was not aware at first how Anet's actions must strike him. I had no idea where he was going when he rushed out of the room. I just ran after him and jumped into the car. He was going to the police, of course, to clear himself. But when we got there, they knew nothing. Nothing," she repeated, in a tone of terror, as if she were reliving the moment in which it had dawned on her that Mark had been lured to his death. "Nothing of the raid to be made on the Villa Mimosa, nothing about Timgad, just that Perrier had interrogated a man he suspected of having had something to do with the murder of Corinne Javal, and that Perrier had taken the man with him."

Who would have dared interfere with an inspector of the Sûreté, thought Mark? Who would have suspected him? Nobody. How satanically clever the man had been all along. And anger rose in him once more as he thought how he had taken for granted that he could trust Perrier, the sad eyes, the sleepy, understanding voice, the sympathy.

"I think all that mattered to Guy at that moment was that Anet had gone. He had to find him." She shuddered. "He would have killed him if he had had the chance. He insisted that the captain of the police accompany him, with some of his men. They got Anet and the man we noticed at the Casino. To fool you, Perrier had him wear the uniform of a policeman. He nearly escaped."

"And Perrier?" asked Mark, "Timgad?"

"He shot himself," said Fleur. "When he saw it was all over, he shot himself."

Mark lay back and closed his eyes, reliving in a flash the months that had passed since Philippe's death, which had made him set out to find Timgad. And the way it had changed his life. It had been worth while.

Then Fleur's voice again. "I drove with them to the gate—they wouldn't let me come any further—and I heard the shots. And all I could do, sitting there in the car, was pray for you, and for Guy. And then they carried you out and we took you to the hospital. And after the doctor was through with you, we brought you back here. You have lost a lot of blood, Mark. You are supposed to rest. The doctor will come around noon. And Guy wants to talk to you."

Suddenly the realization that it was all over took hold of him. He had found Timgad. Philippe, Corinne, Baudon had been avenged. He had fulfilled the task he had set out to do. And he was alive. And free. He stared at Fleur as though he had never seen her before. No, it had not been merely the awareness of what life could mean that had drawn him to her.

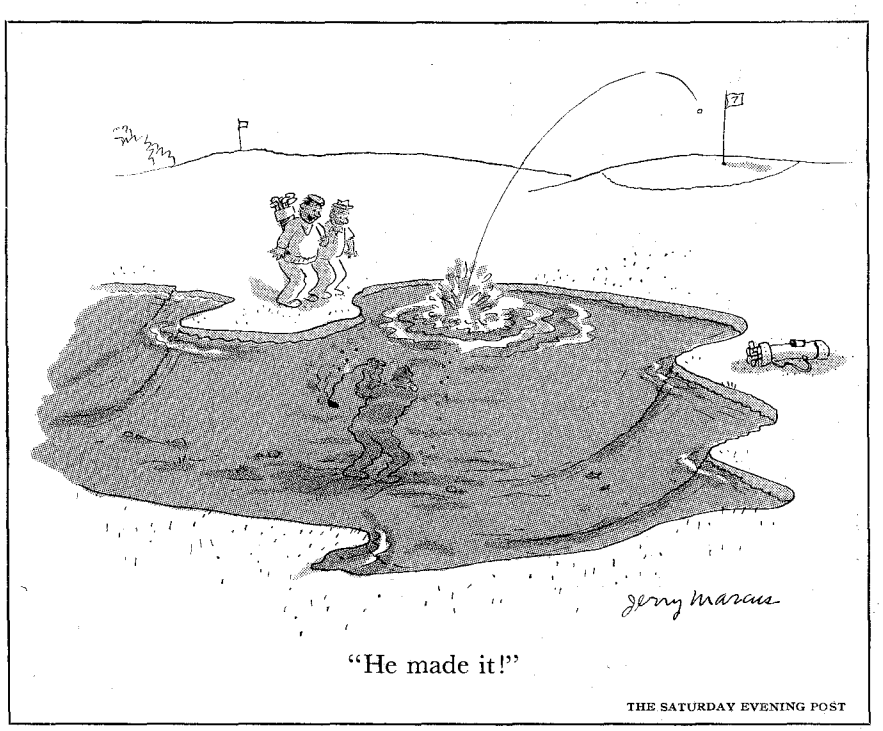
"Fleur, when are you going to marry me?"

"There are so many worlds," said Fleur, "and we will make our own. But I think it would be very nice if you would be patient enough to get acquainted with that of my grandmother."

"You said she would never accept an American."

"She will have to," said Fleur, laughing gayly. "If for no other reason than that she doesn't want me to run away with you."

THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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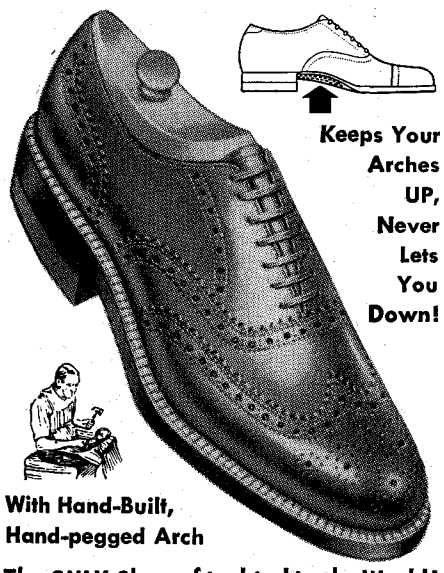

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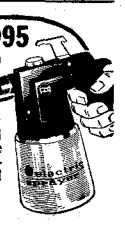

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Act of Vengeance

(Continued from Page 31)

however, which on later reflection I found quite surprising, since I had far more reason than he not to forget.

"Mr. Cooper," he called, stopping me, "don't you remember me? I am General Schwartz. I knew you here, during the war."

An odd way of putting it! Schwartz had "known" me well enough, as one of his victims, or rather near-victims, in the efficiently operated reign of terror which he had conducted in Thrakia during the German occupation. However, I was at first so shocked to meet a man I had never expected to see again, who in fact I had supposed was long since dead, that before I could collect myself I had taken the hand which he held out in greeting. The uninhibited warmth of his grip surprised and disturbed me; so did the blithe way in which he chattered along, in his impeccable English, as if this were simply a meeting of long-parted friends.

I drew my hand away from his. "Do you realize," I interrupted him, "how little your life would be worth if the people of this city found out you were here?"

He seemed momentarily taken aback. "But, Mr. Cooper," he protested, "all that is in the past. You know, at the end of the war I was imprisoned for a time by the Americans; there was an investigation, and at the end I was denazified."

"You were *denazified?*" I repeated in amazement.

His plump face—the face which had once been lean, almost hollow-cheeked—turned rosy for an instant, and he made no reply. He must have known what I was thinking: no investigation, no court decree, could ever "denazify" a man like Schwartz or absolve him of the burden of guilt he bore. But the anger, the desire for revenge, which had once burned so strongly in me had dwindled almost to nothing.

"Why did you come back here?" I asked.

"I wish to visit the grave of my son," he said. "I will stay just a day or two."

This surprised me, though I suppose it shouldn't have. I knew that Schwartz's son was buried on the hillside above Thrakia; what I had forgotten was that Schwartz was capable of enough human feeling to venture a long and hazardous trip simply to visit the grave. During the occupation he had become notorious as a man of steel, mild enough if things went his way, but capable of any infamy if crossed. I had no contact with him until the Germans had been in Thrakia for some months; I was technically a non-enemy alien, since at that time the United States had not yet entered the war. Many of the Americans in Greece had packed and left in the face of the German advance. I had remained, partly because of my responsibility to protect the property and interests of the American business firm which I represented in Thrakia, but partly also because I had lived in Greece so long that I considered it my home and did not want to leave. The Germans had asked me a good many questions about myself and my business activities—which of course had pretty much ceased with the country's military defeat—but they did not at first intern me.

Before long, however, I discovered that the Germans had been regarding me with suspicion all the while; this became clear one day when I was suddenly arrested without explanation by SS troopers and taken before General Schwartz.

I was frightened and the appearance of the German commander, whom I had never seen before that moment, served only to increase my fear. His face was expressionless and yet burning with some kind of pent-up force. When he spoke it was in faultless, unemotional English, but his voice cut like a sharp, cold knife.

"Mr. Cooper," he began, "despite the fact that you are the citizen of a country with which Germany is not at war, we have reason to believe that you are an enemy agent."

"What? Why, I ——"

"You had better give us the truth from the beginning, I warn you. Your quarters are being searched at this moment. There is nothing you will be able to hide."

"Well, you may search my apartment all you wish, and my office, too, because there's nothing there. I'm not an enemy agent. I've ——"

Schwartz interrupted me sharply: "There is no use in trying to put us off, Mr. Cooper. We have ways of getting the truth from you." This sounded ominous, but he was bluffing; I sensed that much from his manner. He was apparently hoping to wring some confession from me by sheer terror—just what confession, I could only guess.

"But—but listen," I began, "I've had no contact with anyone outside of Greece since your arrival, except for the wires which I sent through your own censor's office. How ——"

"That's beside the point!" Schwartz exclaimed. His flushed, impassive face was terrifying as death. "Who said anything about contacts outside of Greece? Perhaps you are giving yourself away, Mr. Cooper?" He stood up behind his desk, folded his arms, and stared at me icily.

I was momentarily flustered. "Why, no. I assumed ——"

"Assume nothing! Whether or not you have had outside contacts is indeterminate. I can assure you that you will certainly have none in the future. But what concerns us at present is something else, Mr. Cooper. There has been a steadily increasing amount of sabotage in this area." His eyes burned darkly into me.

"But I haven't had anything to do with that," I protested. I felt suddenly that I was arguing for my life. I was well aware of the sabotage and had, along with the Greeks, rejoiced in each new incident. Only the evening before there had been a tremendous explosion in the railroad station, which at the time had been filled with German troops waiting for a train to Athens. But I had no connection whatever with these underground activities.

"We'll decide for ourselves whether you have had anything to do with the sabotage," snapped Schwartz. "In the meantime we have no choice but to hold you in detention."

"But what am I charged with, specifically?" I cried. "If you'll tell me, I'll probably be able to prove I had nothing to do with it."

Schwartz stared at me more intently than ever. Anger was burning openly in his eyes now, but I fancied that I saw something else there too; he seemed as desperate, in his own way, as I was.

"Where were you yesterday evening?" he demanded abruptly, and I knew then that he suspected me in connection with the explosion in the railroad station.

"I was home all evening," I answered, relieved. "My neighbors can vouch for that."

Schwartz laughed mirthlessly. "Of course they can," he mocked. "Do you suppose we would take the word of your neighbors in a matter like this?" He gestured again, and I was propelled out the door by an SS trooper who had accompanied me into the room without being given a chance to say anything more.

I was fairly shaking with rage at the summary way in which Schwartz had dealt with me, yet at the same time I was so frightened at what was happening to me that I could scarcely think straight. The Germans had converted an empty factory on Thrakia's outskirts into a concentration camp, and it was here that I was taken. Surrounded by a high wall of stone and plaster, the camp seemed so isolated and self-contained that after the first few days there I began to feel as if the world outside its heavily guarded gates were unreal, were merely a long dream from which I was now regrettably awakening.

In all fairness, though, I must say that General Schwartz's concentration camp,

"Hope it's strong enough for you—say when!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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unpleasant as it was, compared in no way with the hells which were later discovered to exist at such places as Dachau and Buchenwald, to which most of Thrakia's Jewish population, and certain of its political figures, had been deported. The Thrakia concentration camp had no gas chambers or furnaces; only a long, single-story building of plaster with most of its windows broken, crowded with rows of filthy straw mattresses and permeated with the stench of a single flush toilet which almost invariably refused to flush. My most vivid memory of the camp relates not to the SS troopers guarding it—they ignored us disdainfully, and we were left to wander about the place, during the daylight hours, pretty much as we pleased—but to the flies, lice, fleas, and other insects which tormented us incessantly.

During the two weeks that I was a prisoner, more than a hundred men were brought into the camp, all suspects rounded up at the German commander's orders in a desperate attempt to seize the saboteurs who had set off the bomb in the railroad station. It was not long before I discovered, from the other prisoners, the reason for the peculiar look of desperation, of anguish, which I thought I had perceived gleaming through the fury in Schwartz's eyes. The German commander's son, it was rumored—and I later found the story to be true—had been among the *Wehrmacht* soldiers that the explosion had killed.

Some of the more promising suspects had, like myself, been subjected to Schwartz's personal scrutiny; all of us waited in suspense for our turn to be "interviewed" again in the Nazi general's heated search for the murderers of his son. They never got as far as me in their questioning, for they found the guilty ones first. This I learned from an acquaintance I had made, an old man who slept on the mat next to mine.

"They've got them," he told me quietly, one morning shortly after we had gotten up.

I stared at him in amazement. "The saboteurs? How do you know?"

He shrugged. "The word gets around quickly, even in places like this. You remember the young fellows they brought in yesterday?"

"The university students?"

"Yes. They are the ones. The Nazis found them quickly, didn't they?" In his voice there was, I thought, a trace of reluctant admiration for the German efficiency.

"How did they find out?" I asked. "Did one of them confess?"

He shrugged. "Who knows? The Germans have ways to make anyone talk. Or perhaps there was an informer."

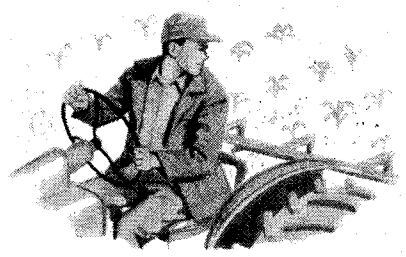
I nodded and fell silent. Naturally I felt immense relief—and yet I experienced a twinge of regret that my own innocence could be established only together with other men's guilt. I knew what punishment the students could expect.

Some days later—longer than necessary, I was sure—I was officially cleared of suspicion and released, thin, dirty, and still angry. My neighbors, who had apparently concluded they would never see me again, greeted me with joy. The young men of the resistance movement who had caused the fateful explosion were, they informed me, at that very moment hanging from lampposts in front of the station; in addition, a large number of innocent men had been publicly executed by way of reprisal and warning. Nevertheless there was secret rejoicing among the people of Thrakia over what the saboteurs had done, and especially that Schwartz's son had been one of the victims of the explosion; and I admit that at the time, having so recently suffered at Schwartz's hands myself, I felt glad too. I knew nothing about the son, but his death seemed the next most desirable thing to Schwartz's own. I suppose it is the bitter aftertaste of this kind of hatred which has made me want to forget those years altogether, containing as they do an experience which temporarily turned me—and millions of others, perhaps including General Schwartz—into a different kind of person from what I really am, or want to be.

Some days after my release from the concentration camp I happened to be walking past Thrakia's small Jewish cemetery when I noticed German soldiers posted at the gates. I stopped just long enough to observe that within the cemetery, under military guard, some men in tattered civilian clothes were tearing up the gravestones. As I walked on—to stand and stare at the Nazis engaged in this sort of ghoulishness would have been like committing suicide—I watched the scene from the corner of my eye, and suddenly I recognized the men who were at work: they were prisoners from the concentration camp.

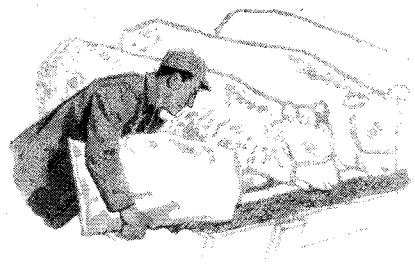
I soon discovered, through that mysterious, lightning-fast grapevine which existed in Thrakia under the occupation, the meaning of what I had seen. All the headstones from the Jewish cemetery had been pulled up and cleaned and inscribed with new epitaphs for the recently killed German soldiers. Schwartz chose for the new cemetery the greenest spot he could find near the city, which proved to be the hill behind it. The people of the neighboring village pleaded that they depended

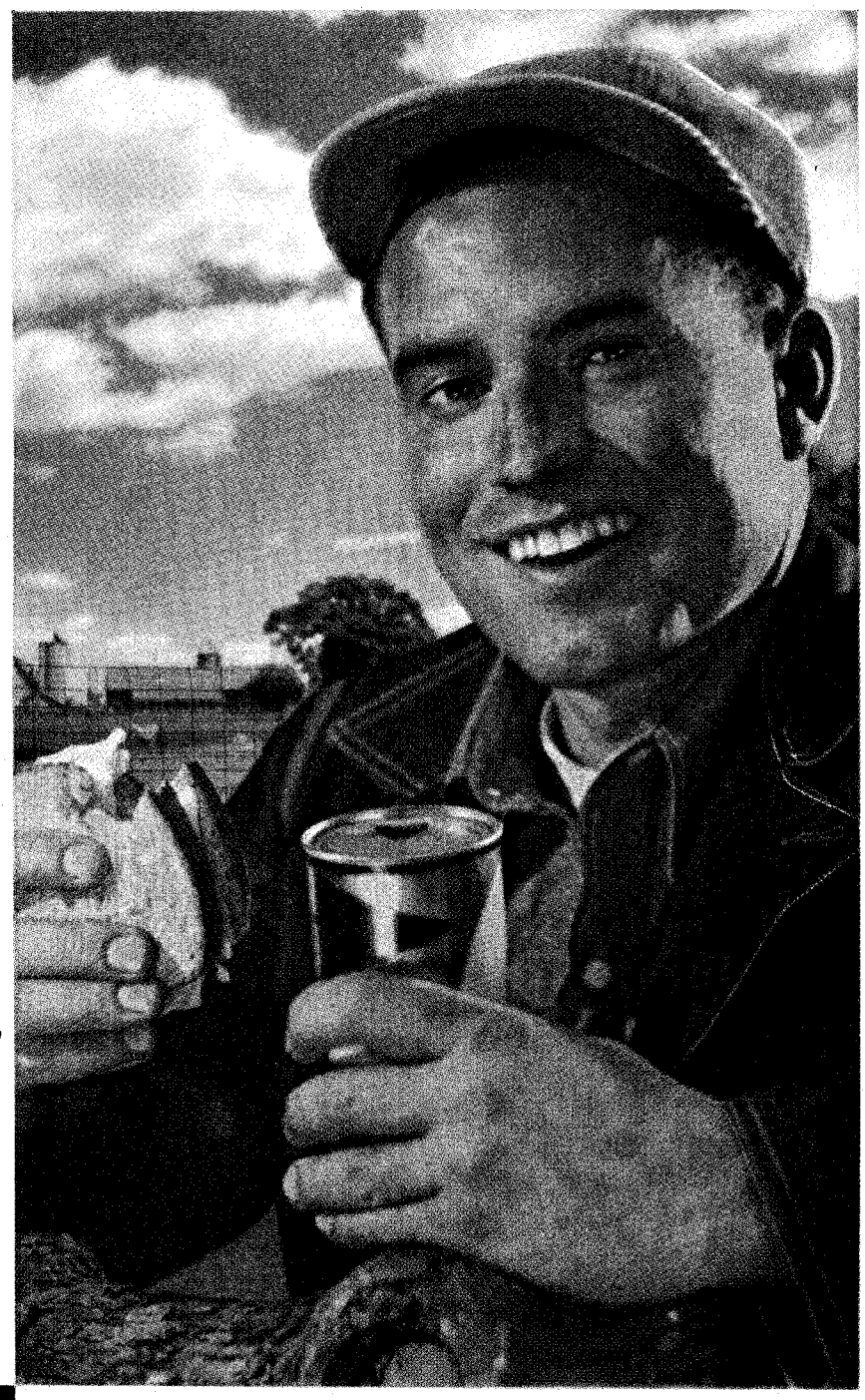
No wonder

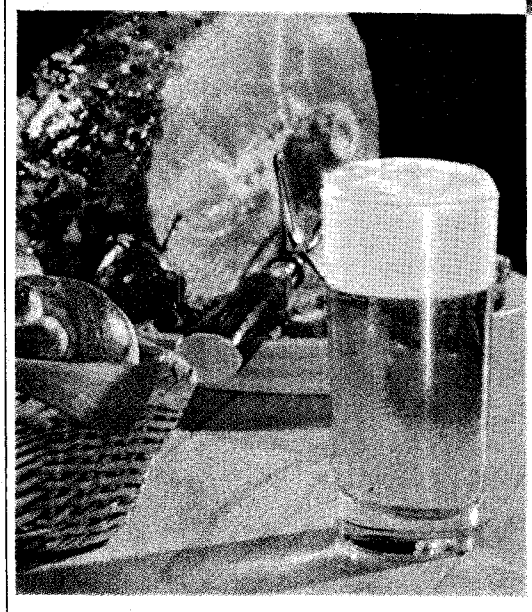


Bill Moore

needs malt...







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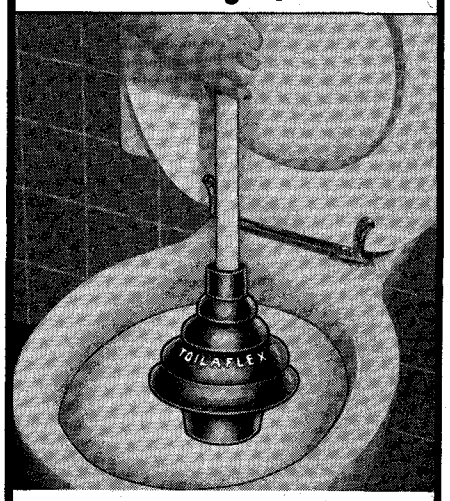

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greatly on this land for their livelihood; Schwartz's answer was to force them to build the graveyard themselves. He was getting his vengeance, that was clear; and perhaps his motives, with their peculiar confusion of personal and patriotic drives, were not too different from those which were sweeping his hysterical *Führer*, the German homeland, and a good part of the civilized world with them, down the road to destruction.

All this takes a good many words to tell, but it flashed through my mind in an instant as I stood there on the street in Thrakia, more than a decade later, confronted once again by Schwartz. It seemed incredible that here was the same man, the Nazi general who had arrested me, grilled me, threatened me, and thrown me into a concentration camp; who had unhesitatingly committed sacrilege and murder on such an enormous scale that in retrospect it had become, for me, a bad dream. Yet it had not been a dream, for here he stood.

The circumstances between this and our last meeting, however, were so altered that I hardly knew how to act. At first I felt a confused urge to repay the man somehow: to call a policeman, to spit in his face, to turn on my heel and walk away. But I found that I couldn't; he behaved so meekly, he spoke with such distaste himself of the occupation days, his manner was so deferential—in short, he was such a changed man—that I soon found myself speaking to him as civilly as if he were some old casual acquaintance.

"Mr. Cooper," he asked me suddenly, "I, of course, feel rather strange to be back here in Greece, especially since I am quite alone; I wonder if you would be so kind as to accompany me tomorrow when I visit the grave of my son?"

"Accompany you?" I stammered unbelievingly. "But ——"

"I would appreciate it very much," he said, and his voice was almost imploring.

I wondered if he was frightened of making the visit alone or if he really fancied I would enjoy going along with him. I demurred for a while, but eventually he did persuade me to accompany him, and promised to call for me at my apartment early the next morning.

It was only later, when I was alone and had time to reflect, that the horror of this struck me. I should never have spoken to Schwartz, much less agreed to accompany him anywhere. I lay awake most of that night, and I kept remembering—now that it was too late—all the reasons I had for not associating with the man. His harshness became notorious following the death of his son. He proclaimed the policy of executing fifty Greek hostages for every German killed, and enforced it. When a guerrilla raid in one of the neighboring villages resulted in the death of a German officer stationed there, Schwartz sent a detachment of soldiers who executed the entire male population, man and boy, and burned down the houses. There were frequent SS raids on homes in Thrakia, often accompanied by on-the-spot shootings; and food rations were cut so severely that by the time the occupation ended, thousands had perished from starvation. As for myself, upon America's entry into the war I was arrested again, and spent the remaining years of the occupation interned, as an enemy alien, behind the walls of Thrakia's concentration camp.

By morning I had decided that I did not want to see Schwartz again. However, when he appeared at my door, timid, slightly apologetic, I couldn't refuse him. Again I found it difficult to believe that this was the same lean, hard-faced demon of my nightmares.

"Are you ready, Mr. Cooper?" he inquired in a low voice. "Or am I perhaps too early?" The horn-rimmed glasses, the bristly mustache, the plump cheeks gave him a kindly, almost a grandfatherly air—and I suppose, had his son lived, he might by that time have been a grandfather.

"No," I said, "you're not too early. Let's go."

We walked from the city. It took us about an hour, and on the way Schwartz, despite my efforts to steer the conversation elsewhere, insisted on talking about the past. He had hated the occupation days, he said, as he had hated Nazism itself. Both Hitler and his position in Hitler's army had been foisted on him against his will: they were things about which he, like other Germans, could do nothing; and, once the war had begun, there had been no choice but to follow his duty and obey the commands of his leaders. Now the whole mess was happily

... ...

Easy Directions

By Maurie Taylor

When telling me how I can
get there,
Leave nothing to gamble or
guess.
I won't be upset
If directions I get
Assume I'm a moron or
less.

So give me some street
names to cling to
Or draw me a map I can
scan.
And be quite explicit—
You, maybe, can't miss it,
But, brother, believe me—I
can.

... ...

over with. He was living in Munich, alone, since his wife also had died in the war; he ran a little photography shop and was doing quite well at it. He was profoundly sorry, he claimed, for the ravaging of Greece—though it had been inevitable—and wanted nothing more to do with war himself. He persisted so much in this sort of talk, as we walked up the road toward the cemetery, that I found I was beginning to doubt him. I wondered if it was true that under circumstances similar to those we had been in, Schwartz would not turn once more into the cruel and vengeful agent of barbarism that he had been not too many years before.

We stopped a moment to look back at the white buildings of Thrakia, candescent in the sunlight. They seemed to tumble down the hillside into the lovely old sea; and across the bay, in serene contemplation of it all, Mount Olympus rose symmetrically into the sky; a ribbon of azure haze floating at its base concealed the land around it and gave it the appearance of hanging suspended in the air.

We went on; the cemetery loomed into sight now, its gray stone walls rising fortresslike on the hillside. I had never once looked inside those walls, for I had not wanted to see the gravestones. But now I decided I would go in with Schwartz. I wondered what he was thinking.

"My son is there," he murmured.

"I know. There are people's sons planted on hillsides all over this country now." Perhaps I shouldn't have said that, but I found it difficult to be kind to the man.

We trudged up the hill, around the corner of the high wall, and up to the entrance gate. It was open, and when we walked in the sight that met our eyes stopped us both in our tracks. There were no graves; there were no headstones; there was only a field of tall, swaying wheat, golden in the sunlight—as there had always been before. I stood utterly speechless, and over me came flooding memories of the years before the war, those times which I had thought were lost and irretrievable.

The field of wheat before us seemed so natural and eternal, so much a thing of past and present and future, that the squat gray wall enclosing it suddenly became for me only a scar left by an ugly interlude which was now vanished. I can scarcely convey the enormous sense of returning peace and tranquillity—of beatitude—which suddenly enveloped me at the sight of that rippling grain, and of the inevitable peasant working in one corner of the field.

For the man standing next to me it must have been quite different. I turned to find him staring openmouthed, speechless as myself. "What have they done?" he finally stammered. "What have they done to the graves?" I told him I would try to find out, and went across the field to the peasant. Schwartz did not accompany me, but remained standing at the entrance, staring dumbly at the wheat.

When I asked the peasant, he shrugged. "We didn't touch the bodies," he told me. "We are Christians. But after all, this is the only good field we have; the Germans took it away from us without asking, and now we've taken it back the same way. What are we supposed to do, starve?"

I said nothing for a moment, then I asked where the headstones were. "We put them over there," he answered, and pointed toward the wall, where for the first time I noticed them, stacked in neat piles.

I returned to Schwartz, who still appeared too overcome to speak, and repeated the peasant's words. He nodded slowly, distantly, as if he were gradually understanding something for the first time.

"Would you like to take a look at the stones?" I asked.

Without a word he turned and followed me over to them. They were a sight that chilled my blood: at their bases were remnants of the Jewish inscriptions which revealed their origin; and on their upper surfaces were the more recent German epitaphs, in severe Gothic lettering. What startled me most was that each stone bore, like a brand, the Nazi swastika. I had not wanted to see that symbol again. I noticed that it had been chipped off some of the stones by people who felt as I did.

We stood and gazed for what seemed a long while. By a sidelong glance I saw that Schwartz's face was white, his eyes wide, as if a ghost confronted him. Finally I asked, "Do you want to look for your son's?"

Perhaps it was not the thing to say, under the circumstances; I don't know. I certainly did not intend it maliciously. But at my words Schwartz shook his head violently, spun around and almost ran out of the place. I followed slowly, after a moment's hesitation; and at the entrance gate I paused again to have one final look at the carefully stacked gravestones, the field of wheat, the peasant who had turned his back on us indifferently and continued working. I thought of Schwartz's protest that the wrongs he had committed during the war had, somehow, been atoned for. I doubted that; but now, as I stood there, I realized that it no longer mattered.

THE END

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The Displaced Missile (Continued from Page 20)

the other, equally determined half sought refuge in the hills. Suffice it to say that by 5:00 A.M., the city had taken what steps it could to protect itself, although from what was not entirely clear.

It was at 5:04 A.M., that Aggie began the first of what was to become a series of nerve-rasping gurgles. Aggie went: "Blurp." And from high up her polished flank there wisped a thin jet of what might have been condensing oxygen or something no one cared to think about too deeply.

The Hotel Phineas Dexter was now evacuated right down to old Mrs. Whittigham, who had to be bundled into her electric wheelchair by force.

"The hell with the Kaiser!" Mrs. Whittigham kept yelling, with great bitterness.

And in the Dispatch city room, Mike Brewer was repeating, almost hopelessly, into his telephone, "I have not been drinking, confound it! As soon as I can get a decent print developed, I'll put it on the wire and you can see for yourself!"

"Ha!" replied the Amalgamated Press bureau chief in Harrisburg sternly. "What's all that racket?"

"The Red Cross Motor Corps!" Mike cried above the cacophony of horns which now arose from the street below. "They're conducting an emergency mobilization, only I think the Boy Scouts are in the way. Or maybe it's the Girl Scouts."

"Boy Scouts!" the bureau chief roared. "Girl Scouts!"

"Maybe it's the Loyal Order of Moose," Mike said irritably, "but somebody's setting up a field hospital." And hung up. He decided to return to Continental Square.

There he found the Hon. Leon Gladfelter, mayor of Dexter, who was in a pitiable state. "I just called the governor," he told Mike. "He told me to go home and sober up. What are we going to do, Mike? Stand around and wait for that thing to fall over or blow up? This is somebody's missile. We've got to find out whose, and then make them come and take it away."

"There ought to be some sort of night duty officer at the Pentagon," Mike suggested, peering down at his rotund honor.

"We'll use my office," the mayor said. "If I'm going to be blasted to bits, I want to be at my post."

"Graackkk," Aggie rattled briskly. "Gurk."

"Maybe," Mike said, "we'd better hurry."

"Major Nurney here," said the night duty officer at the Pentagon some minutes later. "You say your name is Brewer and you're calling from where?" Briefly, Mike outlined the situation and heard with dismay the major's muffled aside: "Some of these crank U.F.O. calls sure make you wonder, don't they, corporal?" Then, in soothing tones, the major advised Mike to put the pertinent details in a letter, noting times and compass directions, with names of other witnesses, if any. Then the major hung up.

At 5:45 A.M., the first wire photos from the Dispatch reached Harrisburg, and Mike found time to call Miss Betsy Watkins. "You're not to come in to work today," he ordered firmly, picturing her blond hair still tousled from sleep. "We've got enough women's features to make up your page, so stay home. In fact, stay down in the cellar."

"I'll be with you in fifteen minutes," Miss Watkins told him with like firmness.

Mike grinned and shrugged; Miss Betsy Watkins had a mind of her own, which was probably why he loved her, now he came to think of it. He went back once more to the square.

By now, most of the central portion of the city had been evacuated, and the square was almost deserted, except for a cluster of city officials gathered by the stairs to the Crystal Lunch.

"We've got to find out who owns it," Mayor Gladfelter was saying as Mike approached. "The city solicitor's on the phone to Washington right now, trying to get some action. But nobody's up yet."

At 6:15 A.M., the world learned of Dexter's plight. The Harrisburg bureau chief had seen the pictures and acted in the highest tradition of his news service. And Betsy Watkins arrived, storming past the police barricades in a flurry of flying skirts, blond hair and press passes. At the South George Street entrance to the square she stopped in her tracks, her sea-green eyes appalled at the spectacle which greeted them. For while she had seen Aggie from afar, the bulk of the Colonial Insurance Building had concealed the Dexter Fire Department's proudest possession, its extension-ladder truck, ladder erect and fully extended, and leaning within inches of Aggie's gleaming shell. Perched at the very top was the lank figure of Mike Brewer, horn-rimmed glasses glinting in the sun.

"It says here," Mike called from his dizzy altitude, "'Keep Away From Fire'! And that's all it says, except 'Handle With Care'!" He began the long climb down to street level.

"H'm'm'm," Aggie murmured restively. "Zisk. Tic-tic."

"Oh, no," Betsy Watkins prayed. "Please, heaven, not now."

"I just don't get it," Mike said, when he'd rejoined the band of officials by the stairs. "You'd think there'd be some sign as to who owns it: Army, Navy or Air Force."

"I think I can answer that one," said City Solicitor Walter deHoff, joining the group. "And I think we're in worse trouble than we figured. I've just been on the phone to the Pentagon, and they've finally admitted that a missile was fired from a secret Navy testing ground—just where they won't say. But here's the rub: It was a new missile, ultra-top secret, developed by the Air Force. But get this: The actual firing was done by a highly specialized Army team."

"So?" inquired Mayor Gladfelter.

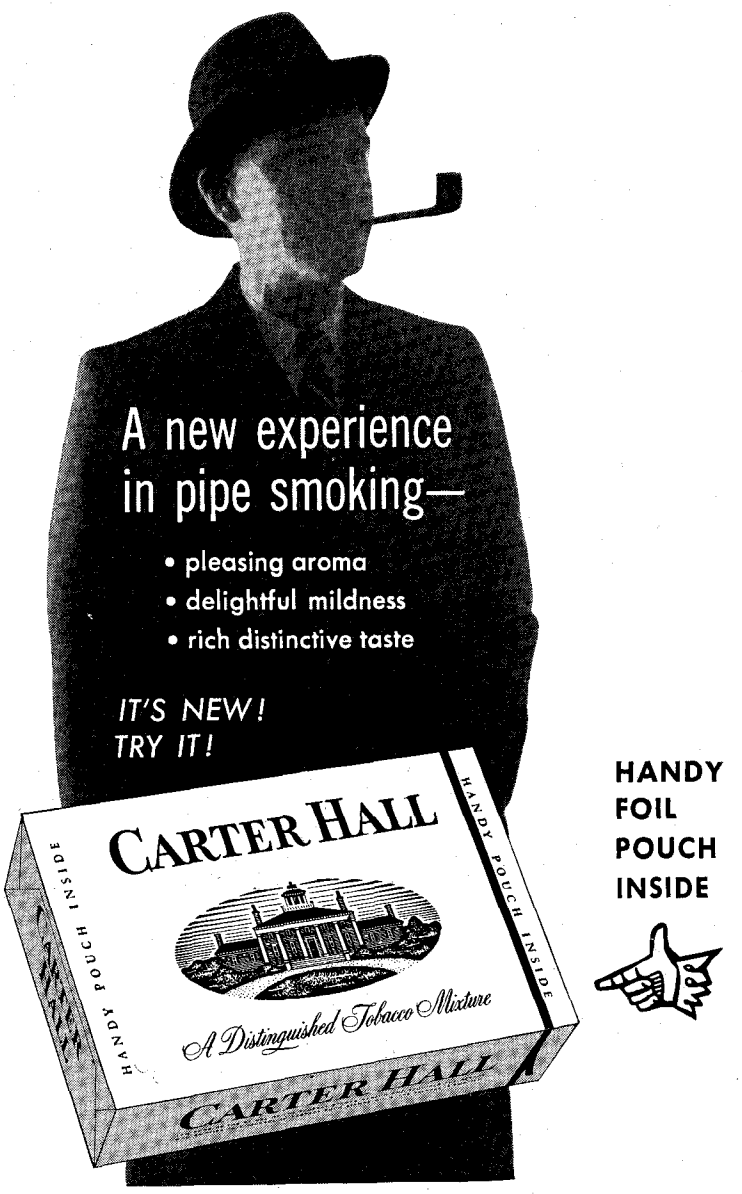
"So," replied Solicitor deHoff wearily, "nobody will admit anything. In fact, they absolutely refuse to acknowledge that this one—our missile, that is—is the one they fired this morning. But assuming that it is, the Navy says it's the Air Force's baby, and the Air Force says the Army fired it, so it's the Army's problem. That was after I told them we were only thirty-odd miles from Gettysburg as the crow flies."

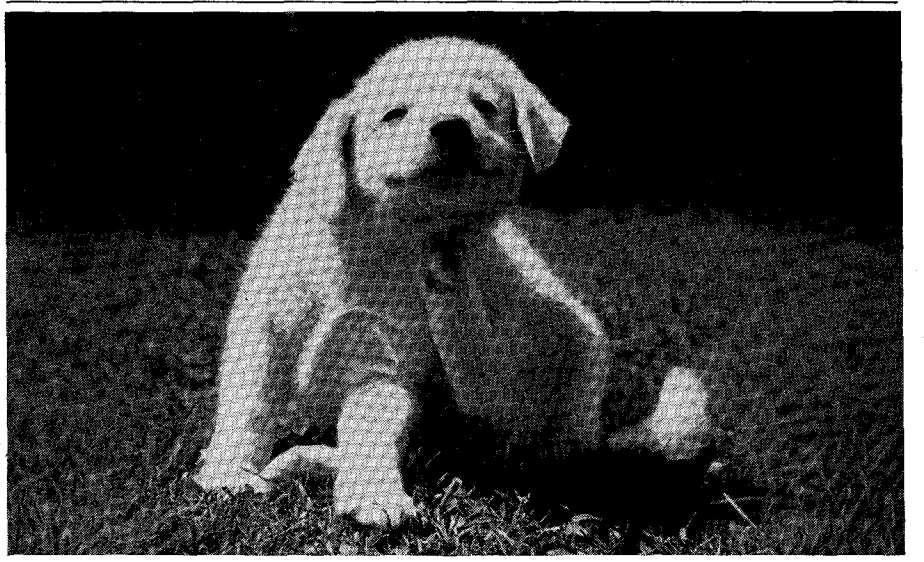
"But weren't they even the least little bit curious to know if this mightn't really be their rocket?" Betsy Watkins asked tentatively from her position just behind Mike.

"This close to Gettysburg?" Solicitor deHoff laughed harshly.

Mike's dark eyes were thoughtful behind his glasses. "It may take them days to untangle the security regulations. Meantime, we may all get blown to smithereens. We've got to jolt those people loose, and fast. And maybe I've got the answer. . . . Your honor, will you and Solicitor deHoff join me in a slight conference?"

And bowing courteously, the three men withdrew in the direction of City Hall,





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leaving Miss Betsy Watkins staring, more than slightly annoyed, at a poster affixed to the door of the Crystal Lunch announcing that the Dexter Little Theater Workshop would present An Evening With Chekhov in the auditorium of the William Penn Senior High School the following Tuesday night.

By eight A.M. nearly every available extra room in the suburbs of Dexter had been rented by the swiftly gathering horde of newsmen, and by nine A.M., the first of the foreign military observers had arrived. Emergency feeding stations had been set up in the basements of four suburban churches to accommodate *évacués* from the central-city area, and Dexter's two radio stations were transmitting disaster instructions at regular intervals.

The state police had begun rerouting traffic via back roads completely around the threatened city, and the governor had twice called the mayor to demand just what the devil was going on. Told, the governor had replied coldly that the Federal Government had got itself into this mess and the Federal Government would have to get itself out.

Mayor Gladfelter called a conference of the press for that afternoon in City Hall.

And Aggie was now producing a noise that sounded like "Thunk-tik," every fifteen minutes. The tiny feather of escaping gas had vanished, to be replaced by a thin trickle of pinkish liquid which ran down her slanting side and formed an ominous, slowly widening pool in the seared and buckled asphalt of the square.

Over Miss Betsy Watkins' strenuous protests, Mike Brewer isolated himself in his office and made a number of mysterious phone calls. In response to Betsy's questions, the Dispatch's switchboard operator could say only that most of the calls were to various of the city's undertakers. "Looks like he's getting set for the worst," the operator declared morosely.

At one P.M., in the basement of City Hall, the press assembled in the brilliantly lighted, tile-walled chamber that normally did duty as the Police Department's drunk tank. News cameras whirred, flash bulbs flared and cameramen leaped nimbly here and there, the correspondents muttering irritably at their antics. Mayor Gladfelter rapped for order. This was his finest hour.

In brisk, businesslike tones, his honor informed the press and the world that since the Department of Defense refused to acknowledge ownership of the object in Continental Square, he, Leon Gladfelter, acting on the advice of his city solicitor, did now declare said object to be the property of the city of Dexter. Further, the mayor continued, by virtue of the authority vested in his office, he had appointed Michael Brewer, a resident of the city, as agent for the municipality in the matter of disposing of the aforesaid object. Already, the mayor concluded, Mr. Brewer had received interested queries from several foreign governments.

There was an instant's stunned silence, and then a great hoot of incredulous laughter as the press corps broke ranks and stampeded for the nearest exits to report the first word of what was quickly to become known as Gladfelter's Glorious Goof, thanks to an unknown metropolitan headline writer.

In all fairness, it must be stated that the Department of Defense had not been inactive meanwhile. Four separate boards had been established to ascertain the circumstances surrounding the firing of the Agamemnon Mark XI ICBM. The Secretary of the Air Force had spoken bluntly to the Secretary of the Navy, who had just finished a rather distant conversation with the Secretary of the Army. The Secretary of Defense, for his part, had simply said: "I want action, and I want it fast." But his decision had to be delivered through the proper channels, and this, as it is widely known, takes time.

So, all through that first long day, an anxious world waited edgily for word that Dexter had gone to glory in one titanic burst of flaming rocket fuel and exploding steel. The Chicago Star-Times was first on the streets with the news that Aggie was now going "Tik-thunk" instead of "Thunk-tik." The Kansas City Eagle through its staff correspondent on the scene, estimated that some fifty gallons of the pinkish liquid seeping from Aggie's innards now lay in the puddle in the square. A thin, unwholesome mist appeared to be rising from the puddle, the Eagle's man reported, and it had an aroma not unlike that of salted peanuts.

Only the late editions of the afternoon papers carried the story of Dexter's plan to sell its unwanted missile. The tone of their stories was generally snide. The city's agent, a man named Brewer, could not even be located to say which foreign governments were interested. The Department of Defense had no comment.

A White House spokesman hinted that the whole thing was a hoax, and later redefined this statement to indicate that, while it might not be a hoax, the incident was not in very good taste. A still later statement repudiated the first two and declared that the matter was under study, pending a full report from all agencies.

And Dexter became a beleaguered city as the curious, heedless of the potential danger, came in their legions to camp on lawns, in farmyards, in garages and in the fields, and waited, palms sweaty and eyes gleaming, for Aggie to blow up. Hawkers of plastic space helmets for children did a thriving trade, and bookmakers profited briskly as the betting on Dexter's survival fluctuated.

From Dexter that night there moved separately and by various routes a number of large, black, highly polished limousines, to assemble in the darkened streets of a village some twenty-odd miles to the south and away from the main highways. There, in the pleasantly old-fashioned lobby of The Merchants' House, their occupants were addressed by Mike Brewer, who'd spent the afternoon and evening dodging the press.

"Come straight in from the south," Mike told his listeners. "As if you were coming up from Washington. The city police will give you an escort at the edge of town. Drive straight into the square. Drivers remain by your cars and look mean."

"You're sure that thing won't blow up, Mike?" asked Mr. Stephen Littleton, professional director of the Dexter Little Theater Workshop.

"I'm not sure of anything," Mike replied, shoving an angry hand through his crew-cut black hair. "But we've got to get some action before something does happen. You gents are the bait, I hope. I figure something will happen when the Pentagon sees pictures of you characters fiddling around one of their top-secret babies."

"Don't fiddle too hard," cautioned Mr. Albert Small, senior partner of Small & Horn, Morticians. "That kind of business I don't want, believe me."

"That's it, then, gents," Mike concluded. "Now let's have a beer, relax and get a good night's rest."

After which he headed back to the city to spend the remainder of the night at the Watkins residence, where the guest bedroom offered sanctuary of a sort from the searching newspapermen.

The next day broke sparkling clear, the sun's rays flashed blindingly off Aggie's metal sheathing, and a man in Mt. View, Pennsylvania, a few miles to the north, reported that he could plainly see the giant missile's nose cone towering prominently in the skyline, as tall as the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church.

From the roof of the Hotel Phineas Dexter, by special permit of the mayor, television cameras brought the day's first view of Aggie into the homes of countless millions of Americans at their breakfast.

At his own hasty breakfast, shared with Miss Betsy Watkins, Mike wondered for the thousandth time whether the volunteers from the Dexter Little Theater Workshop were up to the tasks he had imposed upon them. Those faked license plates, for example; they must be absolutely perfect.

At 9:30 A.M., of that second day, Police Chief Amos Koons personally arrested the newly arrived correspondent of the Soviet news agency, Tass, a gentleman named Urbanov, on a charge of violating Dexter City Ordinance No. 112, as passed by the selectmen of Dextertowne and approved by the Honorable Proprietors of His Britannic Majesty's Colony of Pennsylvania in June of 1742, which expressly "forbyds anye person from smokynge a tobaccoe pype or seegar within four-score yards of anye house of worshype." Mr. Urbanov was confined, and a hearing set for late that afternoon. His presence anywhere near the square, Mike had felt, would be most undesirable, if not indeed fatal to his scheme.

At 9:45 A.M., Mike stood with Betsy near the steps leading down to the Crystal Lunch, which had become Dexter's forward command post. He held her hand in a grip of iron. Across the square, a gaggle of correspondents spotted them and, skirting swiftly around Aggie's fins, headed in their direction. Seconds later, the two were surrounded by the press, bellowing questions.

"Gentlemen, please!" Mike shouted over the uproar, which died sullenly. "I've nothing to say at this time, but I'm expecting, almost any minute now, a development which may clear up this whole ugly mess! In the meantime, I must ask you to clear the square!"

"That is, git," said Police Chief Amos Koons, approaching meaningfully. "I got ordinances I ain't used in years, if you follow my meaning. You guys are supposed to be up on the roof of the Phineas Dexter, anyhow."

The square was cleared, but not without some strongly worded protests, and for at least one edition, the Montreal Commercial carried the headline: HICK EDITOR TERRORIZES STRICKEN CITY.

At precisely ten A.M., a cortege of six black limousines drove into Dexter from the south, passed smoothly up South George Street behind a Dexter City police escort, sirens screaming, and swept splendidly into Continental Square to dispose itself in a kind of phalanx facing Aggie's southernmost fin. As one engine, the engines of all stopped, and from each limousine sprang a uniformed chauffeur. From the limousines there then emerged a company of men garbed in drab gray and solid black ankle-length overcoats. Some wore (*Continued on Page 74*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The Steady-Winner Stables, to spur their trainer's efforts, agreed to pay half his salary in cash and half by placing bets on the horses he raced. The horses won plenty, but the stables' ungrateful owners failed to come through with his share of the winnings, so the trainer sued.

"Even if what he says is true," the owners argued, "betting is illegal in most of the states where we race our horses. As nobody can contract to do an illegal thing, the contract is void in those states and we owe him nothing."

"Betting may be illegal in some states, but it is a legal and respected practice here in the state where we made the contract," the trainer replied. "So I want my winnings."

If you were the judge, would you give the trainer his winnings?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The trainer won part of what he claimed. The court said he was entitled to collect on bets won in states which legalized gambling, but not on those won in states which held betting illegal.

Based upon a 1926 Louisiana decision.

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(*Continued from Page 72*) broad-brimmed black fedoras, while others affected shaggy fur caps of that style so popular in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and points east. The entire company of An Evening With Chekhov had arrived.

Mike walked slowly across the square and gravely shook hands with the tallest of the new arrivals. "Nice timing, Steve," he told the director of the Dexter Little Theater Workshop, magnificent in a crepe beard. "We've got the press corps watching us like hawks. The bait's in the trap, so let's put the show on the road."

Immediately, the group broke up. From the trunk of one limousine were produced a surveyor's tripod and transit, and, this being set up, several of the company began making rapid but precise measurements of Aggie's dimensions. Others produced cameras, while still others flashed slide rules and other engineering instruments. Some merely made notes. Steve Littleton and Mike continued in deep conversation, occasionally nodding enthusiastic agreement.

On the roof of the Hotel Phineas Dexter there was general agreement that the District of Columbia Diplomatic Corps license plates—as reproduced by Steve Littleton's scenery-and-properties committee—could only belong to the Russian embassy, although there were those who held out for the Czechs or Poles. So engrossed were one and all by the scene, such was the whir of newsreel cameras and the uproar of conversation that what then ensued came as something of a surprise.

Mike's scheme was working better than he realized. Even as he and Steve Littleton went through their elaborate pantomime, a thunderous roaring filled the morning skies over Dexter, growing and growing until the city seemed buried beneath a flood of sheer, overpowering noise.

At exactly 10:21 A.M., Dexter, Pennsylvania, became the first city in the United States to experience a successful vertical envelopment by helicopter. Combat Command Williamson, United States Marine Corps, had the situation well in hand.

The drunk tank in the basement of City Hall was packed to bursting with various members of the Dexter Little Theater Workshop and the city's mortuary profession. Mike Brewer was in solitary, and Betsy Watkins was in hysterics in the Mayor's office upstairs. Continental Square bristled with machine guns, mortars, recoilless artillery and assorted marines, led by Col. Henry (Bulldog) Williamson, liberator of Pingo-Pango and other islands too numerous to mention.

Not until 11:15 A.M., was Betsy permitted to visit Mike, who looked somewhat rumpled in consequence of his having attempted to reason with a number of purposeful marines. "I'll wait for you, Mike, darling," were her first tearful words as she flung herself against the bars which confined her fiancé. They embraced tenderly, albeit with difficulty and to the unconcealed dismay of the marine corporal on guard, who said, "Hey!"

From an adjacent cell, City Solicitor Walter deHoff and Mayor Leon Gladfelter watched tolerantly. "Nice youngsters, Leon," said the city solicitor. "At least, we gave it the old college try."

"You wait, Walter," Mayor Gladfelter sputtered. "I'll take this incident right up to the Supreme Court."

"And I, for one, wouldn't blame you, gentlemen." An imposing figure in the uniform of a fleet admiral had appeared in the basement. . . . "Corporal, release these people at once. . . . And please accept my apologies, all of you. Colonel Williamson was only doing his job as he saw it, you understand."

The admiral walked to stand before Mike's cell. "Ahem," he coughed tactfully as the two young people faced him. "A very creditable and ingenious scheme, young man, very. We tend to overdo this security business every now and then, and maybe you've taught us a lesson. Your announcement that you'd found a buyer for Aggie brought more action than I've seen around the Pentagon in years. But now, let's go upstairs and perhaps the mayor can find us all a nice, hot cup of coffee, eh? Been quite a morning, all in all." And the admiral chuckled jovially. "We'll have Aggie out of your hair, or should I say square, by midnight tonight."

Barely a week later, Mike and Betsy stood by the stairs to the Crystal Lunch, gazing out across the newly repaved surface of the area where Aggie had reared her monstrous, beautiful and deadly bulk. A yellow moon shone down upon a scene of near-perfect peace: A group of youthful motorcyclists preparing for a wild ride through the moonlit countryside; Sgt. Jere Emspacher preparing to arrest them; a hopelessly lost motorist cursing helplessly at the lack of directional signs and bidding his wife shut up. Dexter had returned to normal.

"I'm so proud of you, Mike," Betsy murmured. "All those New York papers calling you the editor who licked the Space Age." And she hugged his arm tighter than before, which was no small achievement.

"This isn't a bad town," Mike said quietly. "I'm kind of proud of it, in fact. I think I'll stick around. Forever, I hope."

"You know," said Mayor Leon Gladfelter, who had approached without their being aware of him, "I'm kind of going to miss the old girl. She put Dexter to the test, and Dexter did pretty well, I think. And she sure put us on the map, didn't she?"

"It could have been the other way around," Mike grinned. "But I guess that's progress of a sort."

And far, far away to the south, at an isolated and secret naval missile-testing station on the Carolina coast, stood a giant shape, bathed in the harsh glare of floodlights. In the concrete Final Firing Control blockhouse, a tense group listened to the loud-speaker on the bulkhead as the final count-down for the launching of the Agamemnon Mark XII Intercontinental Ballistic Missile reached zero. Their fingers were neatly crossed.

THE END

... ...

Such Precious Things

By Eleanor Graham Vance

Who lives with pain
Takes notice of
A midnight rain,
A word of love,

A shaft of light
Across a wall,
A dancing kite,
A friendly call.

Such precious things
Can warm his soul.
They give him wings,
They make him whole.

... ...

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Wonderful Waterway (Continued from Page 33)

Campbellford, our first overnight stop, was only a few hours of easy cruising upstream. It was a bright August day, with little head wind to fight, and practically no current in the river. Twelve of the system's forty-three locks are encountered in the first thirty miles from Trenton to Campbellford, so this part of the trip goes slowly.

The Trent-Severn system is easily reached by boat from almost anywhere east of the Mississippi River through our network of inland waterways. It is just as easily reached by craft towed on auto trailers or carried on car tops. Trenton is due north, across Lake Ontario, from Rochester, New York. Motorists from the East can take their boats into Canada at a number of entry points east of Kingston, Ontario; those from the South, Midwest and West can enter at Detroit or Niagara Falls. In the latter case, the voyagers might prefer to head north from Toronto and start the cruise at Port Severn, cruising "down" to Trenton from the Georgian Bay terminal. The canal locks accommodate boats up to 100 feet in length, but two marine railways on the Severn stretch limit lengths to fifty feet in that end of the system.

We had come from our homes in suburban Philadelphia to Toronto by train, and then east by auto to Trenton, so we had a few personal things and food to purchase. My wife and Kathleen Rowley picked up the personal items in Trenton while I got the food and the galvanized "ice tub."

"The first part of the trip is dull," Brownie remarked on our way to Campbellford, first overnight stop. I couldn't agree with him, because it was lovely, pastoral country. I did agree, however, that twelve locks in that first short stretch were plenty.

Of the boatmen we encountered, the most adventurous were canoeists. They pull into shore wherever they wish, something larger craft can't do; they fish where they like, and pull off the main route to explore tributary streams. In the Trent-Severn system, canoeists follow the same waterway Samuel de Champlain used in the seventeenth century. Even the lock-tenders seem to recognize their spirit of adventure.

"We could make them carry over," Claude Hoard, lockmaster at Hastings, told me, "but we usually try to work them through the lock with other small craft."

The cruise divides itself naturally into three parts. The lower third going upstream from Trenton runs through placid farmlands. The middle portion, from Peterborough to the Height of Land at Balsam Lake, straggles northwestward through Ontario's Kawartha Lakes resort section. The last stretch from Balsam Lake to Port Severn is "downhill" through rugged Severn River country.

We reached Peterborough on a Friday, after running the long length of Rice Lake, well known for its muskellunge fishing. We made little attempt to fish, because bass, lake trout, pike, walleyes and muskellunge simply won't strike in August. But we had enough fun passing through Lock No. 21, the extraordinary hydraulic lift at Peterborough.

Unlike the other locks, where boats are raised or lowered by raising or lowering the water in the lock, the Peterborough hydraulic lift picks up the boat in its own pool of water and hoists it—or lets it down—the height of a seven-story building. Headed upstream, we approached the concrete face of the lift and were directed into the left channel. A man turned valves, gates came up noiselessly out of the water, and we were floating in our private pool—actually a metal pan one hundred and forty feet long, thirty-three feet wide. Sixty-five feet above us, on the right-hand side, a duplicate pan was suspended at the top of the lift.

"They're waiting to bring down a boat in that chamber up there," Brownie said. It was like a gigantic chemist's scale, in which weight added to one pan causes it to sink, while the opposite pan rises. The hydraulic lift works in much the same way—the weight in one pan pushes it down against a huge plunger in a press well cut through solid rock, forcing a cylinder of water under pressure across to the opposite press well; and the plunger on that side rises, carrying the water chamber upward.

The climb took about seven minutes. At the top a gate opened, and we were eased into the upper-level waters.

Other mechanical devices likely to interest the Trent-Severn traveler are the marine railways at Swift Rapids, a forty-seven-foot lift, and at Big Chute, a fifty-eight-foot lift. At these railways the boat is run onto a submerged dolly and then raised by a cable. All passengers get out and walk at these points.

To our amazement, the children caused no trouble aboard the boat. They liked the occasional loons they heard, the friendly dogs at each lock, the water skiers and the public playground at the Peterborough beach. Meg and Sairey Ann wore their life vests when topside, but they spent a lot of time in the cabin, playing games or just loafing.

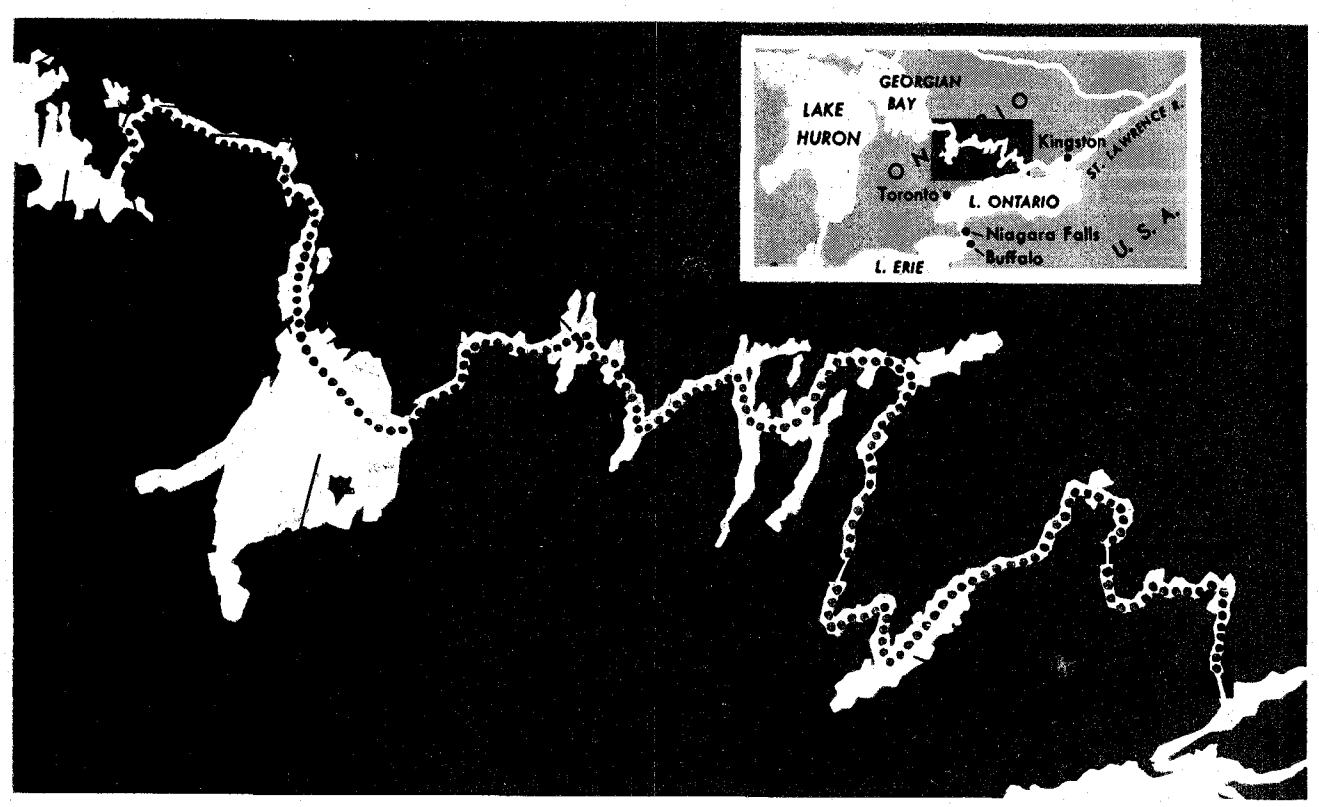
The entire route is perfectly safe for any sound craft sensibly handled, with two possible exceptions: the crossing of Lake Simcoe, which is large enough to kick up in a high wind, and a small stretch below the Big Chute marine railway, where Severn River currents are sometimes erratic. At Gamebridge, take-off point for the Lake Simcoe run, we found the cruiser Dazel, out of Cincinnati, had been tied up for two days waiting for the wind to slacken. The Dazel is owned by Hazel and David Levi, who reached the Trent system by a roundabout course, all on water except for a truck haul between Pittsburgh and Buffalo.

Speed is limited in canals, usually to six miles per hour. All rules can be obtained from the superintendent, Trent Canal System, Peterborough, Ontario, in Rules and Regulations, a 25-cent booklet. The same service provides a 35-cent booklet, Canals of Canada, inexpensive charts and a Trent Canal pamphlet, which is free. The Ontario Department of Travel and Publicity, 67 College Street, Toronto, Ontario, hands out free information on the system on a lavish scale.

The trip down the Severn to Port Severn is a sheer delight. The river is narrow and looks primitive. Gloucester Pool, just before Port Severn, is a forerunner of rocky Georgian Bay. We relaxed at Port Severn for two days, saw that Go Home Lake was just north of us, and decided to head home ourselves.

There is one surprise in boating on the Trent-Severn "canal" system. In the whole 240 miles of this pleasant cruise, only thirty-three miles are in canals. All the rest is by way of improved natural waterways.

THE END



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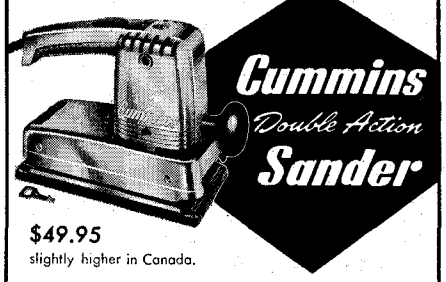

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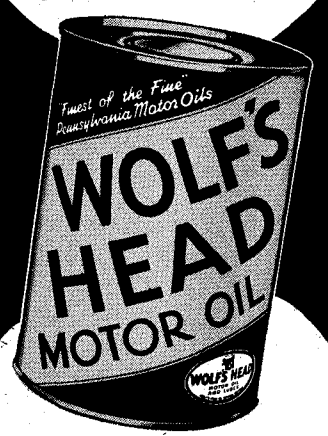

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I Wanted to be Somebody

(Continued from Page 30)

in the stands must have doubted my ability. My opponent was a Hungarian girl, Suzy Kormoczy, whose tiny size, five feet, two inches, made us look like Mutt and Jeff as we walked out on the court. But Suzy was on her game that day. I won both sets, 6–4, 6–4, but Suzy didn't yield a point without a struggle. It was the most difficult match of the tournament for me, although the British newspapers had hoped that the sixteen-year-old English girl, Christine Truman, would make things hot for me in the semifinals.

I got to the dressing room about two hours before the semifinal and took it easy until they called us. Officials told Christine and me that the Duchess of Kent was in the royal box, and that we should turn toward the box and curtsy as we walked out on the court. I'd seen curtsies done in the movies, and I was sure I could manage it.

After we took care of the curtsy bit, and posed for photographers, Christine and I spun a racket. I won and elected to serve first. The crowd was excited, applauding each good shot and humming with praise for the way Christine was playing. But after I put away the first set, and it was clear that I wasn't likely to have much trouble winning, everybody quieted down.

It was like when the Yankees were winning a game at Milwaukee in last year's World Series. I didn't blame them in the least. They hadn't had a winner for a long time in England. They were very sporting about it, though. When the match was over, and I had won, they gave me a wonderful hand. I was pretty excited. It was quite a feeling to be a Wimbledon finalist.

I had rented a small car to use during the tournament, and I drove back to town with two old friends from my American Tennis Association days, Katherine Landry and Dorothy Parks. Both of them were captains in the WAC, stationed in Germany. They had saved up their leave time so they could watch the tournament. I was glad they had. When you're building up tension every day, you like to be with people of your own kind, people you can relax with and let your hair down with.

Right here, I have to make a confession. I'd been so hopeful that I might win the tournament that the first week I was in London I'd picked out a beautiful evening gown to wear to the Wimbledon Ball. Even worse than that, I'd worked for days on a speech to give at the ball in case I won. I was all set. All I had to do now was beat Darlene Hard, the California girl who had won the other semifinal match.

Our final was put down for 1:15 in the afternoon, so I got out of bed at about ten. Angela was going to broadcast the matches on television, so she had to leave early. She gave me a kiss for good luck and said she would see me after I won. I left the flat at a quarter after eleven and drove to the hotel where Dot and Kay were staying, and picked them up.

About an hour before the match, I went out on one of the side courts to practice with Shirley Bloomer, and while we were hitting back and forth I saw Queen Elizabeth eating lunch on the clubhouse porch. Instead of making me nervous, it made me feel more eager than ever to get out there and play. I went back into the dressing room to change into a fresh shirt, and then I was ready. Darlene and I collected our final instructions, including how to curtsy to the queen, and then went out to play.

It was hot, about 96, and I never felt more like playing tennis. There is something about a hot, still day that brings out the best in your shots; the sweat seems to loosen your muscles and perfect your aim. Anyway, I got off on the right foot, serving hard and well, and I won the first set, 6–3, in exactly twenty-five minutes. Maybe the heat bothered Darlene, but whatever it was, I felt all along that it was my day. When I rushed the net, I got the volley; when I stayed in backcourt and Darlene charged the net, I passed her. When I had won, they tell me I kept saying, "At last! At last!" All I can remember doing is running up to the net and shaking hands with Darlene and saying that she had played very well and that I had been lucky.

The officials asked us to walk over to the umpire's chair, where the trophies were spread out on a table. Workmen unrolled a red carpet from the royal box to the table, and we stood at attention as Queen Elizabeth walked gracefully out on the court. She wore a pretty print dress, a white hat and white gloves, and she was absolutely immaculate, even in all that heat. One of the officials called me to step forward and accept my award. I walked up to the queen, made a deep curtsy and shook the hand that she held out to me.

"My congratulations," she said; "it must have been terribly hot out there."

I said, "Yes, Your Majesty, but I hope it wasn't as hot in the royal box. At least I was able to stir up a breeze."

The queen had a wonderful speaking voice and she looked exactly as a queen ought to look, except more beautiful than you would expect. She handed me the gold salver, on which the names of all the previous Wimbledon champions were engraved, and I curtsied again and backed away while Darlene stepped forward to receive her runner-up trophy. (I remembered that backing away from my years of moviegoing.)

After that, the queen walked back to the royal box, and the photographers began to bombard us. I thought about something I had read in a book Helen Wills wrote about her career in tennis. "My feelings," she said, "when that final Wimbledon match was mine, I cannot describe. This was the prize for all the games I had ever played since I was a little girl." I knew exactly what she meant.

After all the photographs were taken, I was led to the television room, where Dan Haskell interviewed me. He was the professional at the All England Club, of which I had automatically become a lifetime member by winning the championship. The two WAC captains were waiting for me in the dressing room, and they took care of all my things while I soaked in a hot bath for a solid half hour. By the time I had dressed, there was a small heap of telegrams at my locker, and I read some of them before we set out for London.

CONGRATULATIONS. EDNA CRIED WITH JOY. I KNEW YOU'D DO IT. SUGAR RAY.

THE STUDENTS, FACULTY AND PRINCIPAL OF WILLISTON HIGH SCHOOL EXTEND HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR WINNING THE SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON. B.T. WASHINGTON, PRINCIPAL.

CONGRATULATIONS TO A FELLOW NEW YORKER ON WINNING THE WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONSHIP. WE ARE ALL VERY PROUD OF YOU. AVERELL HARRIMAN.

There were lots of others, but I barely had time to look at them before I had to hurry out and drive to Angela's. It was almost five o'clock, and the Wimbledon Ball was supposed to get under way at seven. Lew Hoad, who had won the men's singles championship, was to be king of the ball, and I was the queen. I didn't want to miss a minute of it.

Kay wouldn't go to the ball because she didn't have a formal gown. Dot went, though. We took a cab from her hotel. When we got out, in front of the Dorchester, where the ball was being held, a crowd on the sidewalk broke into the most pleasant applause I had ever heard in my life. As I walked into the ballroom, everyone stood up and applauded. I was escorted to the head table and seated between the Duke of Kent, who was the master of ceremonies, and Lew Hoad.

We had a goodly number of drinks and then dinner, and afterward the duke gaveled the assembly to attention and introduced first Lew and then me. Each of us made a short speech.

After that it was time for the dancing. Lew and I were to start it off, and he asked me to pick the song. I suggested April Showers, and he said fine, so that's what the band played as we circled the ballroom once to get the ball started. After that everybody joined in, and the joy was unconfined. Ham Richardson and Vic Seixas insisted on my singing a couple of songs, so I got up on the bandstand and sang If I Loved You, and Around the World. I got a big hand, but, after all, under the circumstances I probably would have been applauded no matter how I sang.

After the dance—I even danced with the duke—Dot and Angela and her boy friend and I all went to a night club to finish off the evening. I sang a couple of more songs there, which shows you what a good time I was having, and by the time we got back to Angela's flat it was early in the morning. But it had been a wonderful evening and a wonderful day.

It seemed like a long way from 143rd Street.

Shaking hands with the Queen of England was a long way from being forced to sit in the colored section of the bus going into downtown Wilmington, North Carolina. Dancing with the Duke of Kent was a long way from not being allowed to bowl in Jefferson City, Missouri, because the white customers complained about it. And maybe best of all was the letter of congratulation I got right after the tournament, signed, "Dwight D. Eisenhower."

There is one other memento of that Wimbledon victory that I cherish. It's a column written by Milton Gross in the New York Post. Milton was with my mother and father when the news came over the radio that I had won, and he heard exactly what they said.

"I didn't think she would," my mother said. "I didn't think a Negro girl could go that high."

"I knew she would do it," my father said. "I knew she had the strength to do it."

"Strength?" Milton wanted to know. "What kind of strength do you mean?"

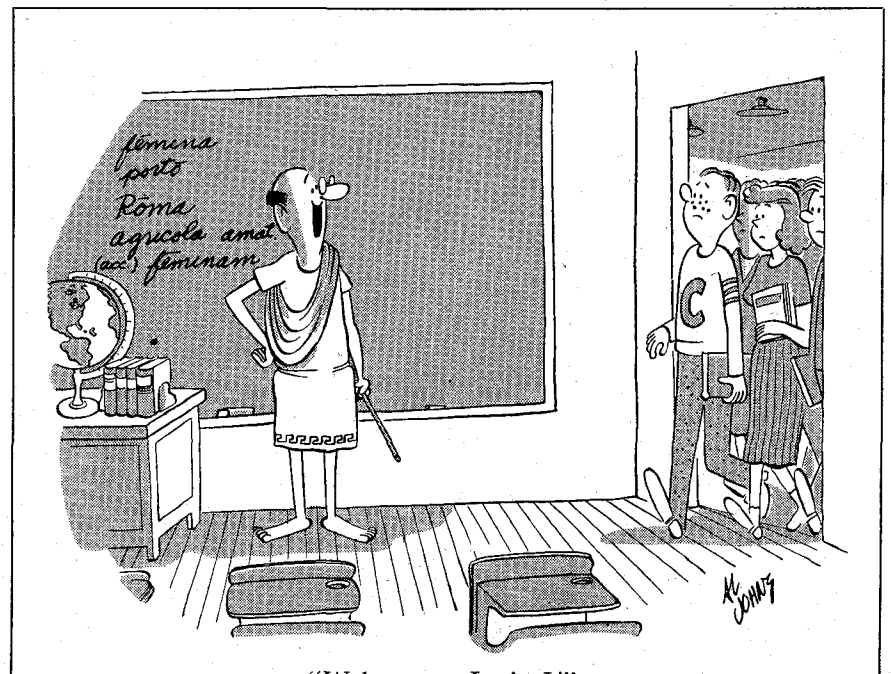
"Physical strength," Daddy said, "and any other kind of strength that's needed."

One of the high spots I am not likely to forget is my welcome home to New York a couple of days after I won at Wimbledon. My mother was the first person I ran up to when I got off the airplane. I heard her telling the reporters, "I always knew Althea could do it." And a few hours later, when we got to 143rd Street, I saw that Daddy was taking it big, too, with all the people on the block standing on the sidewalk and him leaning out of the third-floor window, waving and hollering at me.

It meant a lot to me to have all those people come out of their tired old apartment houses up and down 143rd Street to tell me how glad they were that one of the neighbors' children had gone out into the world and done something big.

Two days later the City of New York threw one of its ticker-tape parades for me, up Broadway to City Hall, where Mayor Wagner gave me the medallion of the city. A little later, he gave it to me all over again at a wonderful luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Of course, it wasn't long before I had to push all the Wimbledon glory into the back of my mind and start worrying about how I was going to do at Forest Hills. First, though, I went out to Chicago for the National Clay Court tournament, which I won. Then I had the pleasure of playing for the United States in the Wightman Cup matches against Great Britain. This is the closest an American girl can come to Davis Cup competition—at least it's international, country against country. I had been resentful about not being picked in 1956. I played good tennis all that year and wound up ranked No. 2 in the United States. But the people who picked the Wightman Cup team went strictly by 1955, when I was ranked No. 8. But my bitterness was forgotten when I went out on the Edgeworth Club courts at Sewickley, Pennsyl-



"Welcome to Latin I!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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vania, in August, 1957, to play for the United States.

It was a lot more exciting than just playing for Althea Gibson. Now I could understand what the boys meant when they said that playing in the Davis Cup matches is different from playing in any tournament, that it gives you a funny feeling to hear the umpire call, "Advantage, United States," instead of "Advantage, Mr. Smith." I was happy that I played well enough to help our United States team win for the twenty-first consecutive time. I beat Shirley Bloomer of England, 6–4, 4–6, 6–2, in the first match of the series. In my second match, I beat Christine Truman, the bobby-soxer I'd played at Wimbledon.

It was a good warm-up for the big one at Forest Hills. Everything went well for me during the Nationals. Of all people, I drew my friend, Karol Fageros, as a first-round opponent. For the second year in a row I put Karol out of the tournament. I wanted badly to win, of course, but I had mixed emotions about it.

After Karol, I had a comparatively easy time making my way through the draw to the finals. I won from Elizabeth Lester, Sheila Armstrong, Mary Hawton and Dorothy Head Knode without losing a set. It seemed fitting that the girl who fought her way through the other half of the draw to meet me in the final was Louise Brough, the former champion of the United States and three-time champion at Wimbledon, the same Louise Brough whom I had played in that first important Forest Hills match of mine, in 1950.

On the day of the finals I got up early. Sydney Llewellyn, who would be sitting with all the dignitaries under the West Side Tennis Club marquee to see me try for the title, had arranged for a hairdresser friend of his in Harlem to fix my hair. We had breakfast at the Vanderbilt Hotel with Tommy Giangrande, vice president of the Harry C. Lee sporting-goods company, for which I work. (It's a typical amateur tennis player's job; I get seventy-five dollars a month for helping to promote their products and for serving on their advisory board.)

Then we drove out to Forest Hills. It was quite different from my first trip out there, when Rhoda Smith and I had taken the D train and then the F train and then had walked to the stadium. I was a finalist. Win or lose, I was going to play for the women's singles championship of the United States. I was already the No. 2 ranking woman player in the country, and if I could win this one match nothing could keep me from being ranked No. 1 next year.

I won quite easily. Louise played fairly well in spots, but she no longer was the player who had outlasted me back in 1950. I beat her, 6–3, 6–2, and it was a marvelous feeling to see that last point go home. I wondered if the folks were watching on the television set back on 143rd Street. I shook hands with Louise, posed for photographers, accepted my trophy from Vice President Richard Nixon, and talked endlessly to reporters before I went in to take my shower.

The most popular question seemed to be whether this victory was as exciting as winning at Wimbledon. Winning at Wimbledon was wonderful, I said, and it

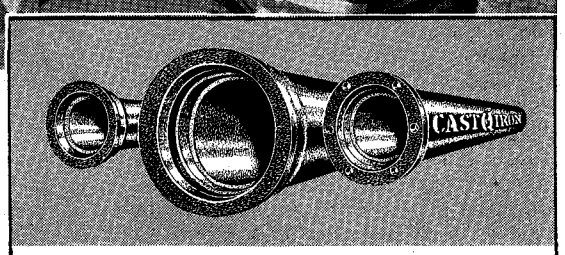
To Love and to Cherish

By Diana C. Blackwelder

How passing strange it is that
you, now tired
And taking cold and dozing,
shoulders curved
Like a small boy sheltered in
my arms,
Should rest your heavy head
so trustingly,
Face pillowed in the hollow
near my throat,
And by your sleep and need,
my senses wake.
You sleep entirely, letting slip
your head
By inches from my shoulder to
my arm.
Shadow lies smoky-soft beneath
your brows.
The tiny dip that rounds your
nose a bit
Invites my finger still,
remembered well.
How will our child look,
sleeping on my heart?
When I love him it will be first
for you
Whose dear entrusting of
yourself to me
Matches only that deep welling
peace
That sends me safe to sleep
when in your arms.

(Originally published in *Aurora*, Agnes Scott College, 1956)

"when you're an old, old man, sonny, this cast iron pipe will still be young!"



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3. STRONG. Cast iron pipe has four to ten times the strength of non-metallic substitutes.

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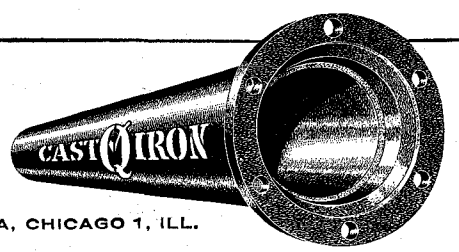

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meant a lot to me. But there is nothing quite like winning the championship of your own country.

Of course, all of my problems weren't solved because I was the champion woman tennis player of the world. Not by a long shot. I was only thirty years old and I had the best part of my life still to live. I had to think about making enough money to support myself, about fitting myself, a Negro girl, into the larger world that I had come to know and enjoy, and about whether I wanted to get married.

As far as making money was concerned, I had my mind pretty well made up. I would play professional tennis if a good opportunity came along, but not unless I saw a chance to make a lot of money. I didn't want to be a teaching pro all my life; I would rather remain an amateur, play tennis strictly for kicks, and earn my living doing something else. Furthermore, I knew what that something else would be. It would be singing.

Way back when I used to play hooky from school to hear the singers at the Apollo Theater, I had the ambition to be a singer myself. I used to buy the latest song sheets, learn the words by heart, then practice for hours. It wasn't hard for me to imagine that I was the new Ella Fitzgerald. Once—I think it was in 1943—I even got up the nerve to enter an amateur show at the Apollo. I won second prize and got a ten-dollar bill.

My English friend, Angela Buxton, helped me make my first serious singing effort in 1956, by arranging for me to make some test recordings in London. I played them for my friends when I got back home, but there was no crowd of agents or band leaders knocking down my door trying to sign me to a contract. Any time I went to a tennis party I was always asked to sing, and I always got a big hand, but that was still amateur night at the Apollo.

I finally managed to convince Sydney Llewellyn that working toward a singing career wouldn't necessarily wreck my tennis game, and he made arrangements for me to study with Prof. James Kennedy, who is the director of speech and voice at Long Island University. Then Abbe Niles, a member of the West Side Tennis Club, told me that he was on the committee organizing a testimonial dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria for W. C. Handy, the wonderful old man who had written St. Louis Blues and so many other great songs. Abbe wanted to know if I would sing as part of the program. I was proud to be there and, with Professor Kennedy as my voice coach, I think I got by.

I sang an obscure production number that Mr. Handy wrote way back in the '20's—it didn't even have a title—and I think he got a kick out of it. He only lived a few months after that night. I like to think that he had a good time at his dinner.

Among the people I met at the dinner was Henry Onorati, vice president of Dot Records. He invited me to make some test records with an eye toward recording an album of popular ballads. The album was released last May, and my professional singing career was officially launched when Ed Sullivan asked me to sing on his Sunday-night television program the same week.

Actually, I have no burning desire to set the world on fire as a singer—or, for that matter, as anything else. I feel that I've made a place for myself in the world, and I'm happy. I'm sure all the good things will come in time. Even a man and marriage. Of course, having spent almost all of my grown-up life concentrating on tennis, with little time left over for socializing, I'm no authority on the boy-girl bit.

As far as the color question is concerned, I don't feel I'm being excluded from anything that matters. Maybe I can't stay overnight at the swankiest hotel in South Carolina, or play a tennis match against a white opponent in the sovereign state of Louisiana, which has a law against such a social outrage, but I can get along without the South Carolina hotel, and I don't care if I never set foot in Louisiana. There is a whole lot of world outside Louisiana—and that goes for South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and all the other places where they haven't got the message yet. Actually, I think there has been a lot of good will shown on both sides lately, and I think we're making progress. I am not a racially conscious person. I'm a tennis player, not a Negro tennis player. I have never set myself up as a champion of the Negro race.

It's important, I think, to point out in this connection that there are those among my people who don't agree with my reasoning. A lot of those who disagree are members of the Negro press, and they beat my brains out regularly. They say I'm big-headed, uppity, ungrateful and a few other uncomplimentary things. I think the down-deep reason is that they resent my refusal to turn my tennis achievements into a crusade for racial equality—brass band, seventy-six trombones and all. I won't do it. I feel strongly that I can do more good my way than I could by crusading.

For one thing, I hope that the way I have conducted myself in tennis has met with sufficient approval and good will to assure that the way will not close behind me. This isn't, I'm convinced, a one-shot proposition. Any other Negro man or woman with the ability to compete on the national-tournament level will get a fair chance. The United States Lawn Tennis Association works closely with the A.T.A. in examining the qualifications of Negro players. In effect, any player strongly recommended by the A.T.A. for a place in the national-championship draw is accepted without question.

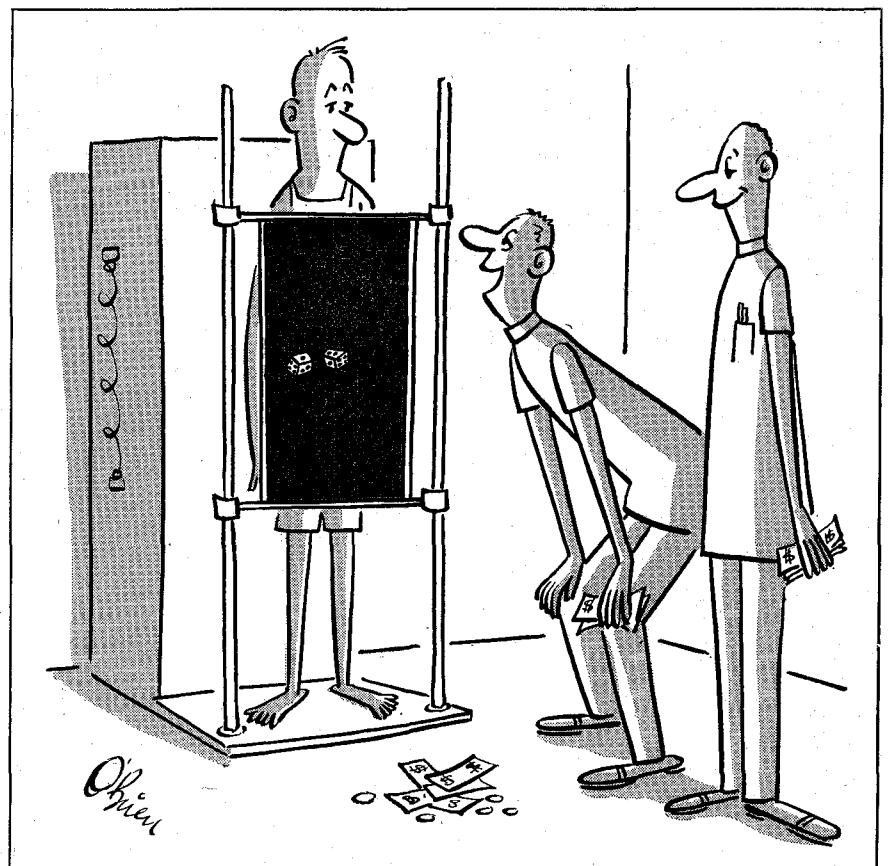
Meanwhile, it is heart-warming to see as many as half a dozen Negro men playing at Forest Hills, as was the case in 1957. Their presence there, I feel, is the best answer I could make to the people who criticize me for failing to do as much as they think I might do to help my people move forward.

These days my life consists mostly of a series of tournament tours. Take, for instance, my South American-Caribbean trip in March, 1958. When I got back from the Pacific Southwest tournament in the fall of 1957, Eddie Herr, who runs the Good Neighbor tournament in Miami Beach every year, sent me a list of the scheduled South American and Caribbean tournaments. I picked out five that I would like to enter, in Colombia, Venezuela, Puerto Rico, Jamaica and, finally, on my way back home, the Good Neighbor.

Except for the time you spend on the court, you don't wear yourself out when you go to these tournaments. We were mostly content to sleep late in the morning, have a late breakfast, take a swim in the hotel pool, sun-bathe for a while, then go to the club for lunch and the matches. At Barranquilla, Colombia, for instance, there was one gala social function during the week, a reception and dance for the players, club officials and local big shots. Other than that, things were very quiet.

In San Juan, I stayed at the Caribe Hilton and loved every minute of it. Although I was the only Negro guest in the hotel, I couldn't have been treated more cordially. Along with the other players, I was allotted cabana space on the ultra-exclusive Caribe Hilton beach, and I lived it up as if I had been a millionaire. A millionaire with a white skin, at that.

Speaking of money, I ought to spell out the way an amateur tennis player deals with the financial problem on tour. The airplane tickets, calling for first-class passage and including meals, were mailed to me at home. As I checked in at each tournament, I was given a cash expense allowance, conforming with international regulations, to pay for my hotel room, laundry, cleaning, tips and incidentals. We can sign for our meals, but if we want a drink or a package of cigarettes, we have to pay cash. We have to pay cash for taxicabs and telephone calls and a lot of other small items that keep adding up.



"Would you cough again, please?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the last year, there has been agitation to reduce the daily expense allowance for a touring player, and I believe the figure of $11.20 was mentioned as a sensible sum. There wouldn't be anything sensible about it at all. How would you like to be trying to live in a strange city, putting up at a fairly decent hotel on $11.20 a day? There aren't many cities left on the tennis circuit, in any country, where the cheapest room in a respectable hotel can be had for less than seven or eight dollars a day. More often than not you've got to pay ten or twelve dollars, and the eighteen dollars per day we get now doesn't stretch far.

The luxurious living I enjoy on the tournament circuit disappears when I get back home. I can't afford it. I do have a nice place of my own now, in an apartment building on Central Park West, but I don't have much furniture yet and I have to be real miserly about things like food, entertaining and recreation. I save a little, but very little, from my expense allowances, and I earn seventy-five dollars a month as a consultant to the Harry C. Lee sporting-goods company. My singing has begun to bring in a little money, and what with one thing or another.

My tennis trophies take up a lot of space in the apartment, but most of them are still in boxes. Of course, I hope to add some more trophies to my collection; I'm not ready to retire yet. With Sidney Llewellyn working with me, I will keep going back into training as each new season approaches. Sydney is not only a fine teacher of tennis, he also is something of a psychologist. He pounded at me to make me play with the idea in mind that I had what it takes to become the champion.

"You've got to hit that ball hard," he kept saying. "You've got to hit with all your strength, and attack forcefully, and overpower your opponent. You're the champ. You've got the control and the power. All you have to do is use it. Stand up there and swing hard and hit hard. Absolutely defy the ball to go anywhere except where you want it. That ball isn't going to talk back to you. You're its master."

It is Sydney's idea that I should fill my mind with positive thoughts and give no room at all to doubts or fears. He psychologizes me, there's no doubt about it. But I like it. It reminds me that I can't coast, that I can't give away any games, or even points, that I must play power tennis all the time because that's what made me the champion.

I forced myself to keep those words of Sydney's in my mind every minute when I went back to London for the 1958 Wimbledon tournament. Winning that one meant a whole lot to me. Not only would the championship be an important asset to me whether I became a professional tennis player or a singer, or both, but there was a question of pride involved too. In sports, you simply aren't considered a real champion until you have defended your title successfully.

They made me the favorite to win the tournament, but there certainly were plenty of people who weren't sure that I would—partly, I think, because I hadn't looked too good losing some matches on my Caribbean tour. But they didn't know that I had experimented with my game in those matches, trying to find out what I could do as a back-court player. Because I'm strictly an attacking player, serving hard and running to the net and putting away the volley, I didn't do very well in the back court. But I did sharpen my ground strokes and improve my passing shots, and I think the experience did me more good than harm.

When Sydney and I had our last talks before I flew (*Continued on Page 80*)

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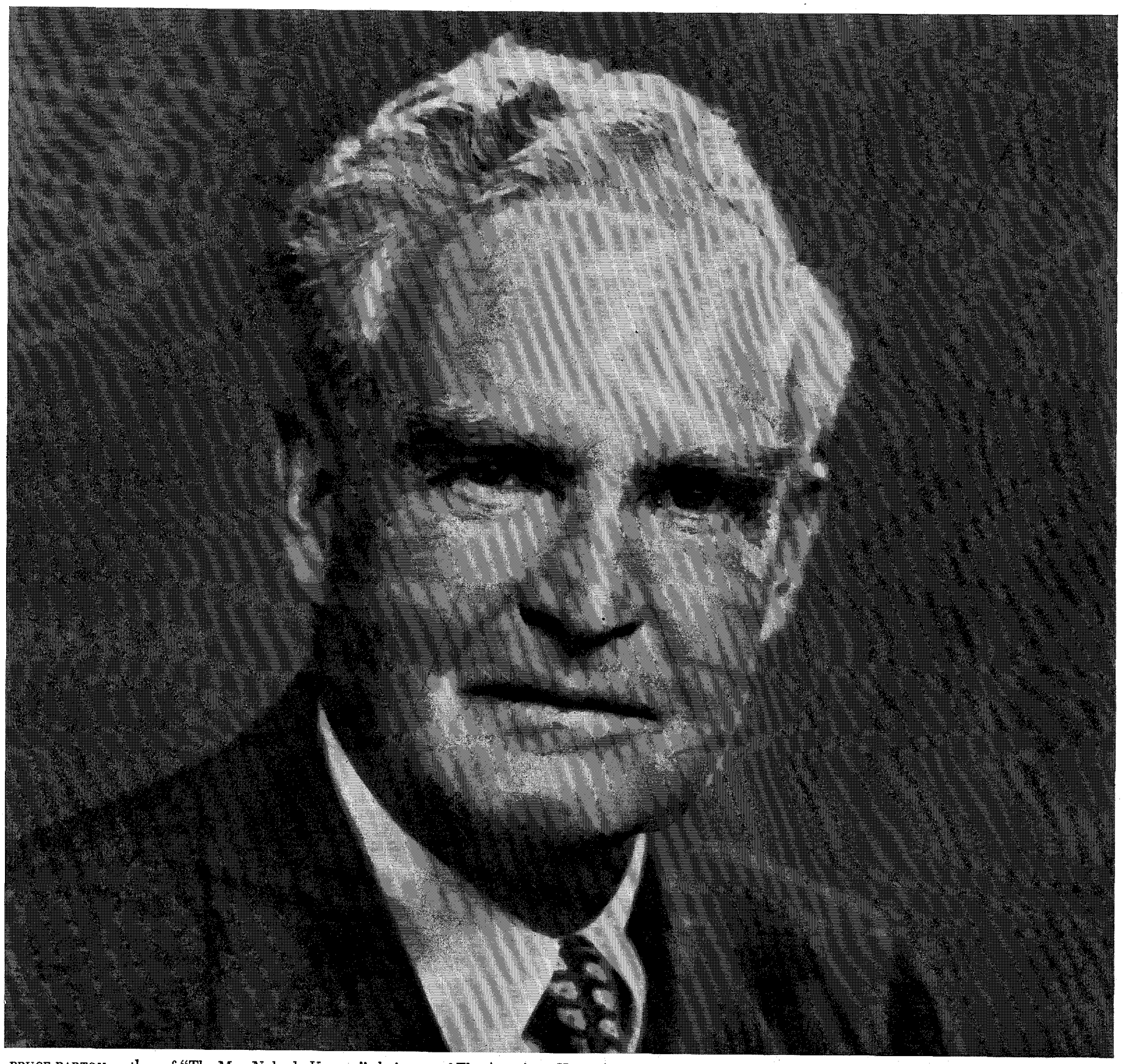

BRUCE BARTON, author of "The Man Nobody Knows," chairman of The American Heart Association, business leader, former congressman, editor and boy salesman.

Getting Into Business Young

by Bruce Barton

"My business life started at the age of nine when I began soliciting subscriptions for a magazine. On my first rounds in our neighborhood in Jamaica Plain, Mass., I wrote enough new subscriptions to be rewarded with a baseball glove.

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(*Continued from Page 78*) to England, there was no doubt in our minds that I would stick religiously to my tried-and-true serve-and-run-to-the-net tactics at Wimbledon. That's what I did, and the results were all that we had hoped they would be, although in the Wightman Cup matches which were played first I lost to Christine Truman, after beating Shirley Bloomer, the No. 1 ranked British player. The United States team was beaten, four matches to three, and part of the blame was mine.

At Wimbledon I did better. I had only one hard match in the whole tournament, against Shirley Bloomer, in the quarter finals. Shirley won the second set and she had me down, 2–0, in the third set, before I got the grease going in the frying pan and ran off six games in a row for the match, 6–3, 6–8, 6–2.

The set Shirley took from me was the only one I lost in the whole tournament. I beat Ann Haydon, 6–2, 6–0, in a semi-final match that took only thirty-one minutes to play, and then I won from Angela Mortimer, 8–6, 6–2, in the final. Nine foot faults were called against me in the first set with Angela. I didn't think I was guilty of all those foot faults, and there is no question that they made the match a lot harder for me, but I tried to say as little as possible about them afterward, because the British people have treated me very well and I didn't want any bad feeling between us. I won, and that was all that mattered.

The Duchess of Kent did the presentation honors from the Royal Box this time, and I danced at the Wimbledon Ball with another Australian, Ashley Cooper, who had succeeded Lew Hoad as the men's singles champion. I didn't know if I would ever dance at another Wimbledon Ball, so I stayed up late and enjoyed this one to the fullest. Then it was back to the United States for more tennis tournaments.

Between tournaments, I get to see my family and friends, like the Robinsons and the Darbens, and I still spend a lot of time going to the movies. I keep busy around the apartment. For one thing, I'm pretty mechanically minded and I get a kick out of repairing broken fixtures and things like that.

You can see that my pleasures and interests are simple. I have no lofty, overpowering ambition. All I want is to be able to play tennis, sing, sleep peacefully, have three square meals a day, a regular income and no worries.

I have no desire to be put on a pedestal or anything like that. I just want to be reasonably successful and live a normal life with all the conveniences to make it so. I think I've already got the main thing I've always wanted, which is to be somebody, to have identity. I'm Althea Gibson, the tennis champion. I hope it makes me happy.

Editors' note—This is the last of three articles by Miss Gibson.

My Mother Never Gave Up (Continued from Page 25)

arsenal grounds. There were the stone-and-wrought-iron gates, the battlement-scalloped walls and turrets, the tidy drill ground, the little pyramids of cannon balls, all against the great river Mississippi. I had only to close my eyes to hear the brisk boots of long-gone infantrymen and the silvery tootle of bugles, to see the sunlight on the swords, the regimental colors, the blue-clad ranks—and the foppish man, holding by the hand a small girl whose eyes are shining.

The poverty and tension of those days were revealed only in slips of the tongue, or in things not said. "When we came home, sometimes he'd get his violin and play for us. If mother wasn't there" (my maternal grandmother was strictly Church of England and would permit only English to be heard in the house) "he might sing some Swedish songs. We'd clap our hands and dance until the house jumped."

Her father was a gallant gentleman and a barrel of fun, "but it was bad when he drank." Mother never described their dwellings; only a reference to tin roofs which were leaky but tuneful in the rain suggested what they may have been like.

In the autumn, mother told us, the walnuts were ankle deep in the groves along the river. The children would gather them and put them on the roofs to dry. "Then we'd shell them and mother would make a walnut cake. It was a great treat when we had a cake!"

Being a working girl in Chicago in the nineties was, as my youthful imagination picked it up from mother's descriptions, an airy business in which mannerly old gentlemen tipped their hats and opened doors, in vague, decorous places decked with Japanese lanterns. "I worked for Nicoll The Tailor, helping keep the accounts, and was always scared to death I'd make a mistake. Except that the manager was always so kind." Mr. Nicoll, I felt sure, resembled one of the more amiable characters in Dickens, perhaps old Pickwick.

Her rooming house was "not far from Garfield Park, which was a lovely place in the summer, with trees and walks and beautiful lagoons and pagodas, and birds singing. Sometimes we'd rent a boat and go rowing on the lagoon." On this idyllic set there entered a roomer from another Garfield Park rooming house, a young man not long away from his native central Indiana meadows, a recent graduate of Purdue, he who was to become my father.

My best knowledge of their romance comes from a packet of letters I'm not sure I was ever meant to read. They were so precious to their recipients that they were kept carefully to death. The situation at the beginning of the exchange is that my father-to-be has fallen for mother and is eager to get on with the ceremony. Mother, too, is smitten, but tradition calls for a degree of reticence on the part of the lady. Dad concedes that this is required, but claims it's being overdone. Never a patient man, he has found the wait unendurable, thrown up his job in Chicago and gone to San Francisco.

From that city he wrote: "If you love me why not tell me so?" This must have produced some action in the mails, for in his next letter from San Francisco "It is hard for me to realize you really love me," and he is heading home. The following year San Francisco was destroyed by the great quake, and the family joke was inaugurated. A more flippant (which is not to say more witty) generation might have made the obvious remark about an earthquake being preferable to a willful woman, but dad never availed himself of the opening. It was not the way of the turn of the century to risk a fine match for the sake of a quip.

Any small boy will think his mother wonderful if given half a chance, and I strain to separate filial nature from objective reporting. It seems to me that I noticed when quite young that there were people like mother—the word "ladylike" was learned later—and people not like her. I took delight in her beauty of presence and attire, and still believe the 1900 ideal of feminine grace and elegance is hard to improve upon—the big hats,

The Perfect Squelch

As he grew more sure of himself in his new pulpit, the young clergyman unfortunately became more long-winded. He also fancied himself increasingly as an interpreter of theological doctrine. So his sermons became lengthy, dry and theoretical. Often unable to follow him, many of those who were attracted to his services at the start ceased to attend. Summoning the deacons and lay leaders, the clergyman all but rebuked them for failing to see that the congregation attended services.

"I have given my best," he concluded. "I have spared no effort. As commanded in First Peter, Second Chapter, Second Verse, I have sought to nourish their souls with 'the sincere milk of the Word.' So what is wrong?"

"Perhaps," a deacon replied gently, "they prefer it condensed."

F. W. Muse

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the parasol, the flowing skirts. I currently live in daily dread that my wife may get a sack dress, and deplore my daughters' partiality to jeans.

As a boy, my chief points of conflict with the current gentility were Little Lord Fauntleroy and Sir Galahad. The popular print of the good knight hung in our hallway—a slim youth in armor, head slightly inclined, a tree, a horse. I doubted that he had the strength of ten, no matter how pure may have been his heart. He was too light. I was pretty sure any kid on our block could easily topple him with a baseball bat.

Lord Fauntleroy was much worse. This small fiend, the central character of a popular children's book, was sometimes held up as an ideal during my formative years. He lived in a castle; had long, curly hair; never sassed older people or got his clothes dirty; and tirelessly exhorted everybody to good deeds. For a time mother seemed quite interested in the little squirt, and even got me a Fauntleroy suit. I quickly rendered it unwearable. Mother, Galahad and Fauntleroy notwithstanding, I did not want the kids on the block to think me a sissy.

Mother had a sense of humor and no great admiration for sissies, so I suppose there was no real danger. Even if it had been otherwise with her, there were other powerful forces operating in the house. My father was in the construction business, a vocation not noted for daintiness, and for several years, later on, I was in it with him.

The work that went with three kids and an eight-room house protected mother, to understate the matter, from the dangers of excessive idle fancy. The conscientious early-twentieth-century housewife who managed without hired help, as did mother and most of her generation, was one of history's most prodigious workers. The energy output of this diminutive woman—she stood scarcely five feet and never weighed much more than a hundred pounds—still confounds me.

Daily housework included carpet sweeping, floor mopping and furniture dusting in all eight rooms, sluicing down the front and back porches and the basement, wet-mopping the kitchen floor, sweeping the walks. Other rites were performed weekly, with an appointed day for each. One day the rugs would be carried out and beaten on the lawn, and the floors waxed while the rugs were airing. On another day each piece of furniture was waxed, each window pane washed inside and out. On washday the clothes were boiled in a great copper tub, fished out with a stick, rubbed on a washboard and passed through a hand-operated wringer. If the day was fine they dried outside; if not they hung from lines indoors, filling the house with a clean, damp, warm, soapy smell. They were ironed under heavy cast-iron "sad irons," one heating on the gas stove while the other was in use. For eighteen years I wore few clothes that were not laundered by my mother, and ate few meals she did not prepare. After the evening meal dad would pitch in at the dishpan and towel and, when we were big enough, we kids.

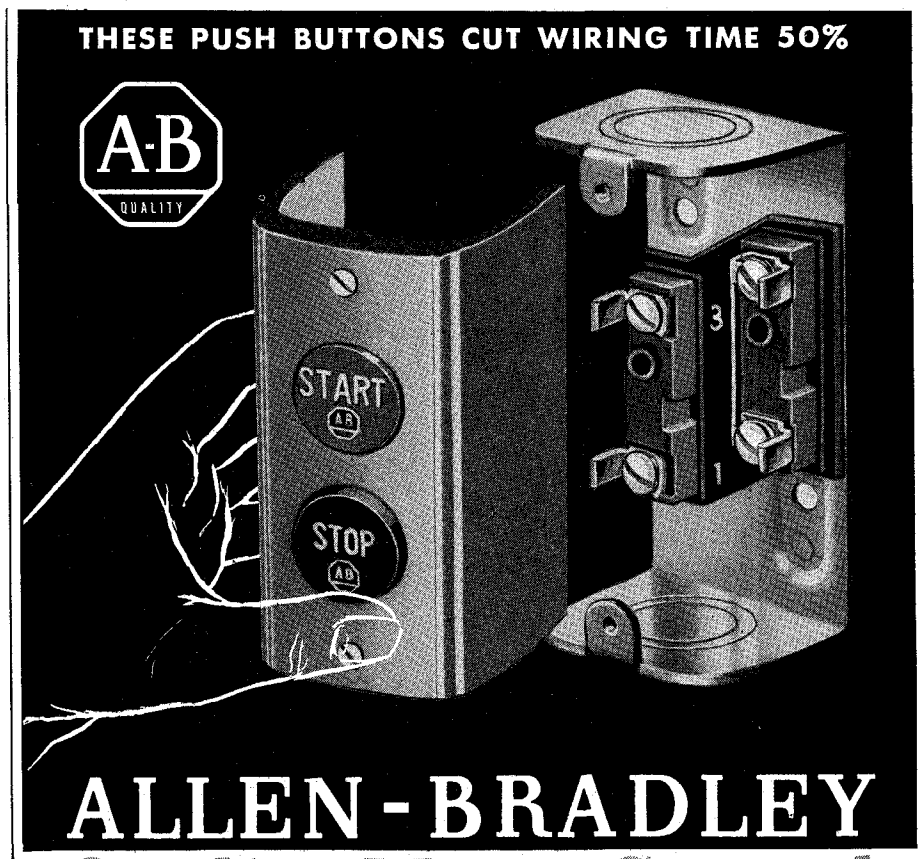
With all this, mother somehow found time for volunteer work with the local Red Cross chapter, the woman's club, the church. When the Chautauqua came she saw to it that we were there. I heard many of the good lecturers, writers, artists, singers, instrumentalists and comedians of my parents' and grandparents' day, and one or two of the really best. To see a beautiful head emerge from a pile of mud under the hands of Lorado Taft made us feel that we had seen a miracle.

This conviction that the good things of art and literature, science and music were for everybody, even ordinary people, was characteristic of the times of mother and her parents, and was world-wide. Tom Edison picked it up as a newsboy in Port Huron, Michigan; Al Smith on the sidewalks of New York. The sweet-voiced Nellie Melba found it in her native Melbourne, Australia.

Mother had it to a surprising degree. She seldom turned down a door-to-door book salesman who offered anything of value. We had "complete works" sets of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Glad to meet you, Miss Forster. My husband has told me so much about you in his sleep."



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Dickens, Poe, Thackeray and Kipling, and I'd found my favorites in them by my fifteenth year. A player piano was acquired on time, and my first music lesson was following the fluttering keys as mother pumped and the roll unwound Beautiful Ohio. When the time came for me to go to college the family was broke, but there was no question of whether I would go. The only issue was how, and together we managed.

These things were not accomplished without strain, and early-century tempers could snap with as loud a pop as contemporary ones. A new baby, then as now, brought extra effort, anxiety, sleeplessness—and fun. I, the eldest, was handy for my overwrought parents to take it out on. Perhaps it's mere self-pity, but I felt that some of the verbal and physical roughing up I absorbed was more a blowing off of steam than legitimate parental discipline. Anyway, I remember the middle years of what was then called grammar school as the bleak years of my childhood.

But even these years are starred with bright memories of good times in a typically *fin-de-siècle* style. History, let us recall, had fairly recently produced the Ferris wheel and the carousel with automatic band attachment. The engineers of the day were unparalleled architects of amusement parks.

There was never a more enchanting example than the one, long since vanished, which stood in a beautiful wooded grove a short trolley ride from my boyhood home, and was called Forest Park. You never went there except on warm, pleasant nights, and there was always the smell of fresh popcorn and the shrill whistle of a peanut stand on the soft summer air. The entrance and some of the buildings were outlined with throbbing electric lights. There was a bandstand, where uniformed men played crisp marches and waltzes. A roller coaster made white curves and lattice designs against the dark sky. A great waterfall tumbled frothily down a towering ramp, the Shoot the Chutes, mixing a fresh, cool dampness into the air with the other good smells.

All the buildings were white, and there were passages of cool green lawn and trees, divided by walks of white crushed stone. There were tables where you could have cold drinks that filled your nose with bubbles and made you laugh, and a gay miniature railroad. I can still see, in mind's eye, the shiny brass-banded boiler of the child-sized steam locomotive, hear the clear clang of its bell and the high "foop" of its whistle, see the orange flame in its firebox as the engineer threw in coal, feel the pull on the drawbars of the little cars as we began a run.

The grandest thing of all was to board one of the big barges, be hoisted so high you could even look down on the treetops, teeter on the edge of the incline, then take the breathless plunge and shoot ever faster down the ramp-waterfall, barge and people and all, laughing and screaming, splashing at last into the pool below, cruising a graceful circle back to the starting point.

The period's characteristic knack for romantic illusion reached an annual high on the night of the Fourth of July. In those days there was an enormous oval reflecting pond in Maywood Park, and we all sat around it during the wonders of that magical night. Besides the rockets there were Niagara Falls, Uncle Sam and the Merrimac and Monitor in colored fire.

The launching of the fire balloon—a fanciful thing of colored tissue paper on a reed frame, ten feet tall and shaped like an inverted pear—was the evening's final event, and by far the most marvelous. When all was hushed and ready, a torch came alight in the darkness and a man advanced with it toward the balloon. At its base was a metal firepot stuffed with kerosene-soaked excelsior. When this was ignited the whole bell lighted up, and the crowd gasped in admiration. The thing stood glowing and shimmering on the ground as the heat accumulated; then, drifting a little in the night breeze, it began its majestic ascent. Higher and higher the point of fire and color mounted into the sky, until at last we'd look at one another and ask, "Is it the balloon or a star?" and not be sure.

The paper balloons—flamboyant, colorful, unstable, socially irresponsible, dignified, unspeakably romantic—say something about the age. Why Chicago didn't burn to its foundations many times instead of just once, I couldn't understand even as a child.

"What we call living off the land."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The early-century people inaugurated an incredible string of "firsts." Our family in Maywood never lagged many years behind the vanguard of progress. Even I can remember when electric lights were backstopped by gas illumination. We saw the entry into the American home of the first phonographs—distinctly low fi—washing machines, vacuum cleaners and toasters. Many times I literally rolled in the aisles of one of the first neighborhood movies, The Yale Theater, in uncontrollable hilarity over the pantomime of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, the Keystone Cops. As an infant I was carried to Grant Park for one of the first air shows put on by the celebrated Lincoln Beachey. I seem to retain an impression of a plane with skids and wire-spoked wheels, and of a man in the basket of a gas balloon.

The first low-priced automobiles were of our time, and we drove them on the first concrete highways. Home telephones came into general use. I can remember our old number: 2489. I called it many times when far away and in trouble. It always gave solace, and even today, in times of heavy going, I sometimes fancy that everything would be all right if I could only get through to 2489. We saw my mother's younger brother, Uncle Hugo, off to the First World War. We tinkered with the first home radios—the crystal set, then the gooseneck horn, then the console.

The world's first experiment with abolition of alcoholic beverages had no great impact on my boyhood home, where alcohol was not used. I remember, however, my mother and father discussing whether to purchase a bottle of whisky "while it could still be obtained." It was decided to lay away a quart against cases of snakebite and consumption, and next evening my father brought the bottle home. There were few poisonous reptiles in Maywood and we all had sound lungs, and the bottle was still three-quarters full when Prohibition was repealed.

For many years I was too involved in the complexities of the jazz age, Prohibition and the Great Depression to pay much attention to the generation before mine. I am now aware that there were years of quiet heroism in my parents' lives.

The depression was the severest test of my father's character, the first months of widowhood of my mother's. For two years my father couldn't get a job. He wavered during this ordeal, but never entirely lost his nerve. There were ads for door-to-door salesmen, commission only. He took on egg beaters, paring knives, soft-drink flavors, often walking miles to his territory to save seven cents' carfare. He never regained predepression status, but won through at last to a solid job. His courage in this crisis has been an inspiration to me for thirty years. One Sunday he went for a walk and stopped to look into a store window. It was his last stroll. He swayed and fell to the sidewalk, dying as he'd always said he hoped he would, "with his boots on."

Mother, now in her sixties, weighing less than ninety pounds, with no business connections or experience since Nicoll The Tailor days, went out and got a job in the Harvey Gift Shop in Union Station, Chicago. She did so well the management kept her on until she was over seventy, long after the usual age for obligatory retirement.

The great terminal and its people became her life. Unexpectedly, at the very time when she could see little in the world but her grief, when things seemed closed in and life all but ended, a new world opened. If she still harbored girlish notions of being a great lady and presiding over a castle, they were now fulfilled. Her sway at the terminal went far beyond clerking. Sometimes on my visits to Chicago I'd be early for my date to take her home, and I'd watch. Her counter commanded a view of the main waiting room, and between customers her eyes were never idle. They scanned the station looking for people who needed help or advice or comfort, and they found many.

No duchess ever commanded an ancestral hall with such a lofty ceiling, thronging with more colorful people. There were people from Hungary to the east, and from Siam to the west. There was the Dutch family she put in touch with Traveler's Aid, the confused old man restored to relatives, the lost child returned to its mother, the sailor who'd been rolled and needed carfare, and many others.

"These people need me," she told me earnestly one time. "It gives me a feeling of doing something worth while."

When they finally had to let her go, it killed her. Unable to build a third new life, unable to accept the shelter of her children's homes because of pride in being self-sufficient, she lingered on in a furnished room, visiting an old friend once a week, her nearest child and grandchildren once a month. There was a stroke, paralyzing her left side. We moved her to a nursing home nearby and visited her daily. She lost ground steadily and finally took a pneumonia even the antibiotics couldn't stop. There was the moment we looked into one another's eyes and knew we were saying good-by, and she entered the coma from which she did not return.

It was the third time in my life I had been present when somebody died, but the first time when both the person and myself were fully aware of what was happening. I was much reassured as to the essential nature of the final moment. It was an intentional turning away, as to something more important. H. G. Wells, who also left an early mark on the century, asked to be let alone at this moment, saying, "Can't you see I'm busy dying?" To mother, her death was not sad.

If the daily life of ordinary people is the history of an era, I can regard the early century only with awe. I'm not forgetting, of course, that the times had a seamy side. Typhoid and diphtheria were still extensive killers in my boyhood, the pond in the park bred mosquitoes, and the public treasury was periodically looted.

But such things either couldn't be helped or were the fault of some of the day's widely touted names. The ordinary people, as I remember them, had a fine sense for intangibles. Such staples as gallantry, gaiety, reverence and courage were, of course, already on earth when they arrived. They kept these things fresh, though, and handed them on with a flair. I'm glad to have known one who gave them such vivid life. Good-by, dear lady; if He is just and forgiving, the Creator will have to count you a credit. In our turn may we do only one half so well.

THE END

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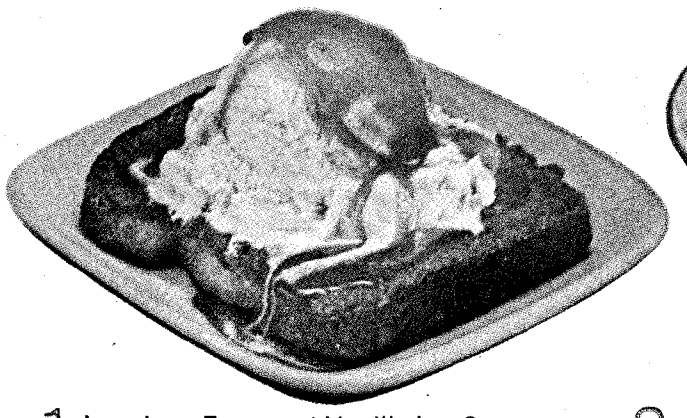
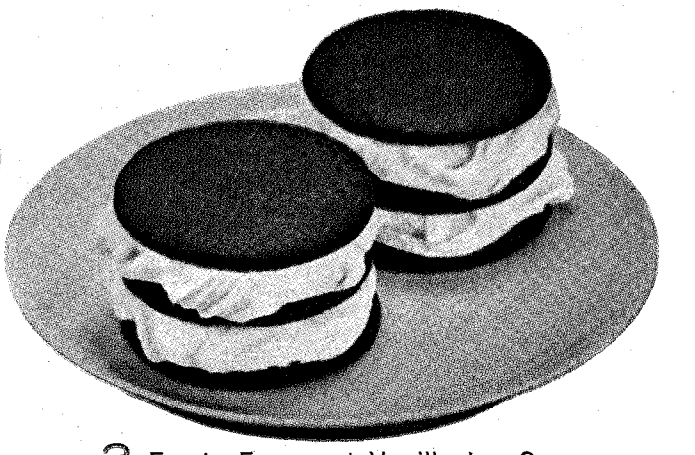


1 Luscious Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **FRENCH TOAST**

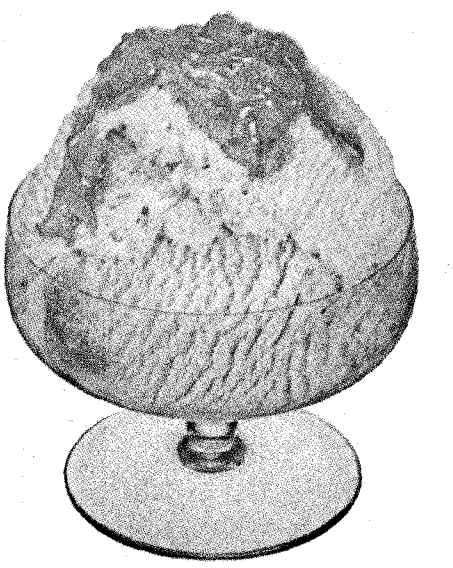
2 Satiny Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **PINEAPPLE & MINT JELLY**



3 Frosty Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **COOKIES**

4 Smooth Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **FROSTING MIX (THINNED)**

5 Rich Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **BROWNIES**



6 Creamy Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **HEATED ORANGE MARMALADE**

7 C-o-o-l Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **CANNED CRANBERRY SAUCE**

8 Velvety Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream and **ICED COFFEE**

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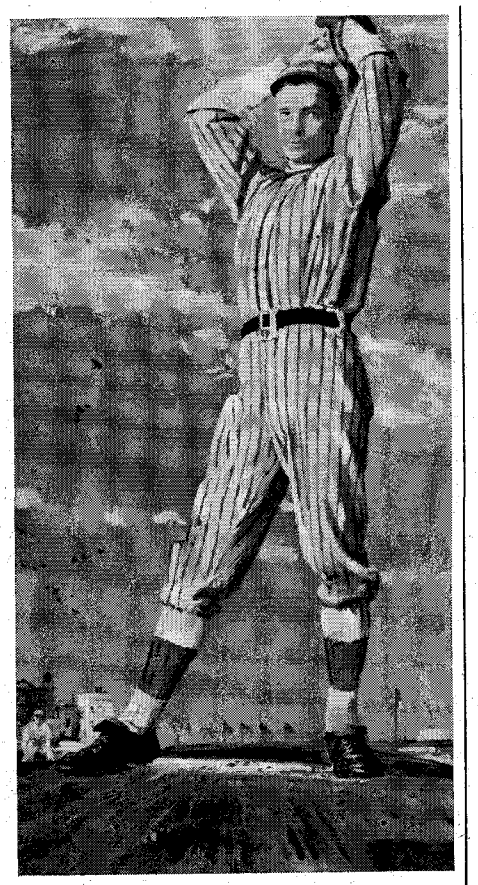

The Cornerstone of Character...

One quality seems to be common to most of the men who have been featured in our series about great Americans. In their lives, you can see CHARACTER. Most of these men who accomplished great deeds were also men of decency and honesty, and of perseverance.

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BYRON K. ELLIOTT
President

★ ★ ★

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Keeping Posted

Nervous Prognosticator

Each summer sports editor **Fred Russell** of the Nashville Banner has the jitters as he predicts for the Post (see page 26) the top football teams and players of the coming fall. This year Russell is especially neurotic because he has had to worry about the effect of the new points-after-touchdown rule: place kick for one point, run or pass for *two* points. He says tremulously, "A fellow never would undertake such an assignment if he didn't feel inclined to be lucky."

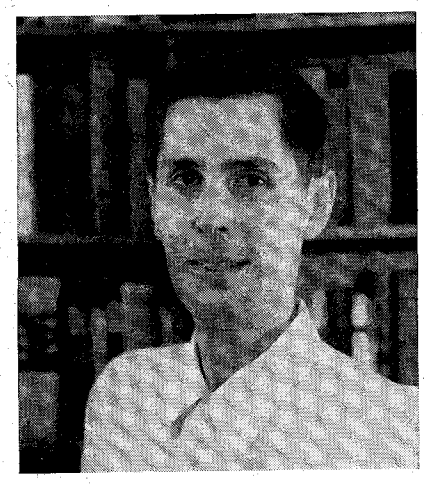
Well, we'll see what we shall see. Meanwhile, how did our prophet do last fall? Even with Notre Dame's upset defeat of Oklahoma, Russell predicted two of the nation's top four teams, five of the first ten, and a very creditable 11 of the first 20. He named five of 11 conference champions. And in the tough field of individual stars, he looked good with six of the 11 consensus All-Americans. "Right up to his usual high standard," says sports editor Harry Paxton, who refrains from mentioning anything about luck.

Fred Russell talks football with Coach Prothro of Oregon State.

Bill Wolf

One day when **William E. Wolf** was researching a Post article he dropped in to see old friends at the York, Pa., Gazette and Daily, where he started his writing career; and later an ex-colleague wrote to Keeping Posted, "The whole crew just knocked off work for half an hour. They love the guy." Warmhearted, likable Bill Wolf, who had stanch friends, too, among editors of the Post, died on July 26 at the age of 49. It was significant that Bill named a book of his, Reveries of an Outdoor Man, for he was a man of the fishing streams and the hunter's woods, and an affectionate reporter of nature's beauty in all its moods. These were the matters about which, during his free-lance years, he wrote some 40 Post articles—including his Wonderful Waterway on page 32 and two others which you will see later on. Bill's home was in Upper Darby, Pa., and he is survived by his wife, Margaret; his daughters, Mrs. A. Philip Johnson, Mrs. W. O. Ricker, Margaret, and Sarah Ann; a brother, Oscar, and a sister, Mrs. George Fishel.

Tales of the Authors



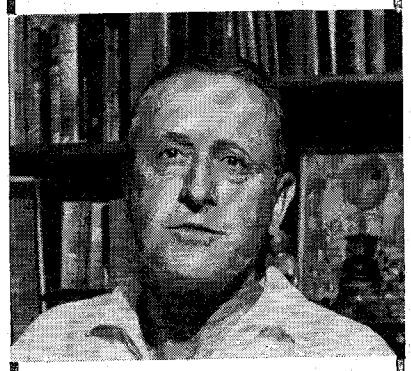
Bob Albright.

This is about a courageous young man and woman. **Robert H. Albright** financed his education by winning scholarships and in 1950 took his master's degree in social sciences at the University of Chicago. He then taught English for three years at Anatolia College, Salonika, Greece. In 1953 he returned to the U.S. to teach at the Rochester (N.Y.) Institute of Technology, bringing with him his wife Trude, an Austrian girl he had met while doing volunteer work at a displaced-persons camp. In 1954 Bob contracted polio. He was in an iron lung, later a rocking bed for a year, and not until 1956 was he able to resume part-time teaching from a wheel chair. Throughout this grim crisis, the high spirit and hard work of Trude Albright were vital in keeping the family going—she had their two small daughters to care for also. Meanwhile, Bob Albright was practicing at writing; he used an electric typewriter with his arms suspended in slings. A while ago Bob suffered a fall while trying to walk, broke his leg, and was in a cast for three months. But before the cast was removed, Bob got a check from the Post for the first story he ever sold (page 31). The Albrights think they are going to get along all right—and we dare say they will.

Jerome Ellison whose touching reminiscences about his mother appear on page 25, reflects that among the pleasures of his boyhood days which he now misses were cigar-store Indians, ice men who let kids have chips of ice to suck on, and licorice buggy whips. He does not miss: garters and stockings for boys, button shoes, castor oil.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"So Love Returns"



We bring you a remarkable new novel by Robert Nathan, author of One More Spring and Portrait of Jennie.

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